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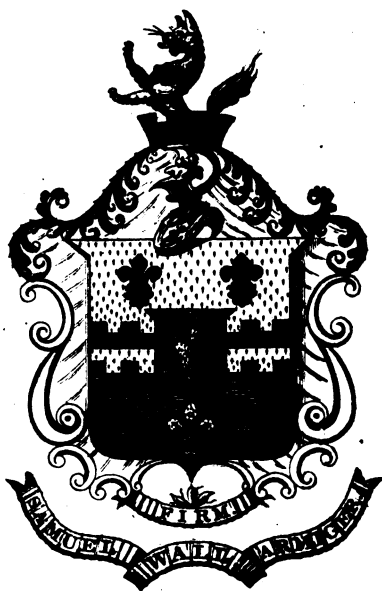
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HISTORY
OF
OMPEY THE LITTLE;
OR, THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF A
LAP-DOG.
Frances
BY MR. COVENTRY.

—Gressumque canes comitentur herilem.

Virg. En.

—Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narrator.

Hor.



THE
VICAR
OF
WAKEFIELD:
A
TALE.

Oliver
By DR. GOLDSMITH.

Sperate miseri, cavete felices. 10



THE
BRITISH NOVELISTS;

WITH AN
ESSAY, AND PREFACES
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY
MRS. BARBAULD.

A New Edition.

VOL. XXIII.

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TO
HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

SIR,

MY design being to speak in behalf of novel-writing, I know not to whom I can address myself with so much propriety as to yourself, who unquestionably stand foremost in this species of composition. To convey instruction in a pleasant manner, and mix entertainment with it, is certainly a commendable undertaking, perhaps more likely to be attended with success than graver precepts; and where amusement is chiefly consulted, there is merit in making people laugh, when it is done without giving offence to religion, virtue, or good manners. If the laugh be not raised at the expense of innocence or decency, good humour bids us indulge it, and we cannot laugh too often.

Can we help wondering, therefore, at the contempt with which many people affect to talk of this sort of composition? They seem to think it degrades the dignity of their understandings, to be found with a novel in their hands, and take great pains to let you know that they never read them. They are people of too great importance to spend their time in so idle a manner, and much too wise to be amused. Though many reasons may be given for this ridiculous and affected disdain, I believe a very

is to dress and play at cards, are not so importantly employed but that they may find leisure to read a novel. Yet these are as forward as any to despise them; and I once heard a very fine lady condemning some highly-finished conversations in one of your works, sir, for this curious reason: 'Because,' said she, 'it is such sort of stuff as passes every day between me and my own maid.'

I do not pretend to apply any thing here in behalf of books of amusement to the following little work, of which I ask your patronage. I am sensible how very imperfect it is in all its parts, and how unworthy to be ranked in that class of writings which I am now defending. But I desire to be understood in general, or more particularly with an eye to your works, which I take to be master-pieces and complete models in their kind. They are, I think, worthy the attention of the greatest and wisest men; and if any body is ashamed of reading them, or can read them without entertainment or instruction, I heartily pity their understandings.

The late editor of Mr. Pope's works, in a very ingenious note, wherein he traces the progress of romance-writing, justly observes, that this species of composition is now brought to perfection by M. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. Fielding in England. I have but one objection to make to this remark, which is, that the name of M. De Marivaux stands

foremost of the two: a superiority I can by no means allow him. M. Marivaux is indeed a very amiable, elegant, witty, and penetrating writer. The reflections in his *Marianne* are highly judicious and agreeable. But he never finishes his works, which greatly disappoints his readers; and I think his characters fall infinitely short of those we find in the performances of his English contemporary. They are neither so original, so ludicrous, so well distinguished, nor so happily contrasted, as your own; and, as the characters of a novel principally determine its merit, I must be allowed to esteem my countryman the greater author.

There is another celebrated novel-writer, of the same kingdom, now living, who, in the choice and diversity of his characters, perhaps exceeds his rival M. Marivaux, and would deserve greater commendation, if the libertinism of his plans, and too wanton drawings of nature, did not take off from the merit of his works; though it must be confessed, that his genius and knowledge of mankind are very extensive. But, with all due respect for the parts of these two able Frenchmen, they have their superior; and whoever has read the works of Mr. Fielding, cannot be at a loss to determine who that superior is. Few books of this kind have ever been written with a spirit equal to *Joseph Andrews*; and no story, that I know of, was ever invented

with more happiness, or conducted with more art and management, than that of Tom Jones.

As to the following little piece, sir, it pretends to a very small degree of merit. It is the first essay of a young author, and perhaps may be the last. A very hasty and unfinished edition of it was published last winter, which, meeting with a more favourable reception than its writer had any reason to expect, he has since been tempted to revise and improve it, in hopes of rendering it more worthy of his reader's regard. With these alterations he now begs leave, sir, to desire your acceptance of it; he can hardly hope for your approbation: but, whatever be its fate, he is proud in this public manner to declare himself

Your constant Reader,
And sincere Admirer.

POMPEY THE LITTLE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

A panegyric upon dogs, together with some observations on modern novels and romances.

VARIOUS and wonderful, in all ages, have been the actions of dogs ; and were I to collect, from poets and historians, the many passages that make honourable mention of them, I should compose a work much too voluminous for the patience of any modern reader. But as the politicians of the age, and men of gravity, may censure me for mispending my time in writing the adventures of a lap-dog, when there are so many *modern heroes*, whose illustrious actions call loudly for the pen of an historian, it will not be amiss to detain the reader, in the entrance of this work, with a short panegyric on the *canine race*, to justify my undertaking. And can we, without the basest ingratitude, think ill of an animal that has ever honoured mankind with his company and friendship ? While all other creatures are in a state of enmity with us ; some flying into woods and wildernesses to escape our tyranny, and others requiring to be restrained

with bridles and fences in close confinement, dogs alone enter into voluntary friendship with us, and make their residence among us.

Nor do they trouble us only with officious fidelity, and useless good-will, but earn their livelihood by many meritorious services : they guard our houses, supply our tables, amuse our leisure hours, and discover plots to the government. I have heard of a dog's making a syllogism ; which cannot fail to endear him to our two universities, where his brother logicians are so honoured for their skill in that *useful* science.

After these instances of sagacity and merit, it may be thought ludicrous to mention the capacity they have often discovered for playing at cards, fiddling, dancing, and other polite accomplishments, agreeable to a little incident which formerly happened at the play-house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. There was, at that time, the same emulation between the two houses as there is at present between the two great republics of Drury Lane and Covent Garden ; each striving to amuse the town with various feats of activity, when they began to be tired of sense, wit, and action. At length, the managers of the house of Lincoln's Inn Fields introduced a dance of dogs dressed in French characters, to make the representation more ridiculous, and they acquitted themselves for several evenings to the universal delight of the town. One unfortunate night, a malicious wag behind the scenes threw down among them the leg of a fowl, which he had brought in his pocket for that purpose. Instantly all was in confusion ; the marquis shook off his peruke, mademoiselle dropped her hoop petticoat, the fiddler threw away his violin, and all fell to scrambling for the prize that was thrown among them.

If we look into ancient history, we shall find the

wisest and most celebrated nations of antiquity contending which should pay the greatest honour to dogs. The old astronomers denominated stars after their name ; and the Egyptians in particular, a sapient and venerable people, worshipped a dog among the principal of their divinities. The poets represent Diana as spending great part of her life among a pack of hounds, which I mention for the honour of the country gentlemen of Great Britain ; and the illustrious Theseus dedicated much of his time to the same companions.

Julius Pollux informs us, that the art of dying purple and scarlet cloth was first found out by Hercules's dog ; who, roving along the sea coast, and accidentally eating of the fish Murex, or Purpura, his lips became tinged with that colour ; from whence the hint was first taken of the purple manufacture ; and to this lucky event our fine gentlemen of the army are indebted for the scarlet with which they subdue the hearts of so many fair ladies.

But nothing can give us a more exalted idea of these illustrious animals, than to consider, that in old Greece they founded a sect of philosophy, the members whereof took the name of Cynics, and were ambitious of assimilating themselves to the manners and behaviour of that animal, from whom they derived their title. And that the ladies of Greece had as great fondness for them as those of our own isle, may be collected from the story which Lucian relates of a certain philosopher, who, in the excess of his complaisance to a woman of fashion, took up her *favourite lap-dog* and attempted to kiss it : but the little creature, not being used to the rude and hard gripe of philosophic hands, it affected his loins in such a manner, as obliged him

to water the sage's beard as he held him to his mouth, which excited laughter in all the beholders.

Such was the reverence paid to them among the nations of antiquity. And if we descend to later times, we shall not want examples of great men's devoting themselves to dogs. King Charles the Second, of pious memory, came always to his council accompanied with a favourite spaniel; who propagated his breed, and *scattered his image through the land*, almost as extensively as his royal master. His successor, King James, was distinguished for the same attachment to these four-footed worthies: it is reported of him, that, being once in a dangerous storm at sea, and obliged to quit the ship, he roared with a most vehement voice, *Save the dogs and Colonel Churchill!*—But why need we multiply examples? The greatest heroes and beauties have not been ashamed to erect monuments to them in their gardens, nor the greatest wits and poets to write their epitaphs. Islands, likewise, as well as stars, have been called after their names. So that I hope I shall not be thought idly employed in composing the following work; or if any such critic should be found, let him own himself ignorant of ancient and modern history, let him confess himself an enemy to his country, and ungrateful to the benefactors of Great Britain.

As no exception can reasonably be taken against the dignity of my hero, much less can I expect any will arise against the nature of this work, in this life-writing age, especially when no character is thought too inconsiderable to engage the public notice, or too abandoned to be set up as a pattern of imitation. The lowest and most contemptible vagrants, parish-girls, chambermaids, pickpockets, and highwaymen, find historians to record their

praises, and readers to wonder at their exploits. Star-gazers, superannuated strumpets, quarrelling lovers—all think themselves authorized to appeal to the public, and to write apologies for their lives. Even the prisons and stews are ransacked to find materials for novels and romances. Thus we have seen the *Memoirs of a Lady of Pleasure*, and the *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, both written with the same public-spirited aim of initiating the inexperienced part of the female sex into the hidden mysteries of love; only that the former work has rather a greater air of chastity, if possible, than the latter. I am told, that illustrious mimic, Mr. F—te, when all other expedients fail him, designs, as the last effort of his wit, to present the world with an accurate history of his own life; with which view one may suppose he will take care to chequer it with so many extraordinary occurrences, and select such adventures, as will best serve hereafter to amaze and astonish his readers. This being the case, I hope the superiority of the character here treated of above the heroes of common romances, will procure it a favourable reception; although I may fall short of my great contemporaries in elegance of style and grace of language. For when such multitudes of lives are daily offered to the public, written *by the saddest dogs, or of the saddest dogs*, of the times, it may be considered as some little merit to have chosen a subject worthy the dignity of history; in which single view I may be allowed to paragon myself with the incomparable writer of the *Life of Cicero*, in that I have deserted the beaten track of biographers, and ventured to snatch a laurel,

Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora musæ.

Having detained the reader with this little necessary introduction, I now proceed to the birth and parentage of my hero.

CHAPTER II.

The birth, parentage, education, and travels of a lap-dog.

POMPEY, the son of Julio and Phyllis, was born A. D. 1735, at Bologna, in Italy, a place famous for lap-dogs and sausages. Both his parents were of the most illustrious families, descended from a long train of ancestors, who had figured in many parts of Europe, and lived in intimacy with the greatest men of the times. They had frequented the chambers of the proudest beauties, and had access to the closets of the greatest princes. Cardinals, kings, popes, emperors, were all happy in their acquaintance: and I am told the elder branch of the family now lives with his present holiness, in the papal palace at Rome.

But Julio, the father of my hero, being a younger brother of a numerous family, fell to the share of an Italian nobleman at Bologna, who was about this time engaged in an intrigue with a celebrated courtesan of the place. And little Julio often attending him when he made his visits to her, as it is the nature of all servants to imitate the vices of their masters, he also commenced an affair of gallantry with a favourite little bitch named Phyllis, at that time the darling of this *fille de joie*. For a long while she rejected his courtship with disdain, and received him with that coyness which beauties

of her sex know how to counterfeit; but at length, in a little closet devoted to Venus, the happy lover accomplished his desires, and Phyllis soon gave signs of pregnancy.

I have not learned whether my hero was introduced into the world with any prodigies preceding his birth; and though the practice of most historians might authorise me to invent them, I think it most ingenuous to confess, as well as most probable to conclude, that nature did not put herself to any miraculous expense on this occasion. Miracles have unquestionably ceased in this century, whatever they might be in some former ones: there needs no Dr. Middleton to convince us of this; and I scarce think Dr. Chapman himself would have the hardiness to support me, if I should venture to relate one in the present age.

On the twenty-fifth of May, N.S. 1755, Pompey made his first appearance in the world at Bologna. About this time an English gentleman, who was making the tour of Europe, to enrich himself in foreign manners, resided at Bologna. As one great end of modern travelling is the pleasure of intriguing with women of all nations and languages, he was induced to visit the lady above-mentioned, who was the most fashionable courtesan of the place. Little Pompey having now opened his eyes, and learned the use of his legs, was admitted to frolic about the room as his mistress sat at her toilette, or presided at her tea-table. On these occasions her gallants never failed to play with him; and many pretty dialogues often arose concerning him, which might make a figure in a modern comedy. Every one had something to say to the little favourite, who seemed proud to be taken notice of; and by many significant gestures,

would often show he understood the compliments that were paid him.

No one distinguished himself more on this subject than our English Hillario, who had made a considerable progress in the affections of his mistress : for partly the recommendation of his person, but chiefly the profusion of his expenses, made him a very desirable lover ; and as she saw that his ruling passion was vanity, she was too good a dissembler, and too much a mistress of her trade, not to flatter this weakness. This so elated the spirits of Hillario, that he surveyed himself with increase of pleasure at his glass, and took a pride, on all occasions, to show how much he was distinguished, as he thought, above any of her admirers. Resolving, therefore, to out-do them all as much in magnificence as he imagined he did in the success of his love, he was continually making her the most costly presents ; and, amongst other things, presented master Pompey with a collar studded with diamonds. This so tickled the little animal's vanity, being the first ornament he had ever worn, that he would eat biscuit from Hillario's hands with twice the pleasure he received it from any other's ; while Hillario made him the occasion of conveying indirect compliments to his mistress. Sometimes he would swear, he believed it was in her power to impart beauty to her dogs ; and when she smiled at the conceit, he imagined her charmed with his wit, at which he was transported with gaiety, and practised all the fashionable airs that custom prescribes to an intrigue.

But the time came that this gay gentleman was to quit this scene of his pleasures, in quest of adventures in some other part of Italy. Nothing delayed him but the fear of his breaking his mistress's heart,

which his own great love of himself, joined with the seeming love she expressed for him, made him think a very probable consequence: the point, therefore, was to reveal his intentions to her in the most tender manner, and reconcile her to this terrible event as well he could. They had been dining together in her apartments; and Hillario, after dinner, first inspiring himself with a glass of tokay, began to curse his stars for obliging him to leave Bologna, where he had been so divinely happy; but, he said, he had received news of his father's death, and was obliged to go to settle *curst accounts* with his mother and sisters, who were in a hurry for their *confounded fortunes*; and concluded his rhapsody with requesting to take little Pompey with him as a memorial of their love. The lady received this news with all the artificial astonishment and counterfeited sorrow that ladies of her profession can assume, and played the farce so well, that Hillario thought her very life depended on his presence. She wept, entreated, threatened, swore, but all in vain: at length she was obliged to submit, on condition that Hillario should give her a gold watch in exchange for her favourite little dog; which he consented to without hesitation.

The day was fixed for his departure; and having ordered his post-chaise to wait at her door, he went in the morning to take his last farewell. He found her at her tea-table ready to receive him, and little Pompey sitting on the settee by his mistress's side, not suspecting what was to happen to him, and far from thinking himself on the point of so long a journey; for neither dogs nor men can look into futurity, or penetrate the designs of Fate. He ate his breakfast that morning with more than usual tranquillity; and though his mistress continued to caress him, and lament his departure, he

neither understood the meaning of her kisses, nor returned her affection. At length, the accomplished Hillario taking out his watch, and cursing time for intruding on his pleasures, signified he must be gone that moment. Ravishing, therefore, many kisses from his mistress, and taking up little Pompey in his arms, he went off humming an Italian tune, and, with an air of affected concern, threw himself carelessly into his chaise: from whence looking up with a melancholy shrug to her window, and showing the little favourite to his forsaken mistress, he was interrupted by the postillion desiring to be informed of the route he was to take; which particular this well-bred gentleman had in his hurry forgot, thinking it of no great consequence. But now, cursing the fellow for not knowing his mind without putting him to the trouble of explaining it, Damn you, cries he, drive to the devil if you will, for I shall never be happy again! —Recollecting himself, and thinking it as well to defer that journey to some future opportunity, he gave his orders for —: then, looking up again at the window, and bowing, the post-chaise hurried away, while his charmer stood laughing and mimicking his gestures.

As her affection for him was wholly founded on interest, of course it ended the moment she lost sight of his chaise; and we may conclude his regard for her had not a much longer continuance: for, notwithstanding the protestations he made of keeping her dog in remembrance of her, little Pompey had nearly been left behind in the very first day's stage. Hillario, after dinner, had composed himself to sleep on a couch in the inn; from whence being awaked with the information that his chaise was at the door, he started up, discharged his bill, and was proceeding on his journey, with-

out a thought on the neglected favourite. His servant, being more considerate, brought him, and delivered him at the chaise door to his master; who cried indolently, Begad! that's well thought; called him a little devil, for giving him so much trouble; and then drove away with the utmost unconcern. This I mention to show how very short-lived are the affections of protesting lovers.

CHAPTER III.

Our hero arrives in England. A conversation between two ladies concerning his master.

As it is not my design to follow this gentleman through his tour, we must be content to pass over great part of the puppy-hood of little Pompey, till the time of his arrival at London; only it may be of importance to remember, that, in his passage from Calais to Dover, he was extremely sea-sick, and twice given over by a physician; but some medicinal applications, together with a week's confinement in his chamber, restored him to perfect health.

Hillario was no sooner landed, than he dispatched his French valet to London, with orders to provide him handsome lodgings in Pall Mall, or some other street near the court; and set forward himself the next day with his whole retinue. Let us, therefore, imagine him arrived and settled in his new apartments; let us suppose the news-writers to have performed their duty, and all the important world of dress busy, as usual, in reporting, that Hillario was returned from his travels.

As soon as his chests and baggage were arrived

in town, his servants were employed in exhibiting, in his anti-chamber, the several valuable curiosities he had collected, that his visitors might be detained as they passed through it, in making observations on the elegance of his taste. For, though dress and gallantry were his principal ambition, he had condescended, in compliance with the humour of the times, to consult the Ciceroni at Rome, and other places, as to what was proper to be purchased, in order to establish a reputation for virtù: and they had furnished him with all the necessary ingredients of modern taste; such as fingers and toes of ancient statues, medals bearing the names of Roman emperors, and copies from original pictures of all the great masters and schools of Italy. They had likewise taught him a set of phrases and observations, proper to be made whenever the conversation should turn upon such subjects; which, by the help of a good memory, he used with tolerable propriety: he could descant, in terms of art, on rusts and varnishes; and describe the manner and characteristic of different painters, in the language of an artist. Here he would observe the drawing is incorrect; there the attitude ungraceful, the costume ill preserved, the contours harsh, the light too strong, the shade too deep: with many other affected remarks.

But dress was his darling vanity; and, consequently, his rooms were more plentifully filled with clothes than curiosities: there all the pride of Paris was exhibited to view; suits of velvet and embroidery, sword-hilts, red-heeled shoes, and snuff-boxes, lay about in negligent confusion. Nor did he appear with less eclat without doors; for he had shown his gilt chariot and bay horses in all the streets of gay resort, and was allowed to have *the most splendid brilliant equipage in London.*

The club at White's voted him a member ; and there was a rivalry among the ladies of fashion, who should first engage him to their assemblies. At all toilettes and parties in the morning, who but Hillario ! At all drums and diversions in the evening, who but Hillario ! Not any one came into the side-box at a play-house with so graceful a negligence ; and it was generally confessed, that he had the most accomplished manner of talking nonsense of any man of quality in London.

As the fashionable part of the world are fond of any fresh topic of conversation ; and the arrival of a new fop, the sight of a new chariot, or the appearance of a new fashion, are all subjects of the highest importance to them ; the show and figure which Hillario made must supply all the polite circles with matter for commendation or censure. As a specimen of this kind of conversation may not be disagreeable, I will relate what passed on this subject between Cleanthe and Cleora, two ladies of distinction in the commonwealth of vanity. The former was a lady of about fifty, who had out-lived many generations of beauties, yet still preserved the airs and behaviour of fifteen ; the latter, a celebrated toast, in the meridian of her charms, and giddy with the admiration she excited. These two ladies had been for some time past engaged in a strict female friendship, and were sitting down to supper at twelve o'clock at night, to talk over the important follies of the day. They had played at cards that evening at four different assemblies, left their names at near twenty doors, and taken a turn round Ranelagh, where the youngest had been engaged in an exchange of bows, smiles, and compliments, with Hillario. This had been observed by Cleanthe, who envied her the many civilities she received from a gentleman so splendidly dressed,

whose embroidery gave a peculiar poignancy to his wit. Wherefore, at supper, she began to vent her spleen against him, telling Cleora she wondered how she could listen to the impertinence of such a coxcomb. Surely, said she, you cannot admire him! For my part, I am amazed at people for calling him handsome! Do you really think him, my dear, so agreeable as the town generally makes him?—Cleora, hesitating a moment, replied, she did not well know what beauty was in a man. If, said she, one examines his features one by one, nothing very extraordinary is observed in him; but, altogether, he has an air, a manner, and a notion of things, my dear: he is lively, airy, and engaging: and then he dresses charmingly!—Yes, said Cleanthe, that may be a very good recommendation of his tailor; and if one designs to marry a suit of velvet, nobody better than Hillario! How should you like him for a husband, Cleora?—Faith, said Cleora, smiling, I never once thought seriously upon the subject; but surely, my dear, there is such a thing as fancy and taste in dress; in my opinion, a man shows his parts in nothing more than in the choice of his clothes and equipage.—To be sure, said Cleanthe, the man has something of a notion of dress, I confess it; yet, methinks, I could make an alteration for the better in his liveries.—Then began a very curious conversation on shoulder-knots; and they ran over all the liveries in town, commending one, and disliking another, with great judgment. From shoulder-knots they proceeded to the colour of coach-horses; and Cleanthe, resolving to dislike Hillario's equipage, asked her if she did not prefer greys to bays. Cleora answered in the negative; and the clock struck one before they had decided this momentous question: which was contested with so much earnestness, that both of them were

beginning to grow angry, and to say ill-natured things, had not a new topic arisen to divert the discourse. His chariot came next under consideration, and then they returned to speculate his dress; and when they had exhausted all the external accomplishments of a husband, they at last came to the qualities of the mind. Cleora preferred a man who had travelled: because, said she, he who has seen the world must be ten thousand times more agreeable and entertaining than a dull homebred fellow, who has never improved himself by travelling. But Cleanthe was of a different opinion; alleging, that this would only give him a greater conceit of himself, and make him less manageable by a wife. Then they abused matrimony, recounted the many unhappy couples of their acquaintance, and both of them, for a moment, resolved to live single: but those resolutions were soon exploded. For though, said Cleanthe, I should prefer a friendship with an agreeable man far beyond marrying him, yet, my dear, *we girls* are under so many restraints, that one must wish for a husband, if it be only for the privilege of going into public places, without the protection of a married woman to give one countenance.—Cleora rallied the expression of *we girls*, which again had like to have caused a quarrel between them; and soon afterwards, happening to say she should like to dance with Hillario at the next ridotta, Cleanthe, notwithstanding the indifference she had hitherto expressed, could not help declaring that she should be pleased also to have him for a partner. This stirred up a warmer altercation than had yet arisen; and they contended with such vehemence for this distant imaginary happiness, that they grew unappeasable, and departed to bed with as much malice and enmity as if the one had made an attempt on the other's life.

CHAPTER IV.

Another conversation, between Hillario and ladies of quality.

OUR hero was now perfectly recovered from indisposition, and pretty well reconciled to the of England; but as yet he had made few acquaintances either with gentlemen of his own or a different species; being seldom permitted to stray beyond Hillario's lodgings, where his chief amusement was to stand with his fore-paws up in the window, and survey the coaches that passed through the street.

But Fortune, who had destined him to a great variety of adventures, no sooner observed that he was settled in his new apartments, than she determined to provide him a new habitation.

Hillario and his little dog were paying a visit one morning to a lady of quality at her toilette, when another lady of the same rank entered the room and joined the conversation. It turned on an Italian opera, which they all declared to be a most sublime entertainment; when, on a sudden, the little Pompey leaped into his master's lap. Lady Templeton no sooner saw him, than, addressing herself to his master with the ease and familiarity of long acquaintance, she said, Hillario, said she, where the devil do you get that pretty dog?—This dog, madam? cried Hillario: Oh l'amour! thereby hangs a tale. The dog, madam, once belonged to a woman of the first fashion in Italy, the finest creature, I think that ever my eyes beheld! Such a shape, such an air!—Then he ran into the most extravagant expenses on her beauty; and, after dropping many hints of an intrigue, to awaken the ladies' curiosity and make them inquire into particulars, concluded

with desiring them to excuse him from proceeding any farther, for he thought it the highest injury to betray a lady's secrets.—Nay, said Lady Tempest, it can do her reputation no hurt to tell tales of her in England: besides, Hillario, if you acquitted yourself with spirit and gallantry in the affair, who knows but we shall like you the better after we have heard your story?—Well, said he, on that condition, my dear countess, I will confess the truth. I had an affair with this lady; and, I think none of my amours ever afforded me greater transport; but the eyes of a husband will officiously be prying into things that do not concern them. Her jealous-pated booby surprised us one evening in a little familiar dalliance, and sent me a challenge next morning.—Bless us, said Lady Tempest; and what became of it?—Why, cries Hillario, I would willingly have washed my hands of the fellow if I could: for I thought it but a silly business to hazard one's life with so ridiculous an animal; but, curse the blockhead! he could not understand ridicule. I sent him for answer, with the greatest ease imaginable, that I had so prodigious a cold, it would be imprudent to fight in the open air; but, if he would have a fire in his best apartment, and a bottle of Burgundy ready for me on the table after I had gone through the fatigue of killing him, I was at his service; meaning to have turned the affair off with a joke, if the fellow had been capable of tasting ridicule.—But that stratagem, replied Lady Tempest, I am afraid, did not succeed; the man, I doubt, was too dull to apprehend your raillery.—Dull as a beetle, madam! said Hillario; the monster continued obstinate, and repeated his challenge. I found nothing else would do, and therefore resolved to meet him, according to his appointment; and there—ha! ha! I shall never

forget how he looked—In short, not to trouble your ladyships with a long tedious description, I ran him through the body.—Both the ladies burst into a laugh at this story, which they most justly concluded to be a lie; and, after entertaining themselves with many pleasant remarks upon it, one of them said with a smile, But what is this to the dog, Hillario?—The dog, madam! answered he; O pardon me; I am coming to the dog immediately. Come hither, Pompey, and listen to your own story. This dog, madam, had at that time the honour of waiting on the dear woman I have been describing; and as the noise of my duel obliged me to quit Bologna, I sent her private notice of my intentions, and begged her to favour me with an interview before my departure. The monster, her husband, who then lay on his death-bed, immured her so closely that it was very difficult to gratify my desires: but love, immortal love, gave her courage; she sent me a private key to get admission into her garden, and appointed me an assignation in an orange grove at nine in the evening. I flew to the dear creature's arms, and passed an hour with her in the greatest rapture, till it grew dangerous to stay longer. We saluted one another, for the last time; and damn'd malicious fate tore me at length from her arms, and she gave me this little dog as a memorial of her love. The poor, dear, tender woman died within three weeks after my departure! I this divine little dog will I keep everlastingly for her sake!

Well, said Lady Tempest, you have really to very pretty story, Hillario; but as to your resolutions of keeping the dog, I swear you shall lose them: for I had the misfortune the other day to lose my favourite black spaniel, and I intend to give you this little dog to supply his place.

Not for the universe, madam ! replied Hillario ; I should expect to see his dear injured mistress's ghost haunting me in my sleep to-night, if I could be guilty of such an act of infidelity to her.—Pugh, said the lady, you no more came by the dog in this manner, Hillario, than you will fly to the moon to-night. Make no preambles ; for I positively must and will take him home with me.—Madam, said Hillario, this little dog is sacred to love : he was born to be the herald of love ; and there is but one consideration that can possibly induce me to part with him.—And what is that ? said the lady.—That, madam, said Hillario, bowing, is the honour of visiting him at all hours in his new apartments : he must be the herald of love wherever he goes. On those conditions, if you will now and then admit me to your retirements, little Pompey waits your acceptance.—Well, said the lady, smiling, you know I am not inexorable, Hillario ; and, if you have a mind to visit your little friend at my ruelle, you will find him ready to receive you ; though, upon second thought, I know not whether I dare admit you. You are such a killer of husbands, Hillario, that it is terrible to think of ! and if mine was not removed out of the way, I should have the poor man sacrificed for his jealousy !—Raillery, raillery ! returned Hillario : but as you say, my dear countess, your husband is commodiously out of the way, therefore we need be under no apprehensions, for I hardly believe he will rise out of his grave to interrupt our amours !—Amours ! cried the lady, raising her voice ; what have I said that encourages you to talk of amours ?

From this time the conversation began to grow much too loose to be reported in this work : they congratulated each other on the felicity of living in an age that allows such indulgence to women, and

which permits them to break loose from their husbands whenever they grow morose and disagreeable, or attempt to interrupt their pleasures. From hence they entered into a discourse on the Italian opera ; and thence made a quick transition to ladies painting. This was no sooner started, than Hillario begged leave to present the lady of the house with a box of rouge, which he had brought with him from France, assuring her that the ladies were arrived at such art in using it at Paris, as to confound all distinction of age and beauty. I protest to your ladyship, continued he, it is impossible at any distance to distinguish a woman of sixty from a girl of sixteen ; and I have seen an old dowager in the opposite box at their play-house make as good a figure, and look as blooming, as the youngest beauty in the place. Nothing is there required to make a woman handsome but eyes. If a woman has but eyes, she may be a beauty whenever she pleases, at the expense of a couple of guineas. Teeth, hair, eyebrows, and complexions, are as cheap as fans, gloves, and ribands.

While this ingenious orator was pursuing his eloquent harangue on beauty, Lady Tempest, looking at her watch, declared it was time to be going ; for she had seven or eight visits more to make, and it was then almost three in the afternoon. Little Pompey, who had absented himself during great part of the preceding conversation, was ordered to be produced ; and the moment he made his appearance, Lady Tempest, catching him up in her arms, was conducted by Hillario to her coach. And our hero, with three footmen attending his equipage, set out for his new apartments.

CHAPTER V.

The character of Lady Tempest, with some particulars of her servants and family.

THE sudden appearance of this lady, with whom our hero is now about taking up his residence, may perhaps excite the reader's curiosity to know who she is ; therefore we shall devote a page or two to bring him acquainted with her character. But let me admonish the reader, in perusing this little treatise, not to be too forward in making applications, or in construing satire into a libel ; for I declare, once for all, that no character drawn in this work is intended for any particular person, but meant to comprehend a variety ; and therefore, if the reader should discover likenesses that were never intended, and meanings that were never designed, he should impute it to his own ill-nature, and accuse not the humble author. Taking this caution with thee, candid reader, we may venture to trust thee with a character, which otherwise we should fear to draw.

Lady Tempest was originally daughter to a gentleman of moderate fortune, which she was to share with a brother and two sisters : her wit and beauty soon distinguished her, and recompensed the deficiencies of fortune. She was a free, sprightly, jovial girl, cheerful in conversation, and open in behaviour ; ready to promote any party of pleasure, and not displeased to be assisting in a little mischief. This made her company much courted ; and her affability and spirit, as well as her beauty, procured her many admirers. At length she was solicited in marriage by a young lord, famous only for his great estate. The advantage of the match soon prevailed

with her parents to give their consent ; and the thought of a title so dazzled her eyes, that she had no leisure to ask herself whether she liked the man or not. His lordship married for the sake of getting an heir to his estate ; and married her in particular because he heard her toasted as a beauty. She, on the contrary, married because she wanted a husband ; and married him because he could give her a title and a coach and six.

But, alas ! there is this misfortune attending matrimony, that people cannot live together any time, without discovering each other's tempers. Familiarity soon draws aside the mask, and all that complaisance and good humour, which make so agreeable a part of courtship, go off, like April blossoms. The year was scarce ended before her ladyship was surprised to find she had married a *fool* ; which circumstance her vanity had concealed from her before marriage, and the transport she felt at a new equipage did not suffer her to attend to for the first half year afterwards. She now began to doubt whether she had not made an unhappy choice for life ; and consulting with some of her female intimates about it (several of whom were married), she received such documents from them, as did not a little contribute to prepare her for the measures she afterwards pursued.

Her husband, though not very quick of discernment, found out that his wife's spirit and romantic disposition were inconsistent with his own gloom, which soured his temper, and he often cursed the unhappy event of marrying her.

They soon began to reveal these thoughts to one another, both in words and actions : they sat down to meals with indifference ; they went to bed with indifference ; and one was always sure to dislike what the other approved. Her ladyship had recourse

to the common expedient in these cases, of introducing a female companion in the house, as well to relieve her from sitting down to meals alone with her husband, as to hear her complaints, and arm her against her fool and tyrant, the names by which she usually spoke of her lord and husband. When her female companions were not present, she chose rather to divert herself with a little favourite dog, than lose her time in conversing with her husband. His lordship observed her indifference to him, and, after many severe reflections, at length wreaked his vengeance on the little favourite, and in a passion put him to death. This was an affair so heinous in the lady's esteem, and pronounced to be so *barbarous*, so *shocking*, so *inhuman*, by all her acquaintance, that she resolved no longer to keep terms with him, and from this moment grew desperate in all her actions.

First, she resolved to supply the place of one favourite with a great number, and immediately took as many dogs into the family as it could admit. His lordship, in return, would order his servant to hang two or three of them every week, and never failed kicking them down stairs by dozens if they came in his way. When this and many other stratagems had been tried, some with good, some with bad success, she came at last to the trial of female resentment, and by many intimations caused him to mistrust that a stranger had invaded his bed. Whether this was real or an artifice, his lordship could never discover; but the bare apprehension so inflamed his mind, that her company became intolerable, and their meetings were dreadful and terrible. Their servants used to stand at the door to listen to their quarrels, and then detail them through the town. But this could not continue long; for indifference may sometimes be borne in

a married state, but indignation and hatred never. It is impossible to say what their quarrels might have produced, had not his lordship very seasonably died, and left his *disconsolate widow* to bear about the mockery of woe to all public places for a year.

She now began the world a free agent, and glided down the stream of pleasure without the fear of virginity to check her, or the influence of a husband to controul her. She recovered that sprightliness of conversation and gaiety of behaviour which had been clouded during the latter part of her husband's life. She was now soon cried up for the greatest female wit in London. Men of gallantry, and all the world of pleasure, had easy access to her; and malicious fame reports, that she was not unkind to the solicitations of love. Through her fondness for dogs, which from her childhood she loved exceedingly, she was seldom without a little favourite to carry about in her arms; but from the moment her angry husband sacrificed one of them to his resentment, she grew more passionately fond of them than ever, and constantly kept six or eight of various kinds in her house. About this time one of her greatest favourites had the misfortune to die; and when she saw little Pompey, she resolved to bestow the vacancy upon him, on certain conditions before mentioned.

Pompey was introduced to his companions. These were an Italian greyhound, a Dutch pug, two black spaniels of King Charles's breed, a harlequin greyhound, a spotted Dane, and a mouse-coloured English bull-dog. They heard their mistress rap at the door, and were assembled in the dining-room, ready to receive her; but on the appearance of Master Pompey, they set up a general *bark*; and some of them treated the little stranger

with rather more rudeness than was consistent with dogs of their education. However, the lady soon interposed her authority, and commanded silence, by ringing a little bell, which she kept by her for that purpose. They all obeyed the signal, and were still in a moment; upon which she carried little Pompey round, and obliged them all to salute their new acquaintance. She then summoned a servant, and ordered a chicken to be roasted for him; but hearing that dinner was ready to be served up, she was pleased to say, he must be content with what was provided for herself that day, but gave orders to the cook to get ready a chicken for him against night.

Her ladyship sat down to table, and Pompey was placed at her elbow, where he received many dainty morsels from her fair hands, and was caressed by her all supper-time, with more than usual fondness. The servants winked at one another while they were waiting, and conveyed many sneers across the table with their looks: all which escaped her ladyship's observation. But the moment they retired from waiting, they indulged their thoughts with all the scurrilous wit and raillery which distinguish the conversation of those party-coloured gentlemen.

First, the butler out of livery served up his remarks to the house-keeper's table; which consisted of himself, an elderly fat woman the house-keeper, and my lady's maid, a saucy, forward, affected girl of about twenty. Addressing himself to these second-hand gentlewomen, he informed them, that their family was increased, and that his lady had brought home a new companion. Their curiosity soon led them to desire an explanation: then, telling them that this new companion was a new dog, he related minutely and circumstantially her ladyship's behaviour during the time of his attendance at the side-board, *not forgetting* to mention the order of a

roasted chicken for Pompey's supper. The house-keeper commented on the sin of feeding such creatures with Christian's victuals, declaring it was flying in the face of Heaven, and wondered how her lady could admit them into her apartment, for they had already spoiled all the crimson damask chairs in the dining-room.

But my lady's maid had much more to say on this subject; and as it was her particular office to wait on these four-footed worthies, she complained of the hardship with great volubility. Then, says she, there's a new plague come home, is there? I suppose I shall have him to wash and comb to-morrow morning. I am sure I am all over fleas with tending such nasty poisonous vermin, and 'tis a shame to put a Christian to such offices. I was in hopes, when that little devil died t'other day, we should have no more of them; but deuce fetch me if I won't run the comb into the little devil's back the first time he comes under my hands. I can't endure to see my lady let them kiss and lick her face all over as they do. I am sure I'd see all the dogs in England at Jericho before I'd suffer such vermin to lick my face. Fogh! 'tis enough to make one sick to see it; and I am sure, if I was a man, I'd scorn to kiss a face that had been licked by a dog.

This was part of a speech made by this delicate mincing comb-brusher; the rest we shall omit, to attend to the inferior servants, who were now assembled at dinner in their common hall, and exercising their talents on the same subject. John, the footman, also reported the news that his lady had brought home a new dog. Damn it, cries the coachman, what signifies a new dog? has she brought home a new man? which was seconded with a loud laugh from all the company. Another swore, he nev

knew a kennel of dogs kept in a bed-chamber before ; which likewise was applauded with a loud laugh ; but as such kind of wit is too low for the dignity of this history, I forbear to relate any more of it.

The lower sort of the men-servants are the most insolent, brutal, ungenerous fellows on the face of the earth : they are bred up in idleness, drunkenness, and, debauchery, and, instead of concealing any faults they observe at home, find a pleasure in vilifying the reputations of their masters in all ale-houses, gin-shops, cellars, and every other place of vulgar rendezvous.

CHAPTER VI.

Our hero becomes a dog of the town, and shines in high life.

POMPEY was grown up to maturity when he came to Lady Tempest ; who soon ushered him into all the fashionable parties of the town. As he attended his mistress to all routs, he soon established an acquaintance with the most noted dogs of quality, and of course affected a contempt for all of inferior station, whom he would never play with, or pay them the least regard. He seemed to know, at first sight, whether a dog had received a good education, by his manner of coming into a room, and was extremely ambitious to show his collar at court ; in which he resembled certain other dogs, who are equally vain of their finery, and happy to be distinguished in their respective orders. If he could have spoke, I am persuaded he would have used the phrases so much in fashion,—Nobody one knows ! Wretches dropt out of the moon ! Creatures sprung

from a dunghill ! By which are signified all those who are not born to a title, or have not impudence and dishonesty enough to run in debt. Had he been to write a letter from Bath or Tunbridge, he would have told his correspondent, there was not a soul in the place ; though at the same time he knew there were above two thousand ; because none of the men wore stars and garters, and none of the women were bold enough to impoverish their families by playing high at the favourite game of brag.

As he was now become a dog of the town, and perfectly well bred, he of course gave himself up to intrigue, and had seldom less than two or three amours at a time with females of the highest fashion ; in which circumstances he again lamented the want of speech, being by that means debarred from the pleasure of boasting of the favours he received. But his gallantries were soon divulged by the consequences of them ; and as several very pretty puppies had been the offspring of his amours, it was usual for all the acquaintances of Lady Tempest to cultivate his breed. Here I shall insert two little billets, of a very extraordinary nature, as specimens of what engages the attention of ladies of quality in this refined and accomplished age. Lady Tempest was sitting at her toilette one morning, when her maid brought her the following scroll :—

“ DEAR TEMPEST,

“ My favourite little Veny is at present troubled with certain amorous infirmities of nature, and would not be displeased with the addresses of a lover. Be so good, therefore, to send little Pompey by my servant, who brings this note, for I fancy it will make a very pretty breed ; and when the lovers have transacted their affairs, he shall be sent home incontinently. Believe me, dear Tempest, yours affectionately,

“ RACKET.”

Lady Tempest, as soon as she had read this curious epistle, called for pen and ink, and immediately wrote the following answer:—

“DEAR RACKET,

“Infirmities of nature we are all subject to, and therefore I have sent Master Pompey to wait upon Miss Veny, begging the favour of you to return him as soon as his gallantries are over. Consider, my dear, no modern love can, in the nature of things, last above three days, and therefore I hope to see my little friend again very soon. Your affectionate friend,

“TEMPEST.”

In consequence of these letters, our hero was conducted to Mrs. Racket's house, where he was received with the civility due to his station, and treated as a gentleman who came to pay his devoirs in the family. Mrs. Racket had two daughters, who had greatly improved their natural propensity for pleasure in the warm climate of a town, education, and were extremely solicitous to inform themselves of all the mysteries of love. These young ladies no sooner heard of Pompey's arrival, than they undertook to introduce him to Miss Veny: for love so much engrossed their thoughts, that they could not suffer a lap-dog in the house to have an amour without their privacy. While they were solacing themselves with innocent speculation, a young gentleman, who visited the family, was introduced abruptly. They no sooner found themselves surprised, than they ran tittering to a corner of the parlour, and hid their faces behind their fans; while their visitor, not happening to observe the hymeneal rites that were celebrating, begged to know the cause of their mirth. This redoubled their diversion, and they burst out into such immoderate fits of laughter, that the poor man looked exceedingly foolish, *imagining himself to be the*

object of their ridicule. In vain he renewed entreaties to be let into the secret of their law; the ladies had not the power of utterance, and would still have continued ignorant, had he accidentally cast his eye aside, and beheld Pompey, with the most prevailing solicitude making love. This at once satisfied his curiosity, and he was no longer at a loss to know the reason of that uncommon joy and rapture the ladies had expressed.

Thus was our hero permitted to riot in the luxuries of life, and treated every where with indulgence. He fed every day upon chicken-tridges, ragouts, fricassees, and all the rarities of the season; which so pampered him with luxurious notions, as made some future scenes of life the more grievous, when fortune obliged him to undergo hardships that will hereafter be recorded.

CHAPTER VII.

Relating a curious dispute on the immortality of the soul, in which the name of our hero was once be mentioned.

NOTHING is more common on the stage, than to suspend the curiosity of an audience in the most interesting scenes of a play, and relieve them with a dance of ghosts, or devils, or furies, or other splendid beings. In imitation of this laudable custom, before the reader proceeds any farther in Pompey's history, he is desired to relieve himself with a curious dispute on the immortality of the soul, which passed one day in our hero's presence.

Lady Tempest being indisposed, kept her

ber, and was attended by two physicians. These gentlemen were making their morning visit, and had just gone through the examinations which custom immemorial prescribes—as, How did your ladyship sleep last night? Do you find any thirst, madam? Let me look at your ladyship's tongue;—and many other questions: when on a sudden a violent rap at the door, and shortly afterwards the appearance of a visitor, interrupted their proceedings. The lady who arrived came directly to Lady Tempest, and made her compliments: being desired to sit down, she entered into some common chit-chat on the news of the town; in the midst of which, without any thing preparatory, addressing herself to one of the physicians, with a face of infinite significance, she asked him if he believed in the immortality of the soul—But before we relate the conversation that ensued, the reader will receive a short sketch of her character.

In many respects this lady was in similar circumstances with Lady Tempest; only with this difference, that the one had been separated from her husband by death, the other divorced by act of parliament; the one was famous for wit, the other affected the character of wisdom. Lady Sophister, as soon as she was released from the matrimonial fetters, set out to visit foreign parts, and had displayed her charms in most of the courts of Europe. She had cultivated an acquaintance with literati, and particularly in France, where the ladies affect a reputation of science, and are able to discourse on the profoundest questions of theology and philosophy. It is difficult to say what first suggested the opinion to her, whether caprice, or vanity of being singular; but her ladyship took a fancy to disbelieve the immortality of the soul, and never came into the

company of learned men without displaying her talents upon this subject. This extraordinary principle, to show that she did not take up her notions lightly and wantonly, she was able to demonstrate; and could appeal to the greatest authorities in defence of it. She had read Hobbes, Malbranche, Locke, Shaftesbury, Woolaston, and many more; all of whom she obliged to give testimony to her paradox, and perverted passages out of their works with facility. But Locke was her principal favourite, and consequently she rested chiefly upon him to furnish her with quotations whenever her ladyship pleased to engage in controversy.

Doctor Kildarby, to whom she addressed herself, astonished at the novelty of the question, sat staring with amazement on his companion; which Lady Tempest observing, and guessing that her female friend was going to be very absurd, resolved to promote the conversation for her own amusement. Turning herself, therefore, to the doctor, she said, with a smile, Do not you understand the meaning of her ladyship's question, sir? She asks you if you believe in the immortality of the soul?

Believe in the immortality of the soul, madam! said the doctor, staring; bless me, your ladyship astonishes me beyond measure. Believe in the immortality of the soul! undoubtedly; and I hope all do the same.—Be not too sure of that, sir, said Lady Sophister: have you ever read Mr. Locke's controversy with the Bishop of Worcester?

Mr. Locke's controversy, madam! replied the doctor; I protest I am not sure! Mr. Locke's controversy with the Bishop of Worcester! I vow I cannot recollect. My reading has been very multifarious and extensive. Yes, madam, I think I have read it; though I protest I cannot be sure whether I have or not.

Have you ever read it, Doctor Rhubarb? said she, addressing herself to the other physician.—O yes, madam, very often, he replied; it is that fine piece of his where—Yes, I have read it very often; I remember it perfectly well. But pray, madam, is there any passage—I beg your ladyship's pardon if I am mistaken—is there any passage in that piece which tends to confirm your ladyship's notion concerning the immortality of the soul?

Sir, said the lady, with a smile of triumph, what do you esteem the soul to be? Is it air, or fire, or æther, or a kind of quintessence, as Aristotle observed—a composition of all the elements?—Doctor Rhubarb, confounded with so much learning, desired first to hear her ladyship's opinion.—My opinion, resumed she, is exactly the same with Mr. Locke's. You know, Mr. Locke observes, there are various kinds of matter. But first we should define matter, which, you know, the logicians tell us is an extended solid substance. Out of this matter, some is made into rose and peach-trees; the next form which matter takes, is animal life; from whence we have lions and elephants, and all the race of brutes: then the last, as Mr. Locke observes, is thought, and reason, and volition, from whence are created men; and, therefore, you plainly see it is impossible for the soul to be immortal.

Pardon me, madam, said Rhubarb; roses, and peach-trees, and elephants, and lions! I protest I remember nothing of this nature in Mr. Locke.—Nay, sir, cried she, can you deny me this? If the soul is fire, it must be extinguished; if air, it must be dispersed; if it be only a modification of matter, then of course it ceases when matter is no longer modified; if it be any thing else, it is exactly the same thing: and therefore you must confess—in-

deed, doctor, you must confess—that it is impossible for the soul to be immortal.

Doctor Kildarby, who had sat silent for some time to collect his thoughts, finding what a learned antagonist he had to cope with, began to harangue in the following manner: Madam, said he, as to the nature of the soul, to be sure there have been such opinions as your ladyship mentions about it—many various and unaccountable opinions. Some called it *Divinum Cœleste*; others *Quinta Essentia*; and others *Inflammata Anima*, that is, madam, Inflamed Air. Aristoxenus, an old musician, imagined the soul to be a musical tune; and a mathematician that I have heard of, supposed it to be like an æquilateral triangle. Descartes, I think, makes its residence to be the pineal gland of the brain, where all the nerves terminate; and Borri, I remember, the Milanese physician, in a letter to Bartholine *de ortu cerebri et usum medico*, asserts, that in the brain is found a certain very subtile juice (which I conceive may be the same as the nervous juice, or animal spirits), and this he takes to be the residence or seat of the soul; the subtilty or fineness of which he supposes to depend on the temperature of this liquor. But all these opinions may very probably be false; we do but grope in the dark, madam; and it would be better to let the subject entirely alone. The current opinions of all mankind have ever agreed in believing the immortality of the soul; and this, I confess, is to me an unanswerable argument of its truth. You see, madam, I purposely wave the topic of revelation.

Oh, sir, cries the lady, interrupting him, as to revelation, sir—Here she ran into much commonplace raillery at the expense of Christianity and the Gospel; till Lady Tempest desired her to be silent

on that head; for this good lady believed all the doctrines of religion, and was content, like many others, with the trifling privilege of disobeying all its precepts.

Lady Sophister resolved not to quit the field, but rallied her forces, and once more fell on her adversaries with an air of triumph. "You say, I think, sir, she resumed, that a multitude of opinions will establish a truth? Now you know all the Indians believe that their dogs will go to heaven with them; and if many opinions can prove any thing to be true, what say you to that, sir? India, doctor, is a prodigious wide tract of continent, where the Gymnosophists lived. Lady Tempest, let us look at your globes.

My globes, madam! said Lady Tempest; what globes of mine does your ladyship desire to see?—What globes? replied the disputant; your celestial and terrestrial globes. I want to look out India in the map, and show the doctor what a prodigious wide tract of continent it is in comparison of Europe: however, I believe we can do without them. As I was saying, sir, the Indians believe their dogs will bear them company to heaven; and if many opinions can establish the truth of an hypothesis—I say, if many opinions can prove any thing to be true, what say you to that, sir? For instance, there is Lady Tempest's little lap-dog—My dear little creature, said Lady Tempest, catching him up in her arms, will you go to heaven with me? I shall be vastly glad of your company, Pompey, if you will.—From this hint both their ladyships had many bright sallies, till Lady Sophister, flushed with the force of this argument, recalled her adversary to the question, and desired to hear his reply. Come, sir, said she, you have not yet responded to my argument; you have not answered my last syllogism.

I think I have gravelled you now ; I think I have done for you, doctor.

Not at all, madam, said Kildarby. Opinions, vague opinions, will float in people's brains ; but we were talking of the dictates of sense and reason. Savages, madam, will be savage ; but Indians have nothing to do with Europeans. The reply to what your ladyship has advanced would be easy and obvious : but I must beg to be excused ; my profession does not oblige me to a knowledge of such subjects ; I came here to prescribe as a physician, and not to discuss topics of theology. Come, brother, I believe we only interrupt their ladyships, and I am obliged to call upon my Lord —, and Sir William —, and Lady Betty, and many other people of quality, this morning.—Dr. Rhubarb declared that he also had as many visits to make that morning : so, taking their leaves and their fees, the two gentlemen retired with great precipitation, leaving her ladyship in possession of the field of battle ; who immediately reported she had out-reasoned two physicians, and obliged them, by dint of argument, to confess that the soul is not immortal.

And now, begging the reader's pardon for this digression, let us return to our hero, who is going to suffer a great revolution in his life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Various and sundry matters.

LADY Tempest had been walking one morning in St. James's Park, with her little favourite ; for she never went abroad without taking him in her arms. Here she set him down to play with some other dogs

that were taking the air, giving him strict orders not to presume to stray out of her sight. Notwithstanding this injunction, something tempted his curiosity beyond the limits of the Mall : and there, while he was rolling and indulging himself on the grass, it was his misfortune to spring a bird ; which he pursued with such alacrity, that he was out of sight before he gave over the chase. His mistress was engaged in so warm and interesting a dispute on the price of silk, that she never missed her favourite ; what is still more extraordinary, she got into her coach and drove home, without once bestowing a thought upon him. But the moment she arrived in her dining-room, and cast her eyes on the rest of her four-footed friends, she cried out, As I am alive, I have left little Pompey behind me ! Summoning up two of her servants, she commanded them to go directly and search every corner of the park with the greatest diligence, protesting she should never have any peace of mind till her favourite was found. Many times she rang her bell to know if her servants were returned, before it was possible for them to have got thither : but at length the fatal message arrived, that Pompey was not to be found. Indeed, it would have been next to a miracle if he had ; for these faithful ambassadors had never stirred from the kitchen-fire, where, together with the rest of the servants, they had been laughing at the folly of their mistress. The reason why they denied their return sooner was, because they imagined a sufficient time had not elapsed to give a probability to the lie. This did not satisfy their lady ; she sent them to repeat their search, and a second time they returned the same answer. This is no wonder ; for though her ladyship saw them out of the house, and ordered them to bring back her favourite under pain of dismission, the farthest

of their travels was to an ale-house at the corner of the street; where they had been entertaining a large circle of their party-coloured companions with much ribaldry, at the expense of their mistress.

The lady immediately dispatched cards to all her acquaintance, to put off a rout which was to have been held at her house that evening; giving as a reason, that she had lost her darling lap-dog, and could not see company. She continued to advertise him in the newspapers for a month together, with increase of reward: all the inquiries she made, and all the rewards she offered, restored not little Pompey to her arms. We must leave her, therefore, to receive the consolations of her friends on this afflicting loss, and return to inquire after our hero.

He had been pursuing a bird, and when his diversion was over, galloped back to the Mall, not doubting to find his lady there at his return. But, alas, how great was his disappointment! He ran up and down, smelling to every petticoat he met, and staring in every female face; yet neither his eyes nor nose gave him the information he desired. Seven times he coursed from Buckingham House to the Horse Guards, but all in vain: at length, tired, disconsolate, and full of despair, he sat down under a tree, and there, turning his head aside in a thoughtful attitude, abandoned himself to mournful meditation. While he was ruminating on his fate, and, like many in the park, unable to divine where he should get a dinner, he was spied by a little girl about seven years old, who was walking by her mother's side in the Mall. She no sooner perceived him, than she cried out, La, mamma, there's a pretty dog! and then applied herself with much tenderness to solicit him to her. The wretched are

always glad to find a friend : our little unfortunate no sooner saw one courting him, than he ran hastily up, and, saluting her eagerly with his fore-paws, gave so many dumb expressions of joy, that speech itself could hardly have been more eloquent. The young lady, charmed with his ready compliance, snatched him up in her arms, and kissed him with great delight; then turning again to her mother, and asking her if she did not think him a lovely creature, I wonder, said she, whose dog it is, mamma ! I have a good mind to take him home with me ; shall I mamma ? To this her mother consented ; and when they had taken two or three more turns, they retired to their coach, and Pompey was conducted to his new lodgings.

As soon as they were at home, little miss ran hastily up stairs, to show her brother and sisters the prize she had found ; and he was handed about from one to the other, with great delight and admiration. Then he was introduced to all their favourites, which were a dormouse, two kittens, a squirrel, a parrot, and a magpie. To these he was presented with many childish ceremonies, and a thousand little follies, which make up the happiness of this happiest age. The parrot was to make a speech to him, the squirrel to treat him with some nuts, the kittens to dance for his diversion, the magpie to tell his fortune ; and all were enjoined to contribute something to the entertainment of the little stranger in his new apartment ; and it is inconceivable how busy they were in the execution of these trifling ceremonies.

One would have imagined, after the extraordinary tenderness with which our hero had been treated by Lady Tempest, he must have felt great regret and concern at the loss of her ; but he had no sooner dined, and felt himself snug in a new apartment,

than he entirely forgot his former mistress. Here I know not how to excuse his behaviour. Had he been a man, one should not have wondered to find him guilty of ingratitude; a vice deeply rooted in the nature of that wicked animal: but that a dog, a creature famous for fidelity, should so soon forget his former friend and benefactress, is unaccountable; and I would willingly draw a veil over this part of his conduct, if the veracity of an historian did not oblige me to relate it.

CHAPTER IX.

What the reader will know if he reads it.

THE father of this little brood, who are now in possession of our hero, was Captain Vincent, of the Guards, a handsome man, about thirty years old, tall, and well-proportioned, but so devoted to the contemplation of his person, that he never detached his thoughts from the consideration of it. Conscious of being a favourite of the ladies, among whom he was received always with affection, he thought the charms of his figure irresistible, and seemed to show himself in all public places as an object of admiration. In his looks there was a smile of assurance, complacency, and self-applause: he appeared always to be wondering at his own accomplishments; and when he surveyed his dress and figure, it was as much as to say to his company, Look on me, if you can, without admiration! The reputation of two or three intrigues, which Fame had given him with women of fashion, contributed to increase his vanity, and authorized him, as he thought, to bestow more time and pains on the

adorning his figure. In fine, after many real or pretended amours, which made him insufferably vain, he married a celebrated town-beauty, a woman of quality, who was in all respects equal to, and worthy, of such a husband.

Lady Betty Vincent was one of those haughty nymphs of quality who presume so much on the merit of a title, that they never trouble themselves to acquire any other. She was proud, insolent, and unmannerly, to her inferiors; vain of her rank, and still vainer of her person; full of extravagant airs; and, though exceedingly silly, conceited of imaginary wit and repartee. As she set out in life with a full persuasion that her beauty, merit, and accomplishment, must soon procure her the title of Her Grace, she rejected several advantageous matches, because they did not come up to the height of her ambition. At length, finding her charms begin to decay, in a fit of lust, disappointed pride, and opposition to her mother, she entered into marriage with Captain Vincent of the Guards, contrary to the advice and remonstrances of all her friends and relations. As the captain had no revenue beside the income of his commission, and her ladyship's fortune did not exceed seven thousand pounds, when the honey-moon of love was over, this couple did not find the matrimonial fetters sit perfectly easy. To retrench in any article, they found impossible: to retire into the country still more impossible; that was horror, death, and despair: her ladyship could not hear of such a thing with patience; and the captain, who was equally attached to London, never made the proposal in earnest. What, then, could they do in these embarrassing circumstances? They took a little house near the bottom of the Hay-market, and there supported their spirits, with reflecting that they still

lived in the fashionable world, though their apartments were not so commodious as they could wish.

Fettered pride is sure to turn into peevishness, and spleen is the daughter of mortified vanity. Finding themselves cramped with want, they grew uneasy, discontented, jealous of each other's extravagance, and were scarce ever alone without reproaching one another on the article of expense. The lady pouted at the captain for going to White's, and the captain recriminated on his wife for playing at brag; and then followed a long contention which of them spent most money. To complete their misfortunes, her ladyship took to breeding, which introduced a thousand additional expenses; and they must absolutely have starved in the midst of pride and vanity, had they not been seasonably relieved by handsome presents from Lady Betty's mother, old Lady Harridan, who was in possession of a considerable jointure.

The devotion which the captain paid to his beautiful figure has already been described; nor was her ladyship behind him in idolizing and adorning her person. She prided herself in a more particular manner on the lovely bloom and charming delicacy of her complexion, which had procured her the envy of one sex, and the admiration of the other.

It was our hero's custom, whenever he came into a new family, to gratify his curiosity, as soon as possible, with a general survey of the house. On his arrival, his little owners were so fond of him the first day, that they lugged him about in their arms, and never permitted him to stay one moment out of their sight; but being left more at liberty next morning, he thought it a convenient time for making his tour. After examining the rooms above ground, he descended intrepidly into the kitchen, and looked about for a breakfast; for he had hither-

to met with very thin commons in his new apartment ; but in this search he was miserably disappointed. At last, a blue-and-white dish, which stood on the dresser, presented itself to his view. This he determined to be lawful prey, and perceiving no one present, boldly made a spring at it ; but happening to leap against the dish, down it came, and its contents ran about the kitchen. Scarce had this happened, when my lady's maid appeared below stairs, and began to scream out in a very shrill accent, Who has done this now ? I'll be whipped if this owdacious little dog has not been and thrown down the preparations for my lady's clyster.—After which she fell on the cook, and reprimanded her in a very authoritative tone for not taking more care of her dressers :—But let the 'pothecary, added she, come and mix up his nastiness himself an' he will ; for, deuce fetch me if I'll wait on her ladyship's backside in this manner ! If she will have her clysters, let the clyster-pipe doctor come and minister them himself, and not put me to her filthy offices. O Lord bless us ! Well, rather than be at all this pains for a complexion, I'd be as brown as a berry all my life-time ! The finest flowers, I have heard say, are raised from dung ; and, perhaps it may be so ; I am sure 'tis so in our house ; for my lady takes physic twice a week, and treats her backside with a clyster once a fortnight—and all this to preserve a complexion !

While the waiting-gentlewoman was haranguing thus at the expense of her mistress, the captain's valet came into the kitchen, and hearing his fellow-servant very vociferous, inquired what was the matter. Matter ! cried she ; matter enough o'conscience ! Don't you see there ? This plaguy little devil of a dog has been and flung down my lady's clyster !—A prodigious disaster indeed ! replied the valet.

Why, what shall we do now, Mrs. Minikin? I am afraid your lady's complexion will want its bloom to-day.—Hang her complexion! said Abigail; I wish her complexion was at the bottom of her own close-stool! She need be so generous to her back-side, indeed! I am sure she is not so over-and-above generous to her servants and her trades-folks!—True, cried the valet: I never saw such house-keeping in any family that ever I lived in, in my days! They dress plaguy fine, both of 'em, and cut a figure abroad, while their servants are starving at home.—Yes, yes, said Mrs. Minikin, 'tis all show and no substance, at our house! There's your pretty master, the captain, has been smuggling up his pretty face, and cleaning his teeth, for this hour, before the looking-glass, this morning! I wonder he does not clyster for a complexion too! Though, thank Heaven! he's coxcomb enough already, and wants no addition to his pride; he seems to think no woman can look him in the face without falling in love with him, with his black solitaire, and his white teeth, and his frizzled hair, and his fopperies! O Lord have mercy upon us! Well, every one to their liking: but, hang me, if I would not marry a monkey as soon as such a powdered scaramouch, were I a woman of quality!—Get out, you little nasty devil of a dog! Hang me, if I won't brain you, and let the little vixens your mistresses say what they please!

Having said this, she set out, full of rage, in pursuit of poor Pompey, who took to his heels with great precipitation, and fled for his life; but not being nimble enough, he was overtaken, and smarted severely for the trespass he had committed. Pompey soon began to find himself very unhappily situated in this family; for wretched are all those animals that become the favourites of children.

At first he suffered only the barbarity of their kindness, and was persecuted with no other cruelties than what arose from their extravagant love of him : but when the date of his favour began to expire, he was taught to feel how much severer their hatred could be than their fondness. He had, from the first, two or three dreadful presages of what might happen to him ; for he had seen the two kittens, his play-fellows, drowned for some misde-meanour, and the magpie's head chopped off for daring to peck a piece of plumb-cake that lay in the window without permission ; which instances of cruelty were sufficient to warn him of what might afterwards happen to himself. But he was not left long to entertain himself with conjectures, before he felt the mischievous disposition of these little tyrants. Sometimes they thought he was full of fleas ; and then he was soused into a tub of water, till he was almost dead, in order to kill them. At other times, he was set on his hind legs with a book before his eyes, to read his lesson ; which not being able to perform, they whipped him till he howled, and then chastised him the more for daring to be sensible of pain. Much of this treatment did he undergo, often wishing himself restored to the arms of Lady Tempest ; when Fortune, taking pity of his calamities, once more resolved to change his lodgings, and delivered him from this house of inquisition.

CHAPTER X.

A matrimonial dispute.

LADY Betty Vincent's mother, having worn out her life in vanity, and all kinds of luxury, was now

turned Methodist at seventy, and thought, by presenting Heaven with the dregs of her age, to atone for the riot and lasciviousness of her youth. For this purpose, she had renounced all public diversions, put herself under the tuition of two field-preaching apostles, and was become one of the warmest votaries of that prevailing sect. But, besides this self-mortification, her ladyship had an additional stratagem to procure her pardon above, which she thought impossible to fail her; this was, to take her eldest grand-daughter out of the temptations of a wicked seducing age, into her own family, and educate her a Methodist: the merit of which laudable action, she hoped, would compensate all her own miscarriages, and effectually restore her to the Divine favour.

Having thus laid the scheme of compounding matters with Heaven, and making the virtues of the grand-daughter balance the sins of the grandmother, she now thought of putting it into execution. In the first place, she communicated her design to the two apostles; and the moment she was assured of their approbation, she dispatched a message to her daughter, desiring an hour's conversation with her the first time she was at leisure. Lady Betty, who had great dependence on her mother, did not fail to obey the summons, and was with her very early next morning; so very early, that the clock had but just struck one; which she said, was an instance of her uncommon filial obedience. The two ladies soon came to an agreement; Lady Betty being as glad to get rid of a charge as Lady Harri-dan to acquire a companion, which she represented as the motive that induced her to take her grand-daughter into her family.

Matters being thus settled, Lady Betty returned home to dinner, where she observed a sullen silence

till the cloth was removed. Then she bade one of the footmen tell Minikin to get Sally's clothes and linen packed up against the evening. There happened at this time to be a difference between her ladyship and the captain; and they had passed several days without exchanging a word. She did not, therefore, ask her husband's consent in the step she was taking, nor even inform him of it in direct terms, but left him to extract it from the oblique message she sent to her maid. The captain, who saw that some mystery was contained under these orders, at first resolved to be revenged, by affecting not to hear them, but curiosity prevailing over resentment, he submitted at length to ask whither his daughter was going.

Why, if you will spend all your life at White's, and all your money in play, replied the lady, with an air of disdain, I must dispose of my children as well as I can.—But what connexion is there, said the captain, between my playing at White's and your packing up your daughter's clothes? Unless, perhaps, you are going to send your daughter to the Foundling Hospital.—Yes, perhaps I am, cries she, with a toss of her head: if one can't maintain one's children at home, they must e'en come upon the parish, and there's an end of it.

Still the captain remained in ambiguity; not a ray of information transpired through these dark speeches; indeed, there seemed to be no probability of an eclaireissement. At last, his patience being exhausted, he insisted earnestly, and angrily, to know what was going to be done with his daughter.

Why, mother has a mind to take the girl to live with her, if you must know, replied her ladyship: that is going to be done with your daughter. If you will get children, without being able to maintain them, *you may be thankful to find there is*

somebody that will take them off your hands.—Oh, madam, cries the captain, as to the article of begetting children, I apprehend your ladyship to be full as guilty as I am; and therefore that is out of the question. But as to your mother taking them off our hands, devil take me if I am not exceedingly obliged to her for it. Your mamma is welcome to take them all, if she pleases. I only wanted to know what was going to be done with the girl, and now I am most perfectly satisfied: which he uttered in the most taunting accent.

There is nothing so provoking as a sneer to people inflamed with pride. The captain perceived the effect it had, and resolving to pursue his triumph—My dear, added he, to be sure the prudent care you are taking to provide for your children is highly commendable; but I am afraid your mother will debauch the girl with religion: she'll teach her, perhaps, to whine and cant, and say her prayers under the godly Mr. Whitefield.

Lady Betty had never in her life shown the least regard for her mother: she had married in direct opposition to her will, and partly out of revenge, because she happened at that time to have a quarrel with her, and knew her disinclination to the match: but so much was she galled with the captain's raillery, that she seized on any thing which offered as a vehicle of reproach. With rage sparkling in her eyes, and indignation glowing over her face, she exclaimed, How dare you ridicule my mother? If she has a mind to be an old doating idiot, and change her religion, does it become you to reproach her with it? You have the greatest obligations to her, sir, and should not give yourself such airs. You ridicule my mother! you, of all people in the world! "Twould have been well *for me* if I had taken my mother's advice, and to

have rejected you ; for, you know you brought nothing but your commission ; and what is the income of a little beggarly commission ? 'Tis not sufficient to furnish one's pin-cushion. And who was you when I had you ? You know you was of no blood or family, and yet you pretend to ridicule my mother ! If it was not for my mother, you and your brats would starve with want !

When a dispute is grown to the highest, especially if it be a matrimonial one, all sober argument and cool reply are nothing better than words spoke against the wind. The judicious captain, therefore, instead of answering this invective of his spouse, very wisely had recourse to singing ; which so exasperated her, that she started from her chair, swept down two or three bottles and glasses, flounced out of the room, and rushed up stairs, ready to burst with indignation.

While this dispute was passing in the parlour, our hero was the subject of as fierce a one among his little owners, or rather tormentors, in another room : for as the eldest girl was going into a different family, it was necessary they should make a separation of their playthings ; and our hero being incapable of division, a warm debate arose concerning him, both sides obstinately refusing to wave their pretensions. This may seem wonderful to the reader, who has been informed that they were all grown tired of him : but let him consider the tempers of this family, begotten in spleen, peevishness, and pride, and he will not think it unnatural, after the recent example he has seen of their parents, that a spirit of opposition should make them contend with the greatest vehemence for a matter of the most absolute indifference. This was in reality the cause of their contention, and would have produced violent effects, had

not their mother appeared to decide the question in favour of her eldest girl, whose claim, she said, was indisputable, from the circumstance of her finding him in the Park.

Lady Betty was hardly recovered from her passion; but, being told that Lady Harridan's coach was waiting, she composed herself, and mounted into it, attended by her daughter and the hero of this history.

CHAPTER XI.

A stroke at the Methodists.

THEY arrived at Lady Harridan's about seven in the evening, and were immediately conducted into her ladyship's dining-room, where they found a large company of women assembled. On the first sight of so many ladies, our hero concluded he was got into some rout, such as he had often seen at Lady Tempest's; yet he knew not well how to reconcile appearances with such a supposition. He saw no cards, he heard no laughing: the solemn faces of the servants, the sober looks of the company, every thing seemed to inform him, that pleasure could not be the cause of this assembly. It was a sisterhood of the godly, met together to bewail the vanities of human life, and congratulate one another on their breaking from the enchantments of a sinful world.

The causes which had converted them to Methodism, were as various as the characters of the converts. Some, the ill success of their charms had driven to despair; others, a consciousness of too *great success* had touched with repentance; and

both these terminated in superstitious melancholy. Disappointed love and criminal amour, though opposite in nature, here wrought the same effects. Thunder and lightning, ill-omened dreams, earthquakes, vapours, small-pox, all had their converts in this religious collection; but the greater part, like the noble president, were women fatigued and worn out in the vanities of life, the superannuated jades of pleasure, who, being grown sick of themselves, and weary of the world, were now fled to Methodism, as the newest sort of folly that had lately been invented.

——— *Species non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen; qualem decet esse sororum.*

The appearance of Lady Betty in such a company as this, was like a wasp's invading a nest of drones: she was too spirited, too gaily dressed, too worldly, to be agreeable to them; and they, in return, gave as little pleasure to her. She very soon found herself out of her element, rose up, and began to make her departing curtesies. Why, sure you are not going, Lady Betty? cried the mother; I presumed upon your staying the evening with us.

No, thank you, replied the daughter; another time, if you please; but you seem to be all too religious for me at present! I can't afford to say my prayers above once a week, and 'tis not Sunday to-day, according to my calculation.—For shame! for shame, my dear! don't indulge such levity of discourse! said Lady Harridan. Let me prevail on you to stay, Lady Betty, and I am sure we shall make a convert of you. There's that tranquillity, my dear, that composure, that serenity of mind, attending Methodism, that, I am sure, no person, who judges fairly, can refuse to embrace it! Pleasure, my dear, is all vanity and folly, an

empty transient delusion ! Believe me, child, I have experienced it ; I have proved the vanity of it ; and, depend upon it, sooner or later, you will come to the same way of thinking.

Very likely I may, replied Lady Betty : but you'll give me leave to grow a little wicked first, for I am not wicked enough as yet to turn Methodist.

Fie ! fie ! don't encourage that licentiousness of conversation, cries the old lady. You shock me, my dear, beyond measure ; you make my blood run cold to hear you ! But let me beseech you to stay ; and you will have the pleasure of hearing the dear Whitefield talk on this subject ; we expect him every minute.—Do you ? says Lady Betty ; then upon my honour I'll depart this moment ; for I'll promise you I have not the least desire or curiosity to hear the dear Whitefield : and so, ladies, your servant !—Having said this, she brushed down stairs, and left the company astonished at her profaneness.

As Lady Betty went out, the dear Whitefield and his brother apostle entered, who were the only people wanting to complete this religious collection. On their appearance, they all began to lament the wickedness of their former lives. The great guilt of loving cards, the exceeding sinfulness of having been fond of dancing in their youthful days, were enumerated as sins of the most atrocious nature ; whilst other crimes, not inferior to these, were prudently kept out of sight. Then Mr. Whitefield began to recount the history of his life, and related the many combats and desperate encounters he had had with the devil : how Satan had confined him to his chamber once at college, and permitted him not to eat for several days ; with other malicious pranks played by the prince of darkness on that

unfortunate adventurer, if we may believe his own journals. He proceeded, in the next place, to describe the many miracles which Heaven had wrought in his favour; how it ceased to rain, and the sun broke out on a sudden, just as he was beginning to preach on Kennington Common; with many more equally stupendous prodigies, which show how great an interest Heaven takes in all the actions of that religious mountebank. When the company had enjoyed enough of this spiritual conversation, they proceeded to singing psalms; and this concluded the superstition of the evening.

All the former part of the time, our hero sat very composed before the fire; but when they began to chaunt their hymns, surprised and astonished with the novelty of this proceeding, he howled with the most sonorous accent, and in a key much higher than any of the screaming sisters. Nor was this all, for presently afterwards, Mr. W——d attempting to stroke him, he snarled, and bit his finger. I believe he had taken some disgust to that pious man: for, besides these instances of ill behaviour, he was guilty of a much greater rudeness next day to his works.

Lady Harridan, as soon as she arose next morning, sent for her little grand-daughter into her closet, and made her repeat some long methodistical prayers; after which she heard her read several pages out of the apostle's journal, and then they went to breakfast; but, by mistake, left poor Pompey shut up in the closet. The little prisoner scratched very impatiently to be released, and made several attempts to open the door; but not having the good fortune to succeed, he leaped upon the table, and wantonly did his occasions on the field-preacher's memoirs, which lay open upon it. Whether this was done to express his contempt of

the book, or merely from an incapacity of pressing his needs, is hardly possible for us to determine; though we are sensible how much it would exalt him in the reader's esteem, to ascribe it to the former motive: and, it must be confessed that his choosing to drop his superfluities or particular a spot, may well countenance such suspicion; but, unless we had the talents of Æsop to interpret the sentiments of brutes, it will be impossible to come at the truth of this important affair.

Lady Harridan unfortunately returned to her closet soon afterwards, and saw the crime he had been guilty of. Rage and indignation sparkled in her eyes; she rang her bell with the greatest force, and, on the appearance of a footman, ordered him immediately to be hanged. His young mistress, whose love for him had long since cooled, who, besides, feared her grand-mamma's resentment, did not oppose the sentence. He was carried away, therefore, that moment, to execution, where I dare say, courteous reader, thou art extremely glad to hear, as it would put a period to his history and prevent thee from mispending any more of thy precious time. But, alas! thy hopes are vain, thy labours are not yet at an end. The footman who happened to have some few grains of compassion in his nature, instead of obeying his lady's orders, sold him that day for a pint of porter to an alehouse-keeper's daughter in Tyburn-road. Hence then, if thou art tired, let me advise thee to depart. If perchance thy spirits remain, and thou dost not begin to yawn, proceed courageously, and thou wilt, in good time, arrive at the end of thy journey.

CHAPTER XII.

History of a modish marriage.—Description of a coffee-house,—and a grave political debate on the good of the nation.

THE amiable young lady, to whom Pompey was sold, was then on the point of marriage with a hackney-coachman, and soon afterwards the nuptials were consummated, to the great joy of the two ancient families. As soon as the ceremony was over, the new-married couple set out to celebrate their wedding at the Old Blue Boar in Tyburn-road, and the bride was conducted home at night, intoxicated, to her new apartment, a garret in Smithfield. This fashionable pair had scarce been married three days before they began to quarrel. For the civil well-bred husband coming home one night from his station, and expecting the cow-heels to have been ready for his supper, found his darling spouse abroad. At about eleven o'clock she came into the room, and telling him, with great *gaieté de cœur*, that she had been at the play, began to describe the several scenes of Hamlet Prince of Denmark. Judge if this was not provocation too great for a hackney-coachman's temper. He exercised his whip in a most outrageous manner, and she, applying herself no less readily to more desperate weapons, a most bloody fray ensued, in which the coachman nearly escaped being stabbed with a penknife, and his fair spouse was obliged to keep her bed near a month, with the bruises she received in this horrid rencounter.

Pompey now most sensibly felt the ill effects of his former luxury, which served only to aggravate the miseries of his present condition. The coarse

fare he met with in roofless garrets or cellars was indelicate to one who had formerly lived on ragouts and fricassees ; and he found it very difficult to sleep on hard floors, who had been used to repose upon sofas and couches. But, luckily for him, his favour with his mistress procured him the hatred of his master, who sold him to a nymph of Billingsgate for a pennyworth of oysters. His situation was not mended for the present by this means, but it put him in a way to be released the sooner from a course of life so ill-suited to his constitution and temper. For this delicate fishwoman, as she went her rounds, carried him one evening to a certain coffee-house near the Temple, where the lady behind the bar was struck with his beauty, and with no great difficulty prevailed on the water-nymph to surrender him for a dram of brandy. His fortunes now began to wear a better aspect, and he spent his time agreeably in listening to the conversations and disputes that arose in the coffee-room among people of all denominations ; for here assembled wits, critics, templars, politicians, poets, country squires, grave tradesmen, and sapient physicians.

The consistories of wit claimed his first attention, being a dog of a natural turn for humour ; and he took a pleasure to hear young templars criticise the works of Shakspeare, call Mr. Garrick to account every evening for his action, extol the beauty of actresses, and the reputation of impures.

When he was tired of the clubs of humour, he would go to another table, and listen to politicians, who used to assemble here in an evening with the most public-spirited views, to settle the affairs of the nation, and point out the errors of the ministry. He heard the government arraigned in the most abusive manner, for what government never per-

formed or thought of; and the lowest ribaldry of a newspaper extolled as the highest touches of Attic irony. He heard sea-fights condemned by people who never saw the sea; and the general of an army called to account for his disposition of a battle, by men whose knowledge of war never reached beyond a cock-match.

A curious conversation of this kind passed one day in his hearing, which I beg leave to relate as a specimen of coffee-house oratory. It happened at the end of the late rebellion; and the chief orator of the club began with asserting, that the rebellion was promoted by the ministry for some private ends. What was the reason, said he, of its being disbelieved so long? Why was our army absent at such a critical juncture? I should be glad to hear any man answer me these questions. They may think perhaps they are acting all this while in secret, and applaud themselves for their cunning; but I believe I know more than they would wish me to know. Old Walpole is behind the curtain still, notwithstanding his resignation, and the old game is playing over again, whatever they may pretend. There was a correspondence between Walpole and Fleury, to my knowledge, and they projected between them all the evils that have since happened to the nation.

The company seemed to agree with this eloquent man; and one of them ventured to say, he believed the army was sent into Flanders, on purpose to be out of the way at the time of the insurrection. Zounds, says the orator, I believe you are in the right, and the wind blew them over against their inclinations. What made What-d'ye-call-um's army disperse as it did? let any body answer me that, if they are able. Don't you think they had orders to run away? By G—d I do, if

you don't, and I believe I could prove it too, if I was to set about it. Besides, if they have any desire of preventing future invasions from France, why don't they send out and burn all their shipping? Why don't they send out Vernon with a strong fleet, and let him burn all their shipping? I warrant him, if he had a proper commission in his pocket, he would not leave a harbour or a ship in France; but they know they don't dare do it for fear of discoveries; they are in league with the French ministry, or else, dam'me, can any thing be so easy as to take or burn all the shipping in France?

A gentleman, who had hitherto sat silent at the table, replied, with a sneer on his countenance, No, sir, nothing in the world can be so easy, except talking about it.—This drew the eyes of the company upon him, and every one began to wink at his neighbour, when the orator resumed the discourse in the following manner: Talk, sir! no, faith, we are come to that pass, that we don't dare talk: things are come to such a pass that we don't dare open our mouths.—Sir, said the gentleman, I think you have been talking already with great licentiousness, and let me add, with great indecency, on a very serious subject.—Zounds, sir, said the orator, may not I have the liberty of speaking my mind freely upon any subject that I please? We don't live in France, sir; you forget surely. This is England; this is honest Old England, sir, and not a Mahometan empire; though God knows how long we shall continue so in the way we are going on; and yet we must not talk; our mouths are to be sewed up as well as our purses taken from us. Here we are paying four shillings in the pound, and yet we must not speak our minds freely.—Sir, said the gentleman, undoubtedly you may speak your mind freely; but the laws of your country

forbid you to speak treason, and the laws of good manners should dispose you to speak with decency and respect of your governors. You say, sir, we are come to that pass, that we dare not talk. I protest that is very extraordinary ; and if I was called upon to answer this declaration, I would rather say we are come to that pass, that we talk with more virulence and ill-language than ever. We talk upon subjects which it is impossible we should understand, and advance assertions which we know to be false. Bold affirmations against the government are believed merely from the dint of assurance with which they are spoken ; and the idlest jargon often passes for the soundest reasoning. Give me leave to say, you, sir, are a living example of the lenity of that government which you are abusing for want of lenity, and your own practice in the strongest manner confutes your own assertions : but I beg we may call another subject.

Here the orator having nothing to reply, was resolved to retire from a place where he could no longer make a figure. Therefore, throwing down his reckoning, and putting on his hat with great vehemence, he walked away muttering surlily to himself, Things are come to a fine pass, if people may not have the liberty of talking. The rest of the company separated soon afterwards, entertaining no very favourable opinion of the gentleman who had taken the courage to stand up in defence of the government. Some imagined he was a spy, others concluded he was a writer for the newspapers, and most part thought him a fool.

The angry orator was no sooner got home and seated in his elbow-chair at supper, than he began to give vent to the indignation he had been collecting. Zounds, said he, I have been called to account for *my words to-night* ! I have been told at

the coffee-house, that I must not say what I please against the government. Talk with decency indeed! a fig for decency! Let them act with decency, if they have a mind to stop people's mouths. Talk with decency! D—n 'em all, I'll talk what I please, and no king or minister on earth shall controul me. Let 'em behead me, if they have a mind, as they did Balmerino, and t'other fellow, that died like a coward. Must I be catechised by a little sycophant that kisses the a—e of a minister? What is an Englishman, that dares not utter his sentiments freely? Talk with decency! I wish I had kicked the rascal out of the coffee-house, and I will, if ever I meet him again. We are come to a fine pass, if every little prating, pragmatical coxcomb, is to contradict a true-born Englishman.

While his wife and daughter sat trembling at the vehemence of his speeches, yet not daring to speak for fear of drawing his rage on themselves, he began to upbraid them for their silence; and, addressing himself to his wife: Why dost not speak? cries he: what, I suppose, I shall have you telling me, that I must talk with decency.—My dear, said the wife, with great humility, I know nothing of the matter.—No, cries he, I believe not: but you might know how to dress a supper, though. Here's nothing that I can eat, according to custom. A man may starve with such a wife at the head of his family.

When the cloth was removed, and he was preparing to fill his pipe, unfortunately he could not find his tobacco-stopper, which again raised his choler. Go up stairs, Molly, said he, to one of his daughters, and feel in my old breeches-pocket: I believe that scoundrel at the coffee-house has robbed me, with his decency. Why dost not stir, girl?

what, hast got the cramp in thy toes?—Why, papa, said the girl flippantly, I am going as fast as I can. —Upon which he immediately threw a bottle at her head, and, proceeding from invective to blows, he beat his wife, kicked his daughters, swore at his servants, and, after all this, went reeling up to bed with curses in his mouth against the tyranny of the government.

Nothing can be more common than examples of people who preside over their families with the most arbitrary brutal severity, and yet are ready, on all occasions, to abuse government for the smallest exertion of its power. I scarce know a man who is not a tyrant in miniature, over the circle of his own dependants; and I have observed those in particular to exercise the greatest severity towards their inferiors, who are most forward to complain of oppression from their superiors. Happy is it for the world, that this coffee-house statesman was not born a king; for one may very justly apply to him the line of Martial—

Hei mihi! si fueris tu leo, qualis eris?

CHAPTER XIII.

A description of Counsellor Tanturian.

AMONG the many people who frequented this coffee-house, Pompey was delighted with no one more, than Counsellor Tanturian; who used to crawl out once a week, to read all the public papers from Monday to Monday, at the moderate price of three-pence. His dress and character were both

so extraordinary, as will excuse a short digression upon them.

He set out originally with a very humble fortune at the Temple, not without hopes of arriving at the Chancellor's seat; but having tried his abilities at the bar to little purpose, nature admonished him that he was not designed for an orator. He attended the judges through two or three circuits, but finding his gains by no means equivalent to his expenses, he thought it most prudent to decline the noisy forum, and content himself with giving advice to clients in a chamber. Either his talents were deficient, or fame had not sufficiently divulged his merit, but his chamber was seldom disturbed with visitors, and he had few occasions to envy the tranquillity of a country life, according to the lawyer in Horace—

*Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.*

His temper grew soured by miscarriages; and the narrowness of his fortune obliging him to a strict frugality, he soon degenerated into avarice. People whose circumstances condemn them to economy, in time grow misers from habit. This was the case with Counsellor Tanturian, who, having discarded the taste of pleasure, and finding his little pittance by that means more than adequate to his expenses, resolved to apply the overplus to the laudable purposes of usury. This occupation he had followed a long time, and by it accumulated a sum of ten thousand pounds, which his heart would not suffer him to enjoy, though he had neither relation nor friend to leave it to at his death. He lived alone in a dirty chamber, denying himself every comfort of life, and half starved for want of

common sustenance. Neither love, nor ambition, nor joy, disturbed his repose ; his passions all centered in money, and he was a kind of savage within doors.

His dress was not less curious than his character. At home he wore nothing but a greasy flannel cap, and a dingy night-gown ; but when he went abroad, he arrayed himself in a suit of black, of full twenty years' standing. His peruke, which had once adorned the head of a judge in the reign of Queen Anne, spread copiously over his back, and down his shoulders. By his side hung an antique sword, long rusted in its scabbard, and his black silk stockings had been so often darned with a different material, that, like Sir John Cutler's, they were now metamorphosed into black worsted stockings. Such was Counsellor Tanturian, who once a week came to read the newspapers at the coffee-house where Pompey lived. A dog of any talent for humour could not help being diverted with his appearance, and our hero found great pleasure in playing him tricks, in which he was secretly encouraged by every one in the coffee-room. At first he never saw him without barking at him, but when time had reconciled him to his figure, he entertained the company every time he came with some new prank at the counsellor's expense. Once he ran away with his spectacles ; at another time he laid violent teeth on his shirt, which hung out of his breeches. But what occasioned more laughter than any thing, was a trick that follows :—Tanturian had been tempted one day, by two old acquaintances, to indulge himself at a tavern, where he complained highly of the expense of the dinner, though it consisted only of a beef-steak and two fowls. That nothing might be lost, he took an opportunity unobserved by the company, to slip the leg of a

pullet into his pocket, intending to carry it home for his supper. In his way he called at the coffee-house, where little Pompey, playing about him as usual, unfortunately happened to scent the provision in the counsellor's pocket. Tanturian was so deeply engaged with his newspaper, that he never attended to the motions of the dog, who, getting slyly behind him, thrust his head into the pocket, and boldly seizing the spoils, displayed them in triumph to the sight of the whole room. The counsellor could not stand the laugh, but retired home in a melancholy mood, vexed at the discovery, and more so at the loss of his supper.

But these diversions were soon interrupted by a most unlucky accident; and our hero, unfortunate as he has hitherto been, is now going to suffer a turn of fate more grievous than any he yet has known. Following the maid one evening into the streets, he unluckily missed her at the turning of an alley, and, happening to take a wrong way, prowled out of his knowledge. He wandered about the streets for many hours, in vain endeavouring to explore his way home; in which distress he recollected the cruel chance that had separated him from his best mistress, Lady Tempest, and this reflection aggravated his misery beyond description. At last, a watchman picked him up, and carried him to the watch-house, where he spent his night in all the agonies of horror and despair: for a watch-house, as I dare say many of our readers can testify from experience, is not the most agreeable place of repose, either for dogs or men.

CHAPTER XIV.

A short chapter, concerning all the wit, and all the spirit, and all the pleasure, of modern young gentlemen.

As he was abandoning himself to lamentation and despair, some watchmen brought in two prisoners to bear him company in his confinement: these were two young lords. They were extremely disordered, both in their dress and understanding; for champaigne was not the only enemy they had encountered that evening. One of them had lost his coat and waistcoat, the other his bag and wig, but he had a circular lock of hair which grew to his forehead, and now, hanging over his eyes, added not a little to the drollery of his figure.

The generous god of the grape had cast such a mist over their understandings, that they were insensible at first of the seat of honour they were promoted to; but at length one of them recovering a little, exclaimed, What place is this; a brothel, or a Presbyterian meeting-house?—Neither, sir, answered a watchman, but the round-house.—O! said his lordship, I thought you had been a dissenting parson, old Greybeard, and was going to preach against w—ring; for you must know, old fellow, I am confoundedly in for it. But what privilege have you, sir, to carry a man of honour to the round-house?—Aye, said the other, what right has such an old fornicator to interrupt the pleasures of men of quality? May not a nobleman get drunk without being disturbed by a pack of rascals in the streets?—Gentlemen, answered the watch, we are not rascals, but servants of the parish, and our situation requires us to take up all

people that commit disorderly riots.—You lie, ye scoundrels ! said one of their lordships ; it is the prerogative of men of fashion to do what they please and I will prosecute you for a breach of privilege. D—n you, my lord, I will hold you fifty pound that old prig there, in the great coat, is a cuckold and he shall be judge himself. How many eyes has your wife got, old fellow ; one or two ?—Well, said the watchman, your honours may abuse us as much as you please, but we know we are doing our duty and we will perform it.—Your duty, you rascal, your duty is immediately to fetch us a girl and a dozen of champagne : if you'll perform that, I say you are an honest old son of a w—e. My dear Fanny ! if I had but you here, and a dozen Ryan's claret, I should esteem this round-house palace. Hang me if I don't love to sleep in a round house sometimes ! it gives a variety to life, and it relieves one from the insipidness of a soft bed ; and these old scoundrels shall carry us before the lord mayor to-morrow, for the humour of the thing. I'll buy all my tallow candles of his lordship, and therefore I am sure he'll use me like a man of honour.

In such kind of rhodomontade did these illustrious persons consume their night, and principally laying wagers ; every particular of human life being reduced by the great calculators of chances to the condition of a bet. But nothing is esteemed more laudable topic of wagering, than the lives of eminent men, which, in the elegant language of Newmarket, is called running lives ; that is to say a bishop against an alderman, a judge against a keeper of a tavern, a member of parliament against a famous boxer ; and in this manner all people's lives are wagered out, with proper allowances for their ages, infirmities, and distempers.

These two honourable peers had been spending

their evening at a tavern, with many others ; and when the rational particle was drowned in claret, one of the company, leaping from his chair, exclaimed, Who will do any thing ? Upon which a resolution was immediately taken to make a sally into the streets, and drink champaigne upon the horse at Charing Cross. This was no sooner projected than executed, and they performed a great number of heroical exploits. After this was over, they resolved to scour the streets ; and perceiving a light in a cellar under ground, our two heroes magnanimously descended into that subterraneous cave in quest of adventures. There they found some hackney-coachmen, carousing with porter and tobacco, whom they immediately attacked, and offered to box the two sturdiest champions of the company. The challenge was accepted, and whilst our heroes were engaged, the rest of the coachmen made off with their clothes, which they thought no inconsiderable booty. In short, these gentlemen of pleasure and high life were heartily drubbed, and obliged to retreat with shame from the *cellar* of battle, leaving their clothes behind them, at the mercy of the enemy. Soon after they were taken by the watch, being too feeble to make resistance, and conducted to the round-house ; where they spent their night in the manner already described. The next morning they returned home in chairs, dressed themselves, and then took their seats in parliament to enact laws for the good of their country.

CHAPTER XV.

Our hero falls into great misfortunes.

WHEN the watchman had discharged himself in the morning of these honourable prisoners, he next thought of poor Pompey, who had fallen into his hands in a more inoffensive manner. He presented him that day to a blind beggar of his acquaintance, who had lately lost his dog, and wanted a new guide to conduct him about the streets. Here our hero fell into the most desponding meditations:—And was this misery reserved to complete the series of my misfortunes? Am I destined to lead about the dark footsteps of a blind, decrepid, unworthy beggar? Must I go dangling through the streets, with a rope about my neck, linking me to a wretch that is the scorn of human nature? O that a rope was fixed about my neck for a nobler purpose, and that I was here to end a dreadful tormenting existence! Can I bear to hear the sound of, “Pray remember the poor blind beggar!” I, who have lived with lords and ladies; who have slept in the arms of the fairest beauties, and enjoyed the choicest dainties that London could afford! Cruel, cruel fortune! when will thy persecutions cease?

Yet his condition was not so deplorable upon trial as it appeared in prospect: for though he was condemned to travel through dirty streets all day in quest of charity, at night both he and his master fared sumptuously on their gains; and many a lean projector, or starving poet, might envy the suppers of this blind beggar. He seldom failed to collect four or five shillings a day, and used to sit down to his meals with as much state as a peer to a regular entertainment.

I have heard a story of a cripple who used con-

stantly to apply for alms at Hyde-park-corner ; where a gentleman, just recovered from a dangerous fit of sickness, never failed to give him sixpence every morning, as he passed by in his chariot for the air. A servant of this gentleman's, going by chance one day into an alehouse, discovered the same beggar sitting down to a breast of veal, with some more of the fraternity, and heard him raving at the landlord because the sweetbread was gone, and there was no lemon to squeeze over it ; all of them threatening to leave the house if their dinner were not served up with more regularity and respect. The footman informed his master of this extraordinary circumstance ; and next morning, when the pampered hypocrite applied for alms, as usual, the gentleman put his head out of the chariot, and exclaimed, with great indignation, No, sir ; I can eat veal without lemon.

After our hero had lived in this condition some months in London, his blind master set out for Bath, whither he always resorted in the public seasons ; not for the sake of playing at E O, nor yet for the pleasure of being called to dance a minuet at a ball, but with the hope of a plentiful harvest among infirm people, whom ill-health disposes to charity. The science of begging is reduced to certain principles of art, as well as all other professions ; and as sickness is apt to influence people with compassion, the objects of charity flock thither in great numbers.

The many adventures that befel them on their journey : how much our hero was fatigued with travelling through miry highways, who had been used to ride in coaches and six ; and how often he wished his blind tyrant would drop dead with an apoplexy ; shall be left to the reader's imagination. Suffice it to say, that in about a month's time they

arrived at the end of their journey, and the beggar readily groped out his way to a certain alehouse, which he always favoured with his company ; where the landlord received him with great respect, professing much satisfaction to find his honour so well in health. By this the reader will perceive that he was a beggar of some distinction.

If our hero made any reflection, he could not help being surprised at such civility paid to such a person in such a place ; but how much greater reason had he for astonishment, when, on the evening of their arrival, he saw a well-dressed woman enter the room, and accost his master in the following terms : Papa, how do you do ? You are welcome to Bath. The beggar no sooner heard her voice, than he started from his chair, and gave her a paternal kiss ; which the fair lady received with an air of scorn and indifference, telling him he had poisoned her with his bushy beard. When this ceremony was over, she threw herself into an arm-chair, and began to harangue in the following manner :—Well, papa, so you are come to Bath at last ; I thought we should not have seen you this season, and I have immediate necessity for a sum of money. Sure no mortal ever had such luck at cards as I have had ! You must let me have five or ten pounds directly.—Five or ten pounds ! cries the beggar in amaze, how should I come by five or ten pounds ?—Come, come, no words, cries the daughter, for I absolutely must and will have it. I know you are worth above a hundred pounds : and what can you do with your money better than give it me to make a figure in life with ? Deuce take the men ! They are grown so plaguy modest, or so plaguy stingy, that 'tis hardly worth coming to Bath in the seasons to procure favourites. But you know, old dad, that brother Jack's at the Bath.

O ! cries the beggar, there is another of my plagues ! I shall have him dunning me for money too very soon ; but I cannot answer the extravagancies of that fellow. He will certainly come to be hanged ; and I think the sooner he swings, the better it will be for his poor father, and many others.

Hanged ! replied the lady ; no, no, Jack is in no danger of hanging at present, I assure you ; he is now the most accomplished, modish, admired young fellow at the Bath ; the peculiar favourite of all the ladies, and in a fair way of running off with a young heiress of considerable fortune. Let me see, old dad : If you'll bespeak a private room, and have a supper ready at eleven o'clock to-morrow night (for Jack won't be able to get away from the rooms sooner than eleven), I'll bring him to sup with you, and you shall hear his history.—To this the old hypocrite, her father, readily consented, and promised to provide something decent for them ; after which, starting from her chair, Well, father, said she, you must excuse me at present, for I expect company at my lodgings, and so can't afford to waste any more time with you in this miserable dog-hole of an alehouse.—Having made this polite apology, she flew to her chair, which waited at the door, and was conducted home with as much importance as if she had been a princess of the blood.

The next day, the blind impostor, attended by our hero, went out on his pilgrimage, and continued whining for charity, and profaning the name of G—d, till night ; after which he returned to his alehouse, put on a better coat, and prepared himself for the reception of his son and daughter. At the hour appointed, these illustrious personages entered the room, and the conversation was opened by the son in the following easy strain :—Old boy ! cries he, *seizing his father by the hand*, I am glad to see

thee with all my heart. Well, old fellow, how does your crutch and blind eyes do? What, you continue still in the old canting hypocritical way, I perceive. I saw you hobbling through the streets to-day; but you know I am ashamed to take notice of you in public; though I think I have thrown you many a tester at the corner of a street, without your knowing whom you was obliged to for such a piece of generosity.

Sir, I honour your generosity, replied the beggar: but, Jack, they tell me you are going to be married to an heiress of great fortune; is there any truth in that story?

Here the beau-sharper took a French snuff-box out of his pocket, and having regaled his nose with a pinch of rappee, replied as follows:—Yes, sir, my unaccountable somewhat has had the good-luck to make a conquest of a little amorous tit, with an easy moderate fortune of about fifteen thousand pounds, who does me the honour to doat on this person of mine to distraction. But, prythee, old Blue-beard, how didst thou come by this intelligence?—From your sister, replied the beggar.—I thought so, cries the beau. Bess can never keep any thing in but her teeth, nor them either: can you, Bess? But, as I was saying, concerning this match: yes, sir, I have the honour at present to be principal favourite of all the women at Bath: they are all dying with love of me, and I may do what I please with any of them; but, neglecting the rest, I have singled out a little amorous wanton, with a trifling fortune of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds only, whom I shall very soon whip into a chariot, I believe, and drive away to a parson.—Lord! cries the father, if she did but know what a thief she is going to marry!

Why, what then, old curmudgeon? she would be the more extravagantly fond of me on that account

"Tis now very fashionable for ladies to fall in love with highwaymen. They think it discovers a genius, a spirit above the little prejudices of education ; and I believe I could not do better than let her know that I have returned from transportation. But, prythee, old Dim, what have you got for supper ?—Not any thing, I am afraid, that a person of your fashion can condescend to eat, replied the beggar ; for I have only ordered a dish of veal-cutlets, and a couple of roasted fowls.—Pr'ythee don't pretend to be droll, old Blinker ! cries the son, but produce your musty supper as fast as you can, and then I'll treat you with a bottle of French claret. Come, let us be merry, and set in for a jovial evening. I have some little kind of sneaking regard for thee, for begetting me, notwithstanding your crutch and blind eyes ; and I am not altogether sorry to see thee. Here, drawer ! landlord ! bring up supper directly, you dog, or I'll set fire to your house.

This extraordinary summons had the desired effect ; and supper being placed on the table, the three worthy guests sat down to it with great importance. The lady took upon her to manage the ceremonies, and asked her father if she should help him to some veal-cutlets ; to which the answer was, If you please, madam !—When she had served her father, she then performed the same office to herself ; after which, twirling the dish round with a familiar air ; I'll leave you, said she, to take care of yourself, Jack !—Much mirth and pleasantry reigned at this peculiar meal, to the utter astonishment of the master of the house, who had never seen the like before. When supper was over, and they began to feel the inspiration of the claret ; Jack ! says the father, I know nothing of your history since you returned from transportation ;

suppose you was to entertain us with an account of your exploits.—With all my heart, cries the son; I believe I shall publish my life, if ever I am driven to necessity; for I fancy it will make a very pretty duodecimo; and 'tis the fashion for whores and rogues to entertain the world with their memoirs. Come, let us take another glass round to the health of my dear little charmer, and then I'll begin my adventures.—Having so said, he filled out three bumpers, drank his toast, and then commenced his narration.

CHAPTER XVI.

The history of a highwayman.

“I THINK you have often told me, old father, that you begat me under a hedge near Newbury, in Berkshire. This, I confess, is not the most honourable way of coming into the world; but no man is answerable for high birth, and therefore what signifies prevarication? Alexander, I have heard, was the son of a flying dragon; and Romulus was suckled by a wolf, as I have read in Hooke's Roman History, and yet in time he grew to be a very pretty young fellow, and a king; but, you are ignorant of these matters, and therefore I only play the fool to talk about them in such company.

“As soon as I was born, my mother wrapped me up in the dirty rags of an old rotten petticoat, and lugged me about behind her shoulders, as an object to move compassion. In this agreeable situation, nestling behind the back of a lousy drab—excuse me for making so free with your consort—in this situation, I suppose I visited all the towns in

England; and it is amazing I was not crippled with having my limbs bundled up in such close confinement. But I kicked hard for liberty; and at length came out that easy, degagé, jaunty young fellow of fashion you now behold me.

“ My genius very early began to show itself: and before I was twelve years old, I had acquired a great reputation for slight of hand; which being reported to a great master of that science, he took me under his care, and promised to initiate me into all the mysteries of the art. Thus I bade adieu to the dirty employment of begging, left father and mother, and struck into a higher sphere of life.

“ At first I meddled only with petty larceny, and was sent out to try my hand on execution-days at Tyburn; where, having acquitted myself with honour, I was quickly promoted to better business; and by that time I was fifteen, began to make a great figure in the passages about the theatres. Many a gentleman's fob I eased of the trouble of carrying a watch; and, though it may look like vanity to say, I believe I furnished more brokers' shops and pedlars' boxes than half the pickpockets in London. None of them had so great a levee of travelling Jews to traffic for buckles, seals, watches, and the like, as I had. But my chief dexterity was in robbing the ladies. There is a particular art, a peculiar delicacy, required, in carrying off a lady's pockets, which few ever attain with any success; that was my glory, that was my delight; I performed it to admiration, and out-did them all in this branch of the craft.

“ I remember once, a chambermaid of my acquaintance, a flame of mine, gave me notice that her young lady would be at the play such a night, with a pair of diamond-buckles in her shoes. You may be sure I watched her into her coach, after-

wards into her box, and waited for her coming out, with some more of the fraternity to assist me. As soon as the play was over, out she came, tittering and laughing, with her companions, who fortunately happened to be all of her own sex. This now was my time; I had her in my arms in a moment, while one of my comrades whipped off her shoes with prodigious expedition. But while I had her in my arms, let me die if I could refrain from giving her a kiss; whilst the little trembler, with her heart panting, and breasts heaving, was near fainting! I was almost sorry afterwards to see her walking to her coach without her shoes.

"This, sir, was my course of life for a few years. But ambition is never to be satisfied; and having gained all the glory I could in this way, my next step of promotion was to the gaming-tables. Here I played with great success a long time, and shared in fleecing many inexperienced young men, who had more money than wit. But one unfortunate night my evil genius carried me to a masquerade; and there, in the ill-omened habit of a friar, being fool enough to play upon honourable terms, I lost all I had to a few shillings. This was a most unfortunate stroke. I lay a-bed all the next day, raving at my ill-fortune, and beating my brains, to think I could be such an ass as to play upon the square. At last, in a fit of despair, I started out of my bed, about nine or ten o'clock at night, borrowed a friend's horse, bought a second-hand pair of poppers with the little silver that was left, and away I rode full gallop, dark and rainy as it was, for Hounslow Heath. There I wandered about, half-dead with cold and fear, till morning; and began to grow very sick of my business. When day broke, the first object that presented itself to my view, was a gallows within a hundred yards of me. This seemed

inous ; and I was very near riding back to London without striking a stroke. At last, while I was hovering in this state of uncertainty, a stage-coach passed gently over the heath. Courage, cried I, there can be no fear of resistance here ; a stage-coach is most opportune for a young adventurer ! saying, I clapped on my mask, set spurs to my horse, and presented my pistol at the coach-window. How the passengers behaved I know not : on my own part, I was more than half blind with rage ; and taking what they gave me without exultation, away I rode, well satisfied to have passed without resistance. Taking courage at this success, I attacked another stage-coach with greater resolution ; and afterwards a third, with so much unanimity, that I even ventured to search some of the passengers, who, I thought, defrauded me of my due. Here I should have left off, and all had been well ; but that devil, Avarice, prompting me to get a little more, I attacked a single horseman, plundered him of a watch and about thirty pounds. The scoundrel seemed to pursue his prey quietly ; but meeting afterwards with some of his friends on the road, and relating his case to them, they all agreed to pursue me. Meanwhile I was jogging on at my ease, when, turning round on my sudden, I saw this tremendous grazier, and two or three more, in full pursuit of me. Away I dashed through thick and thin, but being wretchedly outwitted, I was surrounded, apprehended, carried before that infernal Sir Thomas Deveil, and he committed me.

This was a memorable revolution in my life ! the gallows, and the prospect of a gallows, furnish a subject for very disagreeable reflections. O that I were Old Bailey ! I shall never forget the sentence which the hum-drum judge passed upon me :

‘ You shall hang till you are dead, dead, dead!’ Faith, I was more than half dead with hearing it; and in that plight I was escorted back to my prison.

“ Excellent lodging in the condemned hole! Pretty music the death-warrant rings in a man’s ears! But, fortunately, while I was expecting every hour to be tucked up, his majesty took pity on me the very day before execution, and sent me a reprieve for transportation. To describe the transport I felt at this moment would be impossible! for, instead of reflecting that I was going to slavery, I fancied myself going to heaven. Being shipped off for Jamaica was so much better a voyage, I thought, than ferrying over that same river Styx with old Gaffer Charon, that I never once troubled myself about what I was to suffer when I got thither.

“ Not to be tedious (for I hate a long story), to Jamaica I went, with a full resolution of making my escape the first opportunity; which I very soon accomplished. After leading the life of a dog for about a year and a half, I got on board a ship which was bound for England, and arrived safe and sound on the coast of Cornwall. My dear native country! how it revived my heart to see thee again! O London! London! no woman of quality, after suffering the vapours for a whole summer in the country, ever sighed after thee with greater desire than I did! But as I landed without any money in my pocket, I was obliged to beg my way up to town in the habit of a sailor, telling all the way the most palpable lies; how I had been taken by pirates, and fought with Moors, who were going to eat me alive, and twenty other unaccountable stories, to chouse silly women of a few halfpence.

“ At last, I entered the dear old metropolis, and went immediately in quest of a gang of sharpers, which I formerly frequented. These jovial blades

were just then setting out for Newmarket races, and very generously took me into their party. They supplied me with clothes, lent me a little money to begin with, and set me up again in the world. There is nothing like courage: it is the life, the soul of business. Accordingly, on the very first day's sport, having singled out the horse that I saw was the favourite of the knowing ones, I offered great odds, made as many bets as I could, and trusted myself to fortune; resolving to scamper off the course as hard as I could drive, if I saw her likely to declare against me. But, as it happened, to make amends for her former ill-usage, the jade now decided in my favour: it was quite a *hollow thing*; Goliath won the day, and I pocketed about three-score guineas. Of this I made excellent use at the gaming tables; and, in short, when the week was over, carried away from Newmarket a cool three hundred. Now, my dear Bess, I was a man again: I returned immediately to London, equipped myself with elegant clothes, rattled down to Bath in a post-chaise, passed for the eldest son of Sir Jeremy Griskin, of the kingdom of Ireland, and entered at once into all the joys of high life. This is an epitome of my history. Having been a pick-pocket, a sharper, a slave, and a highwayman, I am now the peculiar favourite of all the ladies at Bath."

Here the beau finished his story, and sat expecting the applause of his company, which he very soon received on the part of his sister: but his father had been fast asleep for several minutes, and did not hear the conclusion of this wonderful history. Being now waked by silence, and the cessation of his son's voice, as he had been before lulled to sleep by his talking, he cried out from the midst of a doze, So, she's a very fine girl, is she, Jack? A very fine girl?

Who is a very fine girl? said the son, slapping him over the shoulder. Why, thou art asleep, old miserable, and dost not know a syllable of what has been said!

I do know what has been said, returned the father, and therefore you need not beat one so, Jack! You was talking about going to be married, and going to Jamaica.

Going to Jamaica! thou wantest to be going to bed! Was there ever such a wretched old dotard? I have not seen thee these seven or eight years; and perhaps may never see thee again for a year or two more; put a little life into thyself for one evening! —Come, Bess, added he, let us take another bumper, and bid old Drowsy good-night. Silenus will snore, do what one can to prevent him. Here, my girl! here's prosperity to Love, and may all sleepers go to the devil!

Nay, said the father, consider, Jack, 'tis past my bed-time many hours ago. You are able to bear these fashionable hours; but I have been used to live by the light of the sun. Besides, if you had been going about after charity, as I have, 140 days long, you would not be in a much better condition than your poor father; but really you don't consider the toil and trouble of earning one's bread in an honest way. Why, I have not gathered above six or seven shillings this whole day, and that won't half pay for our supper.

Here the beau bestowed several curses on him for his stinginess; and, contemptuously bidding him hoard up his miserable pelf, generously undertook to pay the whole. The bill was then called for, the reckoning discharged, and the company separated; having first made an agreement to meet there the succeeding evening. And thus ended this illustrious *computation*.

CHAPTER XVII.

Adventures at the Bath.

NEXT morning the blind beggar, conducted by our hero, went out, as usual, and presented himself before the beau-monde on the Parade. Some few people, afflicted with ill health, were generous enough to throw him a few sixpences; others only commended the beauty of his pretty dog; and far the greater number walked on without noticing him. As he was howling forth the miseries of his condition in a most lamentable tone, who should happen to pass by but his accomplished son, in company with two ladies of figure, to whom he was talking with the greatest familiarity. The gaiety of his deportment, and the vivacity of his conversation, made him universally observed; and all the women on the Parade seemed to envy the happiness of the two ladies with whom he was engaged.

As the party came near the place where the old hypocrite was stationed, he could not escape their notice: and the youngest of the ladies being struck with compassion at the sight of him—Bless me! says she, I am sure that poor old man is an object of charity! Stay a moment, Lady Marmazet; I am resolved to give him something.—Come along! cries her ladyship. How can you be so ridiculous, Miss Newcome?—True, madam; your ladyship is perfectly in the right, replied the beau, (who now discovered his father); nothing can be more idle, than throwing one's money away upon a set of wretches, who are the burden of the nation, and ought to be exterminated from the face of the earth.

—You may say what you please, said Miss Newcome, but I am resolved to be generous this morning. Here's sixpence for you.

All this while Mr. Griskin was in extreme pain for though he had no reason to fear discovery, the consciousness that this deplorable object was his father, hurt his pride in the presence of his mistress and greatly checked his vivacity. He endeavoured therefore, to hurry the young lady away from this unpleasant scene; in which he was seconded by Lady Marmazet, who exclaimed, How can you be so monstrously preposterous, Miss Newcome? I am ashamed of you! We shall have all the eyes of the company upon us in a few moments!—I do not care for the company, replied the young lady, I am resolved to ask the old man some questions. Are you quite blind?

By this time Squire Griskin was recovered from his first surprise; and perceiving no bad consequences likely to happen, thought he might venture to parade a little upon the occasion. Sirrah! cried he, you miserable old dog! what do you mean shocking people of quality with a sight of your detestable physiognomy? Whence do you come? What do you out of your own parish? I'll have you whipt from constable to constable back to your settlement!

No, please your noble honour! cries the beggar, I hope you won't be so cruel to a poor man, struck blind with lightning! Heaven preserve your honour from such calamities! I have very good friends in Cumberland, and I am travelling homeward as fast as I can: but it pleased Heaven to strike me blind with a flash of lightning a long way from my relations, and I am reduced to beg for a little maintenance!

What a vast way the miserable wretch has

travel! said Miss Newcome. How will he ever be able to get home?—All a confounded lie from beginning to end, depend upon't, madam! The man has no relations or friends in the world, I'll answer for him! Then turning to his father, Here, you old rascal, added he, here's a shilling for you; and take yourself off this moment! If ever I see you upon the Parade again, I'll have you sent to the house of correction.—The blind wretch then hobbled away, pouring forth a thousand benedictions upon them; while Lady Marmazet and the sharper rallied Miss Newcome for her unfashionable generosity.

Leaving the reader to make his own remarks on this extraordinary occurrence, I shall pass over the intermediate space of time in which nothing happened material to this history, and rejoin the three illustrious guests at their alehouse in the evening. The lady was the first that came, to whom her father related the adventure of the morning, which greatly delighted her. While she was laughing at this story, her brother came singing into the room; and seating himself negligently in a chair, picked his teeth for a moment or two in silence: then addressing himself to his father—Old fellow, cries he, I was obliged to use you a little roughly this morning, but you'll excuse me. There was a necessity, you know, for treating you like an impostor, to prevent any suspicion of our relationship.—Well, Jack! replied the father, I forgive you with all my heart; for I suppose one of the ladies was your sweetheart; and to be sure 'twas as well not to let her know you was my son, for fear of what might happen, though you tell me women are so fond of marrying highwaymen. Egad, Jack, I wished for my eyes again, just to have had one peep at her. What, is she a deadly fine girl?

A divine creature, replied the son ; young, melting, amorous, and beautiful ; innocent as an angel : and then she doats on me to distraction. Did you mind how tenderly she interested herself about your blindness, and pitied you for the lies you told her ?

There was something very pretty, I must confess, said the father, very pretty indeed, in her manner of talking. How the deuce do you get acquainted with the great ladies ?

O, let me alone for that, returned Mr. Griskin ; I am made for the women, sir ! I have the *toujours* gay ; I am blessed with that agreeable impudence, that easy familiar way of talking nonsense, that happy insensibility of shame, which they all adore in men. Then consider my figure, my shape, my air—all together, I find I am irresistible. How in the name of wonder, old fellow, could you and your trull strike out such a lucky hit under a country hedge ?

Here the sister was in raptures at her brother's wit, and asked her father, if he did not think him a most delightful, charming young fellow ; to which the beggar replied, with a groan, O Jack, Jack ! thou wilt certainly come to be hanged ; your conduct will certainly bring you to the gallows.

Much more of this sort of ribaldry passed between them ; and as the father was more wakeful this night than he had been the preceding, they protracted their cups till very late ; they roared, they sung, and practised all kinds of unruly drunken mirth. At last they separated once more to their several beds ; and fate had destined that they should never meet again in mirth and friendship, at this or any other alehouse.

CHAPTER XVIII.

More adventures at Bath.

THE father of young Jeremy Griskin was so pleased with the advantageous match his son was concluding, that he could not help talking of it to the alehouse-keeper where he lodged, though he had imprecated a thousand curses on his head if ever he revealed it. The alehouse-keeper likewise had bound himself by an equal number of oaths, never to discover what he heard from the beggar; and perhaps at the time he made these vows he meant to observe them: but being once in possession of a secret, he found it impossible to be long easy with so troublesome a guest in his bosom. With a very mysterious face, therefore, he whispered to several coachmen and footmen, who frequented his house, that a fine gentleman and lady came privately every night to visit an old blind beggar, who lodged with him; that these fine folks, by what he could learn, were the beggar's son and daughter; and that the fine gentleman lived among the quality, and was going to run away with a great fortune. The story having made this progress, could not fail of proceeding farther; for being once communicated to the servants of several families, it was quickly served up to the tables of the great. The valets informed their masters, and the waiting-women their mistresses, as a new topic of conversation while they were dressing them.

From hence the rumour became public, and dispersed itself all over the Bath; so that the very next morning after the last rendezvous at the alehouse, when Squire Griskin appeared with Lady Marmazet and Miss Newcome, as usual, in the

pump-room, they found themselves gazed on with more than common attention by all the company. Several gentlemen laughed aloud as they passed them ; the young ladies affected to titter under their fans ; and the elder dames tossed up their heads with the most insolent air of disdain. As all this could not be done without a meaning, the two ladies, his companions, were greatly astonished ; and even the beau himself, fortified as he was in impudence, could not stifle some unpleasant apprehensions. He affected, however, to turn it off with an air of raillery ; imputed it to the d—nned censoriousness of the Bath ; and expressed his wonder that people could not be allowed to be free and intimate, without drawing on themselves the impertinent observations of a whole public place.

While Mr. Griskin was supposed to be a gentleman, the whole tribe of coquettes and beauties looked on Miss Newcome with eyes of jealousy and indignation, envying her the happiness of engaging so accomplished a lover ; but no sooner were they let into the secret of his parentage, than they began to triumph in their turns, and showed their malice another way. Envy now changed into contempt ; a malicious sneer was seen in all their faces ; and they mixed together in little parties to feast on so agreeable a discovery ; for envy is never so rancorous as among women who are rivals in love and beauty. Really, madam, said one of them, we must be obliged to take care of our pockets, because, you know, if sharpers are allowed to come into public places, and appear like gentlemen, we can never be safe a moment. To which another replied, Indeed I shall leave my watch at home when I go to the ball to-night ; for I don't think it safe to carry any thing valuable about one, while Miss Newcome's admirer continues among us. Many such speeches

were flirted about ; for though the story hitherto was only a flying rumour, they were all resolutely bent to believe it, without waiting for any confirmation or inquiry on what authority it was founded.

The gay sharper manifestly perceived that some discovery had been made to his disadvantage ; but not being willing to resign his hopes till affairs appeared more desperate, he very courageously presented himself that evening in the ball-room. He was prudent enough to abstain from minuets, not choosing to appear so conspicuous ; but as soon as the company stood up to country-dances, with a front of infinite assurance he led Miss Newcome towards the top of the room, and took his station, as usual, among the foremost files. A buzz immediately ran through the company ; and when they began to dance, most of the ladies refused him their hands. This was a terrible shock to him ; he knew not how to revenge the affront, nor how to behave under such an interdiction. Lady Marmazet, who saw with what scorn he was treated, very resolutely advanced and reprimanded several of her female acquaintance with much warmth for their behaviour, pretending it was an affront to Miss Newcome. Her interfering did him little service ; and after a thousand taunts, the unfortunate couple were obliged to sit down in a corner of the room. They stood up again some time afterwards, to make a fresh attempt, which proved as unsuccessful as the former : in short, after repeated disgraces, they were obliged to give over all thoughts of dancing for the remaining part of the night ; the poor girl trembling and wondering what could be the reason of this behaviour ; and even the beau himself looking very foolish under the consciousness of his own condition.

As it was plain that his father must have betrayed his secret, the ball no sooner broke up than he flew

with the greatest rage to the alehouse, rushed into the room where the miserable wretch was then dozing, and fell upon him with all the rage of passion. Where is this old rascal? cries he; what is it you mean by this, you detestable miscreant? I have a great mind to murder you, and give your carcase to the hounds.—Bless us! what's the matter now, Jack? said the beggar.—Matter! returned he; you have been prating, and tattling, and chattering. You have ruined me, you old villain; you have blown me up for ever. Speak! confess that you have discovered my secrets.

Here the beggar stammered, and endeavoured to excuse himself, but was obliged at last to acknowledge that he believed he might have mentioned something of the matter to the man of the house.—And how durst you mention any thing of the matter? cries the son, seizing his father by the throat; how durst you open your lips upon the subject? I have a great inclination to pluck your tongue out. You have told him, I suppose, that I am your son. 'Tis a lie; you stole me, you kidnapped me; 'tis impossible I could be the offspring of such an eyeless, shirtless, toothless ragamuffin as you. Here I have been insulted by every body to-night; I have run the gauntlet through the whole ball-room; all my hopes, all my stratagems, are destroyed; and all is owing to your infamous prating. But mark what I say to you: Set out to-morrow morning before sun-rise, and budge off as fast as your legs can carry you. If I find you here to-morrow at seven o'clock, by hell I'll cut your throat! You have done mischief enough already; you shall do me no more; and therefore pack up your wallet and away with you, or prepare to feed the crows.—Having uttered this terrible denunciation of vengeance, he rushed out of the room with as much

impetuosity as he came into it, and left the poor offender staring and trembling with amazement.

The first thing he did after his son had quitted him, was to utter a lamentable groan, which he accompanied with a moral reflection on the hard fate of all fathers who are cursed with rebellious, unnatural children. As such usage was sufficient to cancel all paternal affection, he felt a strong desire at first to be revenged, by impeaching, and bringing the villain to justice. But then, considering that he could not do this without discovering his own hypocrisy and impostures, he prudently suppressed those thoughts, and resolved to quit the place. It was hard to obey the orders of such an abandoned profligate; but he consoled himself with the agreeable, and indeed very probable, hopes, that he should soon see his son come to the gallows, without his being accessory to such an event.

Very early next morning, he set out with his unfortunate little guide, and made forced marches for London. Being willing to escape beyond the reach of his son's resentment as soon as possible, he travelled so very fast, that in little more than a week's time he arrived at Reading; from whence, after a day's resting, he renewed his journey. But sorrow and fatigue so entirely overcame him, that he fell sick on the road, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he crawled up to the gate of an inn, not used to the entertainment of such guests, where he fainted and dropped down in a fit. Two or three ostlers, who were the first that saw him, conveyed him to an apartment in the stable, where he lay for several days in a most miserable condition. His disorder soon rendered him speechless; and not being able to ask for any thing, he was supplied with nothing; for though the good landlady of the house would gladly have done *any thing* to relieve him, had she

known his condition ; her servants, not possessing humanity, never informed her that such an object of charity lay sick in her stable. Thus neglected and destitute of all comfort, he gave up the ghost, leaving our hero once more at the disposal of chance.

What future scenes of good or evil are next open upon him, fate does not yet choose to divulge ; therefore, begging the reader to suspend his curiosity till we have received a proper commission to gratify it, we here put an end to this first book of our wonderful history.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

POMPEY THE LITTLE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

Fortune grows favourable to our hero, and restores him to high life.

THE blind beggar, to whose tyranny fortune had committed our hero, gave up the ghost, as the reader has already seen, in the stable at a public inn. Pompey, standing by, had the pleasure of seeing the tyrant fall as he deserved, and exulted over him, like Cicero in the senate-house over the dying Cæsar. This misfortune was first discovered by an ostler, who, coming accidentally into the stable, and perceiving the miserable creature stretched on the straw, began at first to halloo in his ear, imagining him to be asleep; but finding him insensible to three or four hearty kicks, which he bestowed upon him, Odrabbet un, cries he, why sure a can't be dead! can a? He is; Pillgarlic is certainly dead. He then called together two or three people, to divert themselves with this agreeable spectacle, and many stable jokes passed upon the occasion. When their diversion was over, one of them ran to inform their mistress; but the good woman was not at leisure to hear his intelligence, being taken up with her civilities to a coach and six, just then arrived, and very busy in conducting the ladies to their apartments. When dinner was over, she thought of what had happened, and went

into the stable, attended by two of her chamber-maids, to survey the corpse, and give orders for its burial. There little Pompey, for the first time, presented himself to her view; but sorrow and ill-usage had so impaired his beauty, and his coat was in such a dishabille of dirt and mire, that he bespoke no favourable opinion in his beholders. We must not, therefore, think Mrs. Windmill cruel, because she ordered him to be hanged, for, in reality, she is a very humane and friendly woman; but perceiving no beauty in the dog to incline her to compassion, it was natural for her to show him no mercy. A consultation, therefore, was held in the yard, and sentence of death was pronounced; which would have been executed as soon as commanded (the ostler was instantly preparing a rope with great delight), but one of the chamber-maids interposed, saying, she believed he was a sweet pretty creature, if he was washed, and desired her mistress to save him. Mrs. Windmill immediately granted him a reprieve, and ordered him into the kitchen for a turn-spit. But when he had gone through the ceremony of lustration, and was thoroughly cleaned, every body was struck with his beauty, and the good landlady in particular, who now changed her resolutions, and, instead of condemning him to the drudgery of a turn-spit, made him her companion. He soon grew a favourite with the whole family; and the chamber-maids used to quarrel who should take him to their beds at night. He likewise got acquainted with Captain, the great house-dog, who, like Cerberus, terrified the regions round about with his barking: yet would he often condescend to be pleased with the frolics of little Pompey, and vouchsafe now and then to unbend his majesty with a game of play.

After he had lived here near a fortnight, a post-

chaise stopt one day at the door, out of which alighted two ladies just arrived from Bath. They ran directly to the fire, declaring they were almost frozen to death; when Mrs. Windmill called for wood, and assisted in making up an excellent fire: after which she begged the favour to know what their ladyships would please to have for dinner. If you please, madam, said the eldest, I'll look into your larder.—With all my heart, madam, answered the good landlady; I have fish and fowl of all kinds, and rabbits and hares, and a variety of butcher's meat. But your ladyship says you will be so good as to accommodate yourself on the spot. I am ready to attend you whenever your ladyship pleases.

While the eldest was gone to examine the larder, the youngest, having seized little Pompey, who followed his mistress into the room, was infinitely charmed with his beauty, and caressed him during the time of her sister's absence. Pompey, in return, seemed pleased to be taken notice of by so fair a lady; for though he had long been disused to the company of people of fashion, he had not yet forgot how to behave himself with complaisance and good manners. He felt a kind of pride returning, which all his misfortunes had not been able to extinguish, and began to hope the time was come which should restore him to the beau-monde. With these hopes he continued in the room all the time the ladies were at dinner, paying great court to them, and receiving what they were pleased to bestow upon him with much fawning and officious civility.

As soon as the ladies had dined, Mrs. Windmill came in to make her compliments, as usual, hoping the dinner was dressed to their ladyships' minds, and that the journey had not destroyed their appetites. She received very courteous answers to all

she said ; and, after some other conversation on different topics, little Pompey came upon the carpet. Pray, madam, said the youngest of the ladies, how long have you had this very pretty dog?—Mrs. Windmill, who never was deficient when she had an opportunity of talking, displayed her eloquence in the following manner. Madam, says she, the little creature fell into my hands by the strangest accident in life, and it is G—d's mercy he was not hanged. An old blind beggar, ladies, died in my stable about a fortnight ago, and this little animal used to lead him about the country. 'Tis amazing how they come by the instinct they have—and such a little creature too! The old blind beggar was just returned from Bath, and the poor miserable wretch perished in my stable. There he left this little dog ; and, will you believe it, ladies? I ordered him to be hanged, not once dreaming he was such a beauty ; for indeed he was covered with mire and nastiness, as to be sure he could not be otherwise, after leading the old blind man so long a journey ; but a maid-servant of mine took a fancy to the little wretch, and begged his life ; and I am now grown as fond of the little fool as if he was my own child !

The two sisters, diverted with Mrs. Windmill's oration, could not help smiling, but disguised their laughter. I do not wonder, said the youngest, at your fondness for him, madam, he is so remarkably handsome ; and that being the case, I cannot find in my heart to rob you of him ; otherwise I was just going to ask if you would be willing to part with him.—Madam, said the obliging hostess, I am sure there is nothing I would not do to oblige your ladyship ; and if your ladyship has such an affection for the little wretch—Not part with him indeed!—Nay, madam, said the lady, interrupting her, I

would willingly make you any amends; and, if you will please to name your price, I'll purchase him of you.—Madam! replied the landlady, I am sorry your ladyship suspects me to be of such a mercenary disposition. Purchase him! He is extremely at your ladyship's service, if you please to accept of him.—With these words, she took him up, and delivered him into the lady's arms, who received him with many acknowledgments of the favour, all which the good landlady repaid with abundant interest.

Word was now brought that the chaise was ready; the two ladies were obliged to break off their conversation, and Mrs. Windmill to restrain her eloquence. She attended them to their equipage, and, handing little Pompey to them, when they were seated, took her leave with a profusion of smiles and curtsies. The postillion blew his horn; the ladies bowed; and our hero's heart exulted with transport, to think of the amendment of his fate.

CHAPTER II.

A long chapter of characters.

THE post-chaise stopt in a genteel street in London, and Pompey was introduced into decent lodgings, where every thing had an air of fashion, yet nothing was expensive. The rooms were hung with Indian paper; the beds were Chinese; and the whole furniture seemed to show how elegant simplicity can be under the direction of taste. Tea was immediately ordered, and the ladies sat down to refresh themselves after the fatigue of their journey, and talked over the adventures they had met with at

Bath. They remembered many agreeable incidents, which had happened in that great rendezvous of pleasure, and laughed at the follies of their acquaintance, without severity or ill-nature.

These two ladies were of a good family, and had received a genteel education. Their father left them no more than six thousand pounds each; but, as they united their fortunes, and managed their affairs with economy, they made a creditable figure, and lived in intimacy with people of the first fashion. It will be necessary, for the sake of distinction, to give them names, and the reader may call them Theodosia and Aurora.

Theodosia, the eldest, was advancing towards forty, an age when personal charms begin to fade, and women grow indifferent, at least, who have not any thing better to supply in their place. But Theodosia was possessed of all those good qualities which render women agreeable without beauty: she was affable and easy in her behaviour; well-bred without duplicity; cheerful without levity; polite and obliging to her friends; kind and generous to her domestics. Nature had given her a good temper, and education had made it agreeable. She had lived much in the world, without growing vain or insolent; improved her understanding by books, without affectation of wit or science; and loved public places, without being a slave to pleasure. Her conversation was always engaging, and often entertaining. Her long intercourse with the world had supplied her with a fund of diverting remarks, and her good sense enabled her to deliver them with grace and propriety.

Aurora, the youngest sister, was in her four-and-twentieth year, and imagination cannot form a finer figure. Her beauty, now in its highest lustre, gave that full satisfaction to the eye which younger

charms inspire. She was tall and full formed, but with the utmost elegance and symmetry; and a certain majesty of appearance was accompanied with a peculiar sweetness of countenance; for though she had all the charms, she had none of the insolence of beauty. As if these uncommon perfections of nature were not sufficient to procure her admirers enough, she had added to them the most engaging accomplishments of art: she danced, sung, and played exquisitely; her voice, naturally clear, full, and melodious, had been improved under the best Italian masters; and she was ready to oblige with her music, on the slightest intimation, without any airs, or affectation of bashfulness. Indeed, affectation never entered into any one of her gestures; and whatsoever she did, was with a generous freedom, as well as an honest heart. Her temper was cheerful, and she had a most uncommon flow of spirits and good humour, which seldom deserted her. At a ball she was extremely spirited, and the pleasure she gave to her beholders could only be exceeded by that unbounded happiness with which she inspired her partner. Yet though her genius led her to be lively, whoever conversed with her admired her good sense, which plainly showed she had often exercised her understanding on the most serious subjects. A woman so beautiful in her person, and excellent in her accomplishments, could not fail of attracting lovers in abundance; and as the characters of some of her admirers may perhaps not be unentertaining, we will give the reader a little sketch of two of them, in among a great variety.

And first, Count Tag, who had merited a title by his exploits; which, perhaps, is not the most usual step to honour, but always most respectable *never it happens*. He had no patent to show

for his nobility, which depended entirely on the *arbitrium popularis auræ*, the fickleness of popular applause; but the same arts which had procured him his title, he trusted to for the preservation of it. He had taken great pains to be a coxcomb of distinguished reputation, and, by the aid of uncommon talents this way, was now arrived at the full extent of his wishes. Having established a numerous acquaintance among people of fashion, who admitted him for the sake of laughing at him, he fancied himself one of their number, and had long forgot his family and primæval meanness. But let us trace him in his progress in life.

Count Tag was the son of a brewer in a great market-town, who, having grown rich in trade, was seized with the unfortunate ambition of educating his son a gentleman; for which purpose he sent him first to a public school, and afterwards to the university of Oxford. Being here on a level with people much his superiors, he grew fond of the society of great men, and very early began to calculate the degrees of his happiness by the number of his fashionable acquaintance. His father died, and left him a fortune of about eight thousand pounds; upon the news of which he immediately went from Oxford to London, resolving to make a bold push, as it is called, to introduce himself into *life*. He had an ambition of becoming a fine gentleman, and cultivating acquaintance with people of fashion, which he esteemed the most consummate character attainable, and to that he resolved to dedicate his days. As his first essay, therefore, he presented himself every evening in a side-box at one of the play-houses, where he was ready to enter into conversation with any that would afford him audience, and was particularly *assiduous* in applying himself to young noblemen

and men of fortune whom he had formerly known at school, or at the university. By degrees he got admission into two or three families of quality, where he was sometimes invited to dinner; and having learned the fashionable topics of discourse, he endeavoured to make himself agreeable, by entertaining them with the current news of the town. He had the first intelligence of a marriage or an intrigue, knew to a moment when a nobleman expired, and published the scandal of a masquerade or a *ridotta* sooner, by half an hour at least, than any other public talker in London. He had a copious fluency of language, which enabled him to embellish every subject; and a certain art of talking as minutely and circumstantially on the most trivial subjects, as on those of the highest importance. He would describe a flaw, or a pimple on a lady's face, with all the figures of rhetoric; and no man's impertinence ever turned to better account. As he constantly attended Bath and Tunbridge, and all the public places, he got easy access to the tables of the great, and by degrees insinuated himself into parties of the ladies; among whom he began to be received as a considerable genius, and quickly became necessary in all their routes and assemblies.

Finding his schemes thus succeed almost beyond his hopes, he now assumed a *hauteur* of behaviour, and began to fancy himself a man of quality, from the company he kept. With this view he forgot his old acquaintance, whose low genius left them groveling in obscurity, while his superior talents had raised him to a familiarity with lords and ladies. If, therefore, any old friend, presuming on their former intimacy, accosted him in the Park, he made a formal bow, and begged pardon for leaving him; but Lady Betty, or Lady Mary, was just

entering the Mall. In short, he always proportioned his respect to the rank and fortunes of his company. He would desert a commoner for a lord, a lord for an earl, an earl for a marquis, and a marquis for a duke. Having thus enrolled himself in his own imagination among the nobility, it was not without reason that people gave him the title of Count Tag, thinking it a pity that such a genius should be called by the ordinary name of his family.

To say this gentleman was in love, would be too great an abuse of language, for he was in reality incapable of loving any one but himself. But vanity often made him affect attachment to women of celebrated beauty, from whose acquaintance he thought he could derive credit to himself. This was his motive for appearing one of the admirers of Aurora, whose charms were conspicuous enough to excite his pride, and that was the only passion which the count ever thought of gratifying. He knew how to counterfeit raptures which he never felt, and had all the language of love, without any of its sentiments.

The other admirer of Aurora, whose character we likewise promised to draw, was in all respects the reverse of Count Tag, and may well serve as his contrast. He was a young nobleman about her own age, blessed with every personal accomplishment that could render him agreeable, and every good quality that could make him beloved. If an excellent understanding, improved by competent reading; if the most uncommon integrity of mind, joined with the greatest candour and sensibility of heart; if a soul passionately devoted to the love of truth, which abhorred falsehood and detested affectation; if all these perfections can render any one the object of esteem, they were all united in forming the

character of this amiable young nobleman. But to esteem him only, was paying him but half his due. There was something so open and sincere in his looks, so engaging in his conversation, and striking in all his actions, that nobody ever departed from him without conceiving an esteem for him. He had the most agreeable address, improved, but not corrupted, by intercourse with the world ; a uniform, unaffected, natural gentility, which put mere politeness out of countenance, and left artificial complaisance at a distance. In a word, he had the most cordial warmth of heart, the greatest generosity of sentiment, and the truest equanimity of temper upon all occasions in life. Being inspired with a passion for an agreeable woman, he was neither ashamed to own it, nor yet did he use the ridiculous eulogiums with which coxcombs talk of their mistresses when their imaginations are heated with wine. He did not compare her to the Venus of Medici, or run into any of those artificial raptures which are almost always counterfeited ; but whenever he mentioned her name he spoke the language of his heart, and spoke of her always with a manliness that testified the reality and sincerity of his passion. It was impossible for a woman not to return the affections of so deserving a lover : Aurora was happy to be the object of his addresses, and met them with becoming zeal.

CHAPTER III.

*The characters of the foregoing chapter exemplified.
An irreparable misfortune befalls our hero.*

THE two sisters had lain longer in bed than usual the morning after their arrival in town, which was

owing to the fatigue of their journey. They had but just finished their breakfast by twelve o'clock ; Aurora was sitting down to her harpsichord, and Theodosia reading the play-bills for the evening, when the door opened, and Count Tag was ushered by a servant into the room.

When the first ceremonies were over, and the count had expressed the prodigious satisfaction he felt in seeing them returned to town, he inquired what kind of season they had at Bath. Why really, said Theodosia, a very good one : there were many agreeable people there, and all of them easy and sociable ; which made our time pass away cheerfully and pleasantly.—You amaze me ! cries the count : impossible, madam ! How can it be, ladies ? I had letters from Lord Marmazet, and Lady Betty Scornful, assuring me that, except you and themselves, there were not three decent creatures in the place. I have Lady Betty's letter in my pocket, I believe, at this moment—Oh, no, upon recollection, I put it this morning into my cabinet, where I preserve all my letters from people of quality.

Aurora, smothering a laugh, said, she was extremely obliged to Lord Marmazet and Lady Betty for ranking her and her sister in the catalogue of decent beings ; but surely, added she, they must have been delirious when they wrote their letters, for the Bath was extremely full.—Full ! cries the count, interrupting her ; oh, madam, that is very possible, and yet there might be no company, that is, none of us ; nobody that one knows ; for as to all the tramontanes that come by the cross-post, we never reckon them any thing but monsters in human shape, that serve to fill up the stage of life, like ciphers in a play. For instance, you often see an awkward girl appear in the rooms with a frosty

face, as if she was just come from feeding poultry in her father's yard; or you see a booby squire, with a head resembling a stone-ball over a gate-post. Now it would be the most ridiculous thing in life to call such people company. 'Tis the want of titles, and not the want of faces, that makes a place empty; for if there is nobody one knows, if there are none of *us* in a place, we esteem all the rest as mob and rabble.

Here it was impossible for the two ladies any longer to contain their laughter. Hold, hold, for Heaven's sake! said Theodosia, interrupting him; have a little mercy, count, on us poor mortals who were born without titles, and don't banish us quite from all public places. Consider, sir, though you have been so happy as to acquire a title, all of us have not the same good fortune; and must we then be reckoned among the mob and rabble of life?

Oh, by no means! cries the count; you misunderstand me entirely: you are in the polite circle, ladies; we reckon you among the quality. Whoever belongs to the polite circle is of the quality. I was only talking of the wretched figures who know nobody, and are known by nobody; they are the mob and rabble I was speaking of. You, indeed! no, pardon me. But pray, ladies, who was this Miss Newcome, this great beauty, that made such a figure among you at Bath? Was she ever in any of our routs or assemblies?—No, sir, replied Theodosia; it was the first time of her appearing, I believe, in any public place; she came under the protection of Lady Marmazet. She is a very agreeable girl, and exceedingly pretty. I often conversed with her, and she promises to make a very fine woman, if she does not play the fool,

and throw herself away upon that odious, detestable Griskin.

Aye, that Griskin, too! cries the count; who is that detestable Griskin? I think I am acquainted with all the families of any note in England, and yet I never heard of Sir Jeremy Griskin.

No, sir, said Aurora, with a smile; 'tis impossible you should know any such English family, for he gave out that he came from Ireland; and even there, I fancy, one would be much puzzled to find it: for I am very apt to suspect that Mr. Griskin is nothing better than a notorious sharper. We had a report at Bath that he was the son of a blind beggar. The truth of this, indeed, never came perfectly to light: but sure Lady Marmazet, if she has any friendship for the girl, must be mad to encourage such a match.—Absolutely distracted! cries the count; I can't imagine what she means by it: and, indeed, when she comes to town, I shall rally her ladyship for having such a beauty in reserve, without letting me know any thing of the matter.

While the count was thus displaying his own merit and acquaintance with the great, the door opened on a sudden, and the young lord appeared, whose character concluded the preceding chapter. He approached the ladies with a respectful bow, and inquired concerning their health, but addressed himself in a more particular manner to Aurora. Her countenance changed on his entering the room, and a certain air of affectionate languor took possession of her features, which before were a little expressive of scorn and ridicule: in short, she received him with a something more than complaisance, and a tone of voice only calculated to convey the sentiments of love. But as the delicacy of

her passion chose to reveal itself as little as possible before witnesses, she soon recovered the gaiety of her features, and, addressing herself with a smile to her beloved peer, My lord, said she, you are come in excellent time; the count is entertaining us with a very ingenious lecture on what it is we are to call the world.

Count Tag was no stranger to his lordship, who perfectly knew and heartily despised him for his foppery and affectation. Yet he was obliged, occasionally, to submit to a visit from him; for, being in possession of a title, the count, who haunted all people of quality, would obtrude himself on his acquaintance, contrary to his inclination; and good manners, as well as the natural candour of his temper, restrained him from expressing his detestation in too explicit terms. He had, however, no great desire at present to hear him upon a topic where his impertinence would have so great a scope, and therefore endeavoured to turn the conversation to some other subject; but the count, whose eyes sparkled on the appearance of a man of quality, no sooner saw him seated, than he fastened himself upon him, and began to appeal to his lordship for a confirmation of his sentiments.—My lord, said he, I was endeavouring to convince the ladies, that if there is not any body one knows, that is, none of us, in a public place, all the rest are to be considered undeserving of notice. I dare say your lordship is of the same opinion.

Indeed, sir, I am not, replied his lordship; and therefore I must desire you would not draw me into a participation of any such sentiments. The language of “people one knows,” and “people one does not know,” is what I very often hear; but it seems to me the most contemptible jargon that ever was invented. I don’t understand it, and therefore,

I confess, I am not qualified to talk about it. Whom, pray, are we to call the people one knows?—*O mon Dieu!* cries the count, your lordship, surely, can't ask such a question. The people one knows, my lord, are the people who are in a round of assemblies and public diversions; people who have the *savoir vivre*, the *ton de bonne compagnie*, as the French call it: in short, people who observe the newest fashion, and have their fashions from Paris.

And are these the only people worth one's regard in life? said his lordship.—Absolutely, my lord, said the count; I have no manner of idea or conception of any body else.

Then I am most heartily sorry for you, said his lordship. I can readily allow that people of quality must, in general, live with one another; the customs of the world, in a good measure, require it: but, surely, our station gives us no right to behave with insolence to people below us, because they have not their clothes from Paris, or do not dress their hair in the newest fashion. People of quality have no such right; it much less becomes the fops and coxcombs in fashion, who are but the retainers on people of quality—who are themselves only in public by permission, and can pretend to no merit but what they derive from an acquaintance with their betters. This, surely, is the most contemptible of all modern follies. For instance, because a man is permitted to whisper nonsense in a Lady Betty's or Lady Mary's ear, in the side-box at a play-house, shall he therefore fancy himself privileged to behave with impertinence to people infinitely his superiors in merit, who, perhaps, have not thought it worth their while to obtrude themselves into a great acquaintance? What is your opinion, madam? added he, addressing himself to Theodosia.—Your observation, she replied, is ex-

ceedingly just, my lord. But why do you confine it to your own sex? Pray let ours come in for a share of the satire. I could name a great many insignificant girls about town, who, having obtruded themselves, as you say, into a polite acquaintance, give themselves ten times more airs, and are much more conceited, than the people to whose company they owe their pride. I have one in my thoughts, who is, throughout, a composition of vanity and folly, and has been for several years the public jest and ridicule of the town for her behaviour.

All this while the count sat in some confusion: for though he had a wonderful talent at warding off scandal from himself, and applying the satire he met with to his neighbours, he was here so plainly described, that it was hardly possible for him to be mistaken. Aurora saw this, and, resolving to complete his confusion, Count, said she, I have had it in contemplation some time to ask you a question: Will you be so obliging as to tell me how you came by your title?—O pardon me! I have no title, madam, cries the count. Mere badinage and ridicule! a nick-name given me by some of my friends: that's all! But another time for that: at present, I am obliged to call upon Lord Monkeyman, who desires my opinion of some pictures he is going to buy; after which I shall look in upon Lady Betty Vincent, whom I positively have not seen for these three days.—Here he rose up and hastened away, being exceedingly glad to escape the persecution which he saw was preparing for him. Little Pompey was witness of many of these interviews, and began to think himself happily situated for life. He was a great favourite with Aurora, who caressed him with the fondest tenderness, and permitted him to sleep every night in a chair by her bed-side. When she awoke in the

morning, she would embrace him with an ardour which the happiest lover might have envied. Our hero's vanity made him fancy himself the genuine object of these caresses ; whereas, in reality, he was only the representative of a much nobler creature. In this manner he lived with his new mistresses the greatest part of a winter ; and might still have continued in the same happy situation, had he not ruined himself by his imprudence.

Aurora had been dancing one night at a ball with her beloved peer, and retired late to her lodgings, with that vivacity in her looks, and transport in her thoughts, which love and pleasure always inspire. Animated with delightful presages of future happiness, she sat down to recollect the conversation that had passed with his lordship. After this she went to bed, and resigned herself to the purest slumbers. She slept longer than usual the next morning ; and it seemed as if some happy dream was pictured in her fancy ; for her cheek glowed with unusual beauty, and her voice spontaneously pronounced, My lord ! I am wholly yours ! While her imagination was presenting her with these enchanting ideas, little Pompey thought she overslept herself, leaped upon the bed, and waked her with barking. To be interrupted in so critical a minute, while she was dreaming of her beloved peer, was an offence she could not pardon. She darted a most enraged look at him, and resolved never to see him more ; but disposed of him that very morning to her milliner, who attended with a new dress.

Thus was he again removed to new lodgings, and condemned to future adventures.

CHAPTER IV.

Another long chapter of characters.

THE fair princess of lace and ribands, who now took possession of our hero, carried him home in her arms, extremely well pleased with her present. She grew exceeding fond of him; and, to express her love, ornamented his neck with a cambric ruff. The sight of this happening to please some ladies of quality, who came by accident to the shop, they resolved to imitate it: and from hence arose the modern fashion of ladies wearing ruffs about their necks.

Three or four days after he was settled in these apartments, as he was frisking and sporting about the shop, a young lady, who lodged in the house, accosted his mistress in the following terms:—I want to see some ribands, to match my blue gown; for Lady Bab Frightful is to call upon mamma this evening, to conduct us to the play, to see *Orthellor, Whore of Venus*: which, they say, is one of the finest plays that ever was acted.—Yes, really, mem, 'tis a very engaging play, replied the milliner. Indeed, I think it one of the master-pieces of the English stage. But you mistake a little, I fancy, miss, in the naming it; for Shakspeare, I believe, wrote it, *Othello, Moor of Venice*. Venice, mem, is a famous town or city, where *Othello* runs away with a rich heiress in the night-time, and marries her privately. He was created Lord High-Admiral that very night, goes out to fight the Turks, and takes his wife with him to the wars; and there, mem, he grows jealous of her, only because she happens to have lost a handkerchief, which he gave her when he came a-courting her. It was a muslin

handkerchief, mem, spotted with strawberries ; and, because she can't find it, he beats her in the most unmerciful manner, and at last smothers her between two feather-beds. — Does he, indeed ! cries the young lady. I hate a jealous man ! A jealous man is my particular aversion ! But, no matter what the play is, you know, ma'am, so we do but see it ; for the pleasure of a play is to show one's-self in the boxes, and see the company ! Yes, ma'am, this is the sort of ribands I want ; but let me see some of a paler blue.

While the milliner was taking down some other band-boxes, the young lady, turning round, happened to spy Pompey in a corner of the shop. O Heavens ! cries she, what a delightful little dog is there ! Mrs. Pincushion, tell me how long you have been in possession of that charming little beauty ?—Mrs. Pincushion replied, that he had been in her possession about a week, and was given her by a lady of celebrated beauty, whom she had the honour of serving.—Well, if I am not amazed to think how she could part with him ! cries the young lady. Sure, ma'am, she must be a woman of no manner of taste, for I never saw any thing so charmingly handsome ! Dear Mrs. Pincushion, what is his name ?

Being informed that he was called Pompey, she snatched him up in her arms, kissed him with great transport, and poured forth the following torrent of nonsense upon him : Oh you sweet little Pompey ! you most delightful little Pompey ! you dear heavenly jewel ! I will kiss you, you little beauty ! I will : I'll kiss you, and hug you, and kiss you to death ! Then turning again to the milliner ; Dear Mrs. Pincushion, she added, you must give me leave to carry him up stairs, to show him to mamma ; for I never beheld so divine a creature !—Being

now served with her blue ribands, and having received the milliner's consent to her request, she flew up stairs, with the dog in her arms. But before we relate the reception she met with, let us present the reader with a short description of her parents.

Sir Thomas Frippery, the father of this young lady, had formerly enjoyed a post at court, which entitled him to a knighthood in consequence of his office, though the salary was very inconsiderable, and by no means equal to the grandeur he affected. On the death of the queen he lost his employment, and was obliged to retire into the country; where he gave himself the airs of a minister of state, set up for an oracle of politics, and endeavoured to persuade his country neighbours that he had been very intimate with Lord Oxford, and very deep in the transactions of those times.

The same ridiculous vanity pursued him through every circumstance of his life; and though his estate was known hardly to amount to three hundred pounds a-year, he endeavoured to make people believe that it exceeded as many thousands. For this purpose, whatever he was obliged to do out of frugality, he was sure to put off with a pretence of taste, and always disguised his œconomy under the mask of fashion. For instance, when he laid down his coach, he boasted how much better it was to hire job-horses, as occasion required, than to run the hazard of accidents by keeping them; that coachmen were such villanous fellows, it was impossible to put any confidence in them; that going into dirty stables to overlook their management, and treading up to one's knees in horse-dung, was extremely disagreeable to people of fashion: and therefore he had laid down his coach to avoid the trouble and anxiety of keeping horses.

When his country neighbours dined with him, whose ignorance he thought he could impose on, he would give them elder-wine, and swear it was hermitage, call a gammon of bacon a Bayonne ham, and put off the commonest home-made cheese for the best Parmesan, which, he said, had been sent him as a present from a young nobleman of his acquaintance then on his travels.

About once in three years he brought his wife and family to town, which served for matter of conversation to them during the two intermediate years that were spent in the country; and they looked forward to the winter of pleasure with the greatest rapture and expectation. During the time of his residence in London, Sir Thomas every morning attended the levees of ministers, to solicit the restitution of his old place, or an appointment to a new one; which, he said, he would receive with the most grateful acknowledgments, and discharge in any manner they should please to prescribe. Yet, whether his majesty's ministers were insensible of his merits, or could find no place suited to his abilities, the unhappy knight profited little by his court-attendance, and might as well have saved himself the expense of a triennial journey to London.

But though these expeditions did not increase his fortune, they added much to his vanity; and he returned into the country new laden with stories to amuse his ignorant neighbours. He talked of his old friend, my good lord, with the greatest familiarity; and related conversations that had passed at the Duke of ——'s table, with as much particularity as if he had been present at them.

The last article of vanity we shall mention, was his clothes, which gives the finishing stroke to his character: for he chose rather to wear the rags of old finery, which had been made up in the reign of

Queen Anne, than submit to plain clothes of modern fashion. He fancied the poor people in his neighbourhood were to be awed with the sight of tarnished lace; and wherever he went, the gold fringe fell from his person so plentifully, that you might at any time trace his footsteps by the relics of finery which he left behind him. Lady Frippery, his accomplished spouse, did not fall short of her husband in any of these perfections, but rather improved them with new graces of her own: for having been something of a beauty in her youth, she still retained all the scornful airs, and languishing disdain, which she had formerly practised to her dying lovers.

They had one only daughter, who, having been educated at home under her parents, was now become a compound of folly, vanity, and impertinence. She had not one gesture or motion that was natural; her mouth never opened without some ridiculous grimace; her voice had learnt a tone and accent foreign to itself; her eyes squinted with endeavouring to look alluring; and her limbs were distorted with affectation. Yet she fancied herself so well bred, genteel, and engaging, that it was impossible for any man to look at her without admiration, and was always talking about taste and fashion.

It happened now to be the time fixed for his residence in London for the winter; and they were crowded into scanty lodgings on a milliner's first floor, consisting only of a dining-room, a bed-chamber, and a closet. The dining-room was set apart for the reception of company, Sir Thomas and his lady took possession of the chamber, and miss slept in a little tent-bed occasionally stuffed into the closet. Such was the family to whom our hero was now to be introduced.

There is nothing more droll and diverting than the morning-dresses of people, who, being exceed-

ingly poor, and yet exceedingly proud, affect to make a great figure with a very small fortune. The expense they are at abroad, obliges them to double their frugality at home ; and as their chief happiness consists in displaying themselves to their superiors, consequently when they are at home nothing is too dirty or too ragged to wear. As no people ever had the vanity of appearing great more than the family we have been describing, it will easily be believed, that in their own private apartments, behind the scenes of the world, they did not appear to the greatest advantage. And indeed there was something so singularly odd in their dress and employments, at the moment our hero was presented to them, that we are inclined to set their image before our reader.

Sir Thomas was shaving himself before a looking-glass in his bed-chamber, habited in an old night-gown, which about thirty years before had been red damask. All his face, and more than half his head, were covered with soap-suds ; only on his crown hung a flimsy green silk night-cap, made in the shape of a sugar-loaf. He had on a very dirty night-shirt, for he had slept in it a fortnight ; and over this a much dirtier ribbed dimity waistcoat, which had not visited the wash-tub for a whole twelvemonth past. To finish his picture, he wore a pair of darned blue satin slippers, made out of the remnants of one of his wife's old petticoats. Close by him sat his lady, combining her hoary locks before the same looking-glass, and dressed in a short bed-gown, which hardly reached down to her middle. A night-shift, which likewise had almost forgot the washing-tub, shrouded the hidden beauties of her person. She was without stays, without ruffles, and without any linen about her neck, to hide those redundant charms which age had so much altered.

This was their dress and attitude, when their daughter burst into the room, and earnestly called upon them to admire the beauties of a lap-dog. Her sudden entrance alarming them with the expectation of some important event, Sir Thomas, in turning hastily round, had the misfortune to cut himself with his razor; which putting him in a passion, when he came to know the ridiculous occasion of all this hurry—Get away, child, said he, and don't interrupt me with your lap-dogs. I am in a hurry to go to court this morning, and you take up my time with silly tittle-tattle about a lap-log. Do you see, foolish girl, you have made me cut myself with your ridiculous nonsense? Get away, I tell you! What a figure do you think I shall make at the levee with such a scar upon my face!—Bless me! papa, cries the young lady, I protest I am vastly sorry for your misfortune, but I'm sure you'll forgive me, if you will but look on this delightful heavenly little jewel of a dog.

D—mn your little jewel of a dog! replies the knight; stand out of my way. I tell you I am in a hurry to go to court, and therefore don't trouble me with your whelps and your puppy dogs.—O monstrous! how can you call him such cruel names? cries the daughter. I am amazed at you, papa, for your want of taste. How can any living creature be so utterly void of *taste* as not to admire such a beautiful little dog?—Do, dear mamma! look at him. I am sure you must admire him, though papa is so shamefully blind, and so utterly void of all manner of taste.

Why sure, my dear, you are mad to-day, replied the mother; one would think you was absolutely fuddled this morning. Taste, indeed! I declare you are void of all manner of understanding, whatever your taste may be, to interrupt us thus, when

you see we are both in a hurry to be drest. Learn a little decency and good manners, before you pretend to talk of taste.

The young lady being reprimanded thus on both sides, looked extremely foolish, when a servant entered to inform them that Mr. Chace was in the dining-room. Ay, ay, go, cries Sir Thomas, go and entertain him with your taste, till I am able to wait on him: tell Mr. Chace I happen unfortunately to be dressing, but I'll be with him in a moment.

Miss Frippery, muttering, hurried into the next room with the dog in her arms, to see if she could not persuade her lover to discover more taste than her parents. Here, indeed, she had better success; for this gentleman, who was a great sportsman and fox-hunter, was consequently a great connoisseur in dogs; he was likewise what is called, "a man of the town," and had a taste so exactly correspondent with that of the lady, that it is no wonder they agreed in the same object of admiration. Here follows his character:

Mr. Chace, usually called Jack Chace among his intimates, possessed an estate of fifteen hundred pounds a-year; which was sufficient to furnish him with a variety of horses, riding-frocks, boots, and coach-whips. His great ambition was to be deemed a knowing fellow; for which purpose he appeared always in the morning in a Newmarket frock, decorated with a great number of green, red, or blue capes. He wore a short bob wig, neat buck's-skin breeches, white silk stockings, and carried a cane in his hand. He kept a phaeton, and four bay cattle; a stable of hunters, and a pack of hounds in the country. The reputation of being a coachman, and driving a set of horses with skill, or, in his own phrase, doing his business clean, he esteemed the greatest character in life, and thought himself seated on the

very pinnacle of glory, when he was mounted in a high phaeton at a horse-race. Newmarket had not a more active spirit; where he was frequently his own jockey, and boasted always, as a singular accomplishment, that he did not ride above eight stone and a half. Though he was a little man, and not very healthy in his constitution, he desired to be thought capable of the greatest fatigue, and was always laying wagers of the vast journeys he could perform in a day. He had likewise an ambition to be esteemed a consummate debauchee, and endeavoured to persuade you that he never went to bed without drinking three or four bottles of claret, lying with as many wh—es, and knocking down as many watchmen. In the mornings, he attended Mr. Broughton's amphitheatre, and in the evenings (if he was drunk in time, which indeed he seldom failed to be), he came behind the scenes of the play-house, in the middle of the third act, and there heroically exposed himself to the hisses of the galleries. Whenever he met you, he constantly described his last night's debauch, related the arrival of a new *demi-rep* upon the town, or entertained you with the exploits of his bay cattle: if you declined conversing with him on these three sublime subjects, he swore you was a fellow of no soul or genius, and ever afterwards shunned your company. Having a hunting-seat in the neighbourhood of Sir Thomas Frippery, he often visited in the family of that worthy knight; and at last made proposals of marriage to the young lady; which were favourably received, as well by her as her parents: who, it must be confessed, had a very great regard for Mr. Chace's estate. To this singular character Miss Frippery came running with the dog in her arms: and much conversation passed between them; but as it turned wholly upon uninteresting topics, we shall decline relating them.

CHAPTER V.

A description of a rout.

WE pass over this conversation in the morning, and another of equal brilliancy in the evening, at the play of "Othello, Whore of Venus," to describe an event which engrossed the attention of this accomplished family for a fortnight, and was matter of conversation to them for a year afterwards.

Lady Frippery, in imitation of other ladies of rank and quality, was ambitious of having a rout; though the smallness of her lodgings might have excused her from attempting that modish piece of vanity.

A rout is the highest object of female vain-glory; the end is to assemble as large a company as can possibly be contained in one house: and great are the honours paid to that lady who can boast of the largest crowd. For this purpose, a woman of superior rank calculates how many people all the rooms in her house laid open can possibly hold, and then sends to engage such a number as she thinks will fill them. Hence great emulations arise, and the candidates for this honour sue as eagerly for visitors, as candidates for Parliament do for votes at an election: for as it sometimes happens that two ladies fix upon the same evening, it is necessary they should beat up in time for volunteers; otherwise they may be disappointed of their numbers, and one of them lie under the ignominy of collecting a company of a hundred only, while the other has the honour of assembling two or three hundred; which, of course, disappoints the unfortunate lady, who comes off with this immortal disgrace.

As the actions of people of quality are sure of being imitated, hence it comes to pass that ladies

of inferior rank, resolving to be in fashion, take upon them likewise to have routs in imitation of their superiors: only there is this difference between the two orders, that the higher call nothing but a crowd a rout, where as the lower often give that name to small parties, and, for the sake of honour, call an ordinary visit a rout.

This was the case with Lady Frippery: her acquaintance in town was very small, and it seemed improbable that she could assemble above a dozen at most, without making any allowance for colds, head-aches, vapours, hysteric-fits, fevers upon the spirits, and other female indispositions; yet still she resolved to have a rout; and the young lady seconded her mamma's inclinations so vehemently, that Sir Thomas was obliged to comply.

From the moment this great event was resolved on, all their conversation turned upon it, and it was pleasant to hear the schemes and contrivances. Their first and principal care was to secure Lady Bab Frightful, the chief of Lady Frippery's acquaintance, whose name was to give a lustre to the assembly. Lady Bab being one of the quality, it was possible she might have a previous engagement, unless she was applied to in time; therefore a card was dispatched to her, to bespeak her for such an evening; and it was resolved, that if any accident prevented her coming, new measures should be taken, and the rout deferred. Lady Bab returned for answer, that she would wait on Lady Frippery, if her health permitted. This dubious kind of message puzzled them much, and was worse than a denial; for without Lady Bab it was impossible to proceed—without Lady Bab the assembly would make no figure; and yet they were obliged to run the hazard of her not coming, in consequence of her answer. Every day, therefore, they sent to inquire

after her health, and their hopes rose or fell according to the word that was brought them; till, on the day before the rout was to be held, a most calamitous piece of news arrived, that Lady Bab *was disabled by her surgeon*, who, in cutting her toe-nail, had made an incision in her flesh; yet still she promised to be with them, *if it was possible for her to hobble abroad*. No language can describe the damp which this fatal message struck into the whole family; but they were obliged to submit with patience, as a glimpse of hope still remained. At length the important evening arrived that was to decide all their expectations and fears. Many consultations had been held every day, and almost every hour, that things might be in order when the time came; yet, notwithstanding all their precautions, a dispute arose almost at the last moment, *whether Lady Frippery was to receive her company at the top or bottom of the stairs?*

This momentous question produced a warm debate. Her ladyship and miss contended resolutely for the top of the stairs; Sir Thomas for the bottom; and Mr. Chace, who was present, observed a neutrality. At length, after a long altercation, the knight was obliged to submit to a majority of voices; though not without condemning his wife and daughter for want of politeness. My dear, said he (taking a pinch of snuff with great vehemence), I am amazed that you can be guilty of such a solecism in breeding: it surprises me that you are not sensible of the impropriety of it. Will it not show much greater respect and complaisance to meet your company at the bottom of the stairs, than to stand like an Indian queen receiving homage at the top?—Yes, my dear, answered her ladyship; but you know my territories do not commence till the top of the stairs: our territories do not begin below

stairs ; and it would be very improper for me to go out of my own dominions. Don't you see that, my dear ? I am surprised at your want of comprehension, Sir Thomas.—Well, well, I have given it up, answered he ; have your own way—have your own way, my lady ; and then you'll be pleased, I hope. But I am sure, in my days, people would have met their company at the bottom of the stairs. When I and Lord Oxford were in the ministry together, affairs would have been very different. But the age has lost all its civility, and people are not half so polite as they were formerly.

This reflection on modern times piqued the daughter's vanity, who now began to play her part in the debate. Yes, papa, said she ; but what signifies what people did formerly ? That is nothing at all to us at present ; most people were fools formerly. They never did any thing as we do now ; and therefore it stands to reason they were, in general, fools and idiots. 'Tis very manifest they had no breeding ; and all must allow that the world never was so wise, and polite, and sensible, as it is at this moment ; I would not have lived in former days for all the world.—Pugh ! said the knight, interrupting her, you are a little illiterate fool ; you talk without book ! the world is nothing to what it was in my days ! Every thing is altered for the worse. The women are not so handsome. None of you are comparable to your mothers.—Nay, there, said Lady Frippery, interposing ; there, Sir Thomas, I entirely agree with you : there you have my consent with all my heart. - To be sure, all the celebrated girls about town are mere dowdies, in comparison of their mothers ; and if there could be a resurrection of beauties, they would shine only like Bristol stones by the side of diamonds.—Bless me, mamma ! cried the young lady, with the tears

standing in her eyes, how can you talk so? There never were so many fine women as there are now in London; and 'tis enough to make one vexed, to hear you talk. Come, Mr. Chace, why don't you stand up for us modern beauties?

In the midst of this conversation, there was a violent rap at the street door; when they all flew to the window, crying out eagerly, There, there is Lady Bab! I am sure 'tis Lady Bab; for I know her footman's rap. Yet, in spite of this knowledge, Lady Bab did not arrive according to their hopes; and it seemed as if her ladyship had laid a scheme to keep them in suspense; for of all the people who composed this illustrious assembly, Lady Bab came the last. They took care to inform the company from time to time that she was expected, by making the same observation on the arrival of every coach, and still persisting that they knew her footman's rap, though they had given so many proofs to the contrary. At length Lady Bab Frightful came; and it is impossible to express the joy they felt on her appearance, which revived them from the depth of despair to the highest pinnacle of happiness.

Her ladyship's great-toe engrossed the conversation for the first hour, whose misfortune was lamented in very pathetic terms by all the company, and many wise reflections were made upon the accident which had happened; some condemning the ignorance, others the carelessness of the surgeon, who had been guilty of such a trespass on her ladyship's person. Some advised her to be very careful how she walked upon it; others recommended a larger shoe to her ladyship. Lady Frippery, in particular, continued the whole evening to express the vast obligations she was under for her company, under such affliction.

CHAPTER VI.

In which several things are touched upon.

WHEN this great affair was over, the marriage was next considered, the celebration of which was fixed for Easter-week ; but Mr. Chace recollecting that it would interfere with Newmarket races, procured a reprieve till the week following. At his return from those Olympic games, the nuptials were celebrated before a general assembly of their relations, and the happy couple were conducted to bed in public, with great demonstrations of joy. The bridegroom took possession of the bride, and Sir Thomas took possession of Mr. Chace's estate.

When they had displayed themselves some time in London, they set out for the country ; and in a few days afterwards, the lodgings on the first floor were taken by a lady who passed under the fictitious name of Mrs. Caryl. The hasty manner in which she made her agreement, induced a suspicion in the milliner ; and many circumstances soon concurred to persuade her, that her new lodger was a wife eloped from her husband. For, besides coming into her lodgings late in the evening, she seemed to affect a privacy in all her actions, which plainly evinced that she was afraid of discovery ; and this increased the milliner's curiosity in proportion as the other seemed less inclined to gratify it. But an event soon happened to confirm her conjectures ; for, three days after the lady's arrival, a chair stopped at the door one evening near ten o'clock, from whence alighted a well-drest man, about forty years old, who, wrapping himself up in a red cloak, proceeded hastily up stairs, as if desirous to conceal himself from observation. This adventure savoured

so strongly of intrigue, that the milliner contrived to meet him in the passage, to satisfy her curiosity with a survey of his features. Pompey was still more inquisitive than his mistress, and took courage to follow the gentleman into the dining-room.

The lady rose from her chair to receive this man of fashion, who saluted her with great complaisance, and hoped she was pleased with her new apartments. Yes, my lord, answered she, the people are civilized people enough, and I believe have no suspicion about me. But did they see your lordship come up stairs?—Pon my honour, madam, said the peer, I can't tell: there was a female figure glided by me in the passage; but whether the creature made remarks or not, I did not stay to observe. Well, madam, I hope now I may give you joy of your escape, and I dare say you will find yourself much happier than when you was under the ill-usage of a tyrant you despised.—The lady then related with great pleasantry the manner of her escape, and the difficulties that attended the execution of it; after which she concluded with saying, I wonder, my lord, what my husband is now thinking on?—Thinking on! answered the peer, that he's a fool and a blockhead, and deserves to be hanged for abusing the charms of so divine a creature. Good Heaven! was it possible for him to harbour an ill-natured thought, while he had the pleasure of looking on that angelic face!—My lord, said the lady, I know I have taken a very ill step in the eye of the world; but I have too much spirit to bear ill-usage with patience; and, let the consequences be what they will, I am determined to submit to them, rather than be a slave to the ill-humours of a man I despise and detest.—Forbear, madam, said his lordship, to think of him; my fortune, my interest, my protection, are all devoted to your service, and

I am ready to execute any command you may please to impose upon me. But let us call a more agreeable topic of conversation.

Soon after this an elegant supper was placed upon the table, and the servants were ordered to retire; for there are certain seasons when even the great desire to banish ostentation. The absent husband furnished them with much raillery, and they pictured to themselves the surprise he would be in when first he discovered his wife's elopement; nor did this man of gallantry and fashion finish his amorous visit till past two o'clock in the morning. As he was going down stairs, he found himself again encountered by the barking of little Pompey, whom he snatched up in his arms, and, getting hastily into his chair, carried him off to his own house.

This accomplished person was Lord Marmazet, husband to that lady who was so familiar with the sharper at Bath. He was a man of consummate intrigue, a most fortunate adventurer with the fair-sex, and had the reputation of uncommon success in his amours. What made this success the more extraordinary was, that he had not personal charms: nature had given him neither a face nor figure to engage the attention of women; but these deficiencies were abundantly recompensed by a most happy turn of wit, a very brilliant imagination, and extensive knowledge of the world. He had the most insinuating manner of address, the readiest flow of language, and a certain art of laughing women out of their virtue which few could imitate. It was scarce possible to withstand the allurements of his conversation; and, what is singular, the number of intrigues he had been concerned in were so far from frightening ladies from his acquaintance, that, on the contrary, it was fashionable to cultivate an

intimacy with him. They knew the danger of putting themselves in his way, and yet were ambitious of giving him opportunities.

The lady we have been describing, had been his neighbour in the country ; a very handsome woman, under the tyranny of an ill-natured husband. This his lordship knew ; and concluding that her aversion to her husband would make her an easy prey, watched every opportunity of being with her alone. In these stolen interviews he employed all his eloquence to seduce her, and won upon her so much by his flattering representation of things, that at length she courageously eloped from her tyrant, and put herself into private lodgings, under the protection of his lordship. This ended in the utter ruin of the lady, who, finding her reputation lost, and her passionate lover soon growing indifferent, took refuge in citron waters, and, by the help of those cordial lenitives of sorrow, soon bade adieu to the world and all its cares.



CHAPTER VII.

Matrimonial amusements.

WHEN our hero waked the next morning, and found himself in new apartments, the first thing he did was to urinate on a pair of velvet breeches which lay in a chair by his lordship's bed-side ; after which, the door being open, he sallied forth, and performed a much more disreputable action on a rich Turkey carpet in the dining-room. Having thus taken possession of his new house by these two acts of *scisin*, he returned to the bed-side, and reposed himself till his lord was stirring.

About ten o'clock Lord Marmazet rang his bell for the servants. The valet immediately attended, undrew the curtains, and respectfully inquired his master's pleasure. His lordship signifying that he would rise, Guillaume folded his stockings, placed his slippers by the bed-side, and was going to present him with his breeches, when, lo ! the crime our hero had been guilty of, stared him in the face, and gave such an air of surprise to his features, that his lordship inquired what was the matter. Guillaume then related the misdemeanour, at which his master was so far from being angry, that he only laughed at the astonishment of his valet, and, calling the dog upon the bed, caressed him with as much tenderness as if he had performed a most meritorious action. Then turning again to his servant ; What does the booby stare at, cries he, with such amazement ? Get another pair of breeches.

As soon as he was dressed, he went to breakfast : in which our hero bore him company, and had the honour of eating roll and butter in great magnificence. When breakfast was over, he recollected that it might now be time to send up compliments to his lady, which he generally performed every morning : and imagining that she would not be displeased with the present of so pretty a dog—Here, Guillaume, said he, take this little dog and carry him up stairs to your lady. My compliments, and desire to know how her ladyship does this morning. Tell her I found him—I don't know where I found him ! but he is a pretty little fellow, and I am sure she must be pleased with him.

Though the reader must from hence conclude that Lord and Lady Marmazet reposed themselves in different beds, he will not, I imagine, be surprised at such a circumstance in this accomplished and fashionable age. Her ladyship was a woman of

great wit, pleasure, and intrigue, as well as her husband, only with a little more reserve and caution, to save appearances. Her familiarity with a sharper at Bath, may have already given the reader some little sketch of her character; for the rest it will be only necessary to inform him that she had spent the greatest part of her life in St. James's parish. Her husband had married without the temptation of love, because she was a rich heiress to a noble family; and she had consented to the match with equal indifference, only because it preserved her rank and station in the world. In consequence, they soon grew totally unconcerned about each other; but being both of easy cheerful tempers, their indifference did not sour into hatred; on the contrary, they made it a topic of wit, when they met, to rally one another on their mutual amours. These meetings, indeed, were not very frequent; once or twice a-week, perhaps, at dinner; at which times they behaved with the utmost politeness and complaisance; or if they rallied, it was done with so much gaiety and good humour, that they only parted with the greater spirits to their evening amusements. In short, his lordship pursued his pleasures without any domestic expostulations; and her ladyship, in return, was permitted to live in all respects, as Juvenal expresses it, *tanquam vicina mariti*, more like her husband's neighbour than his wife.

Her ladyship was just awake, and taking her tea in bed, when Guillaume ascended the stairs, and knocked at her chamber-door. The waiting-woman being ordered to see who it was, returned immediately to the bed-side with a dog in her arms, and delivered the message that accompanied Pompey. As her ladyship had never discovered any fondness for these four-footed animals, she could not con-

ceive the meaning of such a present, and, with some disdain in her countenance, ordered Pompey to be carried back to his master. But when the servant was gone down stairs, thinking that there might be some joke of his lordship's, which she did not perceive, and resolving not to be out-done by her husband in wit, she asked her maid if there was a cat in the house. A cat, my lady! cries the waiting-woman: yes, my lady, I believe there is.—Well, then, said her ladyship, go directly, and carry it with my compliments to his lordship. Let him know I am infinitely obliged to him for his present, and have sent him a cat in return for his dog.

The maid simpered, without offering to stir, not conceiving her mistress to be in earnest; but having the orders repeated, she proceeded to fulfil them. After much laughter among the servants, a cat at length was caught, and the waiting-maid went with it to his lordship's dressing-room. With a face half blushing and half smiling, she delivered her message in the following terms: My lady desires her compliments to your lordship, and begs the favour of you to accept of *this* in return for your dog. After which, dropping the cat on the floor, she was preparing to run off, being ready to burst with laughter; but his lordship, who was no less diverted, called her back, and having entertained himself with many jokes on the occasion, sent her up stairs with a fresh message to her mistress. This was immediately returned on the part of her ladyship; and many sallies of raillery were carried backwards and forwards, which perhaps might not be unentertaining; but, as we are sensible with what contempt these trivial incidents will be received by the reader, if he is a judge, a politician, or an alderman, we shall dwell no longer on them, but put an end to the chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Describing the miseries of a garreteer poet.

As Lord Marmazet was sitting in his study, reading some papers of state, with our hero under his chair, Guillaume entered the room, and informed him that Mr. Rhymer the poet was below. Curse Mr. Rhymer the poet, and you too, for an egregious blockhead! cries his lordship. Why did you let the fellow in? Tell him his last political pamphlet is execrable nonsense, and unintelligible jargon, and I am not at leisure to see him this morning.—My lord, replied the valet, he begged me to inform your lordship, that a small gratuity would be very acceptable at present; for it seems his wife is ready to lie-in, and he says he has not a sixpence to defray the expenses of her groaning.—How! cries his lordship, has he the impudence to beget children? The fellow pretends to be starving, and yet has the assurance to deal in procreation. Guillaume, what sort of a woman is his wife? Have you ever seen her?—Yes, my lord, answered the trusty valet, I have had the honour of seeing the lady; but I am afraid she would have no great temptation for your lordship; for the poor gentlewoman has the misfortune to squint a little, which does not give a very bewitching air to her countenance.—Well, then, cries the peer, turn the man out of doors. If he had a handsome wife I might be tempted to encourage him; but how can he expect my favours without doing any thing to deserve them?—Then your lordship won't be pleased to send him a small acknowledgement? said the valet-de-chambre.—No, replied the peer; I have no money to throw away on poets and scribblers.—Hold!—stay!—I have

thought better of it—Here, Guillaume, take this little dog, since my wife won't have him, and carry him to the poet. My service to the gentleman, and desire him to keep him for my sake.

Guillaume was a man of some humour, which had promoted him to the dignity of first pimp in ordinary to his lordship, and perceiving that his master was inclined to divert himself this morning with the miseries of an unhappy poet, he resolved that the joke should not be lost. Taking the dog therefore from his lordship, he hastened down stairs, and accosted the expecting bard in the following manner: Sir, his lordship is very busy this morning, and not at leisure to see you; but he speaks very kindly of you, and begs you would do him the favour to accept of this beautiful little Bologna lap-dog.—Accept of a lap-dog! cried the poet with astonishment: surely there must be some mistake, Mr. Guillaume! for I cannot conceive of what use a Bologna lap-dog can be to me.—Sir, replied the valet-de-chambre, you may depend upon it his lordship had some reason for making you this present, which it does not become us to guess at.—No, said the bard, I would not presume to dive into his lordship's councils; but really, Mr. Guillaume, a few guineas would be more serviceable than this Bologna lap-dog, and more comfortable to my poor wife and children.—Sir, said the valet, you must not distrust his lordship's generosity; great statesmen, Mr. Rhymer, always do things in a different manner from the rest of the world: there is usually something mysterious in their conduct: but assure yourself, sir, this dog will be the forerunner of a handsome annuity, and it would be the greatest affront not to receive him. You must never refuse any thing which the great esteem a favour, Mr. Rhymer, on any account. His lordship desired you

would keep the dog for his sake, sir; and therefore you may be sure he has a particular regard for you, when he sends you such a memorial of his affection.

The unhappy poet, finding he could not extort any thing from his unfeeling patron, was obliged to retire with the dog under his arm; and, in a disconsolate mood, mounted to his garret, where he found his wife cooking the scrag-end of a neck of mutton for dinner. The mansions of this son of Apollo were very contracted, and one would have thought it impossible for one single room to have served so many domestic purposes; but good housewifery finds no difficulties, and penury has a thousand inventions which are unknown to ease and wealth. In one corner of these poetical apartments stood a flock-bed, and underneath it a green jordan presented itself to the eye. Three rotten chairs seemed to stand like traps in various parts of the room, threatening downfall to unwary strangers; and one solitary table in the middle of this ærial garret, served to hold the different treasures of the whole family. There laid on the table the first act of a comedy, a pair of yellow stays, two political pamphlets, a plate of bread-and-butter, three dirty night-caps, and a volume of miscellaneous poems. The wife was drowning a neck of mutton in meagre soup, and the two daughters sat in the window, mending their father's brown stockings with blue worsted.

As soon as Mr. Rhymer entered the chamber, his wife deserted her cookery to inquire the success of his visit, on which the comforts of her lying-in so much depended; and seeing a dog under her husband's arm, My dear! said she, why do you bring home that filthy creature to eat up our victuals? We have got more mouths already than we can

satisfy, and I am sure we want no addition to our family.—Why, my dear, answered the poet, his lordship did me the favour to present me this morning with this beautiful little Bologna lap-dog.—Present you with a lap-dog! cried the wife, interrupting him, what is it you mean, Mr. Rhymer? However, I am glad his lordship was in so bountiful a humour, for I am sure he has given you a purse of guineas to maintain the dog. Well, I vow it was a very genteel way of making a present, and I shall love the little dog for his master's sake. Great men do things with so much address, that one is transported as much with their politeness as their generosity.—Here the unhappy bard shook his head, and soon undeceived his wife, by informing her of all that had passed in his morning's visit.—How! said she, No money with the dog? Mr. Rhymer, I am amazed that you would submit to such usage. Don't you see that they make a fool, and an ass, and a laughing-stock of you? I'll have his brains dashed out this moment! Mr. Rhymer, if you had kept on your tallow-chandler's shop, we should have had wherewithal to live: but you must court the draggle-tail muses forsooth, and a fine provision they have made for you! Here I expect to be brought-to-bed every day, and you have not money for the occasion—Curse your lords and political pamphlets! I am sure I have reason to repent the day that ever I married a poet.—Madam, said Rhymer, exasperated at his wife's conversation, you ought rather to bless the day that married you to a gentleman, whose soul despises mechanical trades, and is devoted to the noblest science in the universe. Poetry, madam, like virtue, is its own reward; but you have a vulgar notion of things, you have an illiberal attachment to money; and had rather be frying grease in a tallow-chandler's

shop, than listening to the divine rhapsodies of the Heliconian maids. 'Tis true, madam, his lordship has not recompensed my labours according to expectation this morning; but what of that? he bad me proceed in the execution of my design, and undoubtedly means to reward me. Lords are often destitute of cash as well as poets: and perhaps I came upon him a little unseasonably, when his coffers were empty: but I prognosticate great things from his present of a dog. A dog, madam, is the emblem of fidelity.—The emblem of a fiddle-stick cried his wife: I tell you, Mr. Rhymer, you are a fool, and have ruined your family by your senseless whims and projects. A gentleman, quotha! Yes forsooth, a very fine gentleman truly, that has hardly a shirt to his back, or a pair of shoes to his feet. Look at your daughters there in the window, and see whether they look like a gentleman's daughters and, for my part, I have not an under-petticoat that I can wear. You have had three plays damned Mr. Rhymer, and one would think that might have taught you a little prudence; but, deuce fetch me if you shall write any more; for I'll burn all this nonsense that lies upon the table.—So saying, she flew like a Bacchanal fury at his works, and with savage hands was going to commit them to the flames, had she not been interrupted by her husband's voice, crying out with impatience, See, see, my dear! the pot boils over, and the broth is running into the fire!—This lucky circumstance put an end to their altercation, and postponed the sacrifice that was going to be made: they sat down to dinner without a table-cloth, and made a wretched meal, envying one another every morsel that escaped their own mouths. And 'tis highly probable poor Pompey would soon have fallen a sacrifice to hunger, and been served up at Mr

Rhymer's poetical table, had not an accident happened, to relieve him from this scene of misery.

CHAPTER IX.

A poetical feast, and squabble of authors.

AFTER dinner, Mr. Rhymer sat down to an epic poem, which was then on the tapis ; and his head not being clouded with any fumes of indigestion, he toiled at it very laboriously till eight or nine o'clock in the evening. He then went to meet a club of authors, who assembled every Monday night at a little dirty house in Shire-lane, to eat tripe, drink porter, and pass their judgments on the publications of the preceding week. Pompey waited on his master ; for, as Mrs. Rhymer had resolutely vowed his destruction, the good-natured bard did not choose to leave him at her mercy.

On their arrival in the club-room, they found assembled a writer of moral essays, a scribbler for magazines, a Scotch translator of Greek and Latin authors, a Grub-street bookseller, and a Fleet parson. They surrounded Mr. Rhymer with great vociferation, and began to curse him for staying so long, declaring it would be entirely his fault if the tripe was spoiled, which they much feared. To prevent it, however, they ordered it to be served up with all possible expedition, and on its appearance fell to work with the quickest dispatch. The reader will believe that little or no conversation passed among them at table, being too busily employed to have any leisure for discourse ; but when the tripe was consumed, and innumerable slices of toasted cheese after it, they began to exercise their

tongues as readily as they had before done their teeth.

Every one of these great promoters of modern literature happened to have a dog attending him; and as the authors drew round the fire after supper in a ring, the dogs likewise made an interior semicircle, sitting between the legs of their respective masters. This could not escape the observation of the company, and many trite reflections were made on their fidelity, their attachment to man, and, above all, on the felicity of their condition. At length they entered into a higher conversation. Gentlemen, says a freethinker, I should be glad to hear your sentiments concerning reason and instinct. I have a curious treatise by me, which I design very soon to astonish the world with. 'Tis upon a subject perfectly new, and those dogs remind me of it. The clergy, I know, will attack me, but I'll publish my opinion in spite of all the priests in Europe.

Here the parson, thinking himself concerned, took his pipe from his mouth with great deliberation, and said, I don't know what your opinions may be, but I hope you don't design to publish any thing to the disadvantage of that sacred order to which I belong: if you do, sir, I believe you will find pens ready to answer you.

No doubt I shall, replied the freethinker; perhaps you, sir, may do me the honour to be my antagonist: but I defy you all; I defy the whole body of the priesthood. Sir, I love to advance a paradox.

What do you mean, sir! cries the doctor. If you write as you talk, I hope you'll be set in the pillory for your folly.

You are very complaisant, sir, returned the freethinker: but I'd have you to know we are not come

to such arbitrary power yet in this country, as to persecute people for searching after truth. You priests, I know, would be glad to keep us in ignorance; but the age won't be priest-ridden any longer. There is a noble spirit and freedom of inquiry now subsisting in the nation; people are determined to canvass subjects freely, without regarding the prejudices of education.

But what is your paradox, sir? said the parson. —This is my paradox, sir, replied the freethinker: I undertake to prove that brutes think, and have intellectual faculties. That, perhaps, you'll say is no novelty, because many others have asserted the same thing before: but I go farther, sir; and maintain that they are reasonable creatures and moral agents.

And I will maintain that they are mere machines, cried the parson, against you and all the atheists in the world. Sir, you may be ashamed to prostitute the noble faculty of reason to the beasts of the field.

Don't tell me of reason, said the freethinker; I don't care for reason. What is reason, sir?—What is reason, sir! resumed the doctor; why, reason, sir, is a most noble faculty of the mind, the noblest of all the faculties. It discerns and abstracts, and compares and compounds.

And roasts eggs too, does it not? you forget one of its noblest faculties, cries the other: but I will maintain that brutes are capable of reason, and they have given manifest proofs of it. Did you ever hear of Mr. Locke's parrot, sir, that held a very rational conversation with Prince Maurice for half an hour together? What say you to that, sir?

By my troth, gentlemen, said the Scotch translator, interrupting them, upon my word you are

got into a very mysterious question, which I do not very well understand; but I have always thought brutes to have something particular in the intellectual faculties of their mind, ever since I read what d'ye-call-um there, the Roman historian; for why? you know he tells us how the geese discovered to the Romans that the Gauls were coming to plunder the capitol. Now, by my soul, they must have been a sensible flock of geese, and very great lovers of their country too, which, let me tell you, is the greatest virtue under heaven. Besides, doth not Homer teach us, that Ulysses's dog, Argus, knew his old master at his return home, after he had been absent ten or twelve years at the siege of Troy? Now, by Jove, he was a cunning dog, and had a good memory, otherwise he could not have remembered his old master so long.

Before the Scotchman had finished his speech the two other disputants, whose spirits were kindled with controversy, resumed their argument, and fell upon one another again with so much impetuosity that no voices could be heard but their own. The scene which now ensued consisted chiefly of noise and scolding, equal to any thing that passed among the orators at a debating society. In short there was not a scurrilous term which was not vented on this occasion; till at length, the parson heated with rage and beer, threw his pipe at his antagonist, and was proceeding to blows, had he not been restrained by the rest of the company. The festivity of the evening being by this means destroyed, the club soon afterwards broke up, and the several members of it retired to their respective garrets.

As Mr. Rhymer was walking home in a pensive mood, wrapped up in contemplation on the stars

heaven, and perhaps forgetting, for a few moments, that he had but three-pence halfpenny in his pocket, two young men of the town, who were in pursuit of amorous game, followed close at his heels. They quickly discovered the singularity of his character, and hoped for some diversion at his expense. The moon shone very bright, and Mr. Rhymer, whose eyes were fixed with rapture on that glorious luminary, began to apostrophize in some poetical strains from Milton, which he repeated with great emphasis aloud. In the midst of this, the two gentlemen broke out into a fit of laughter, at which the bard turned round in surprise, but soon recovering himself, he cast a contemptuous look at them for their ignorance and want of taste. However, as the chain of ideas in his mind was by this means disturbed, he thought it most advisable to make the best of his way home, and for that purpose called Pompey to follow him. Pompey made many efforts, and seemed desirous to obey; but in vain the poet called, in vain the dog endeavoured to follow; and it was a long time before Mr. Rhymer, whose thoughts were confused with contemplation and porter, found out that the two gentlemen had tied a handkerchief round Pompey's neck. He stopped to demand his property; but finding himself roughly treated, he began to think his person in danger: therefore, he ran away with the utmost precipitation, and left his dog behind him; who was not sorry to be delivered from such a master.

CHAPTER X.

Our hero goes to the University of Cambridgt.

FROM the street where this fray happened, our hero was introduced to a bagnio, where his new masters spent their night in the delights of love ; and the next morning he set out with one of them for the university of Cambridge. The young Cantab, who now took possession of him, had come up to London to be at a masquerade, and other diversions of the town : for, being a man of a lively enterprising temper, he could not brook the dull restraints of a collegiate life, and seldom resided there above three or four days at a time.

He had received the first part of his education at Westminster School, where he had acquired what is usually called " a knowledge of the town ;" that is to say, he had been introduced, at the age of fifteen, into the most noted bagnios, was acquainted with the most celebrated women of pleasure, and could drink his two bottles of claret in an evening without inconvenience. At the age of seventeen it was judged proper for him, merely out of fashion, to take lodgings at an university, whither he went with a hearty contempt for the place, and a determined resolution never to receive any profit from it.

He had been admitted under a tutor, who knew no more of the world than if he had been bred up in a forest, and whose sour pedantic genius was ill qualified to cope with the vivacity and spirit of a young man, warm in the pursuit of pleasure, and one who required much address, and very artful management, to make any kind of restraint easy to him.

He had been admitted to the rank of a fellow-commoner, which is one who sits at the same table and enjoys the conversation of the fellows. It differs from what is called a gentleman-commoner at Oxford, not only in the name, but also in the greater privileges and licences allowed to the members of this order; who do not only "enjoy the conversation of the fellows," but likewise a full liberty of following their own inclinations in every thing. For, as tutors and governors of colleges are usually bent on preferment, they think it impolitic to cross the inclinations of young men who are heirs to great estates, and from whom they expect benefices and dignities hereafter, as rewards for their want of care of them while they were under their protection. Hence it is, that pupils of this rank are excused from all public exercises, and allowed to absent themselves at pleasure from the private lectures in their tutors' rooms, as often as they have made a party for hunting, or an engagement at the tennis-court, or are not well recovered from their evening's debauch. And whilst a poor unhappy pupil of no fortune, is often expelled for the most trifling offences, or merely to humour the capricious resentment of his tutor, who happens to dislike him; young noblemen, and heirs of great estates, may commit any illegalities with impunity.

There is nothing so wild and ungovernable as a boy just come from school, and taking his first flight of liberty at an university. This is the case with those who have been educated at private schools under some restraint: but as to Pompey's master, his school-education had set him very forward, and he came to Cambridge much riper than other people leave it. From the first moment he distinguished himself for his intrepid spirit, and

was quickly chosen captain-general by his comrades, in all their parties of pleasure and jollity. Many pranks are recorded of his performing, which made the place resound with his name ; but one of his exploits being attended with circumstances of a very droll nature, we cannot forbear relating it.

There was, in the same college, a young master of arts, named Williams, who had been elected into the society, in preference to one of greater genius and learning, because he used to make a lower bow to the fellows whenever he passed by them, and was not likely to disgrace any of his seniors by the superiority of his parts. This gentleman concluding there was no farther occasion for study, after he had obtained a fellowship, which had long been the object of his ambition, gave himself over to pursuits more agreeable to his temper, and spent the chief of his time in drinking tea with tradesmen's daughters, and favourite ladies of fashion in the university, who assume the name of misses, and receive amorous gownsmen at their ruelles. For nothing more is necessary to accomplish a lady at Cambridge, than a second-hand capuchin, in which they take the air in public walks every Sunday to make conquests, and receive their admirers all the rest of the week at their tea-tables. Williams having much good-nature, was very successful in winning the affections of these academical misses, and had an extensive acquaintance among them. The three Misses Higgins, whose mother kept the Sun Tavern ; Miss Polly Jackson, a baker's daughter ; the celebrated Fanny Hill, sole heiress of a taylor ; and Miss Jenny, of the coffee-house ; were all great admirers of our college-gallant ; and Fame reported, that he had admission to some of their bed-chambers, as well

as their tea-tables. Upon this presumption, our young fellow-commoner laid a plan, together with other young men, to play him a trick, which we now proceed to disclose.

About this time a bed-maker of the college was unfortunately brought to-bed, without having a husband to father the child; and as our master of arts was suspected, among others, to have had a share in the generation of the new-born infant, being a man of an amorous disposition, it occurred to our fellow-commoner to make the following experiment upon him.

As Mr. Williams was coming out of his chamber one morning early to go to chapel, he found a basket standing at his door, on the top of his staircase, with a direction for himself, and a letter tied to the handle of the basket. He stood some time guessing from whom such a present should come; but as he had expected a parcel from London by the coach a week before, he naturally concluded it to be the same, and that it had been brought by a porter from the inn, and left at his door before he was awake. With this thought he opened the letter, and read to the following effect:—

“HONOURABLE SIR,

“Am surprised you should use me in such a manner; have never seen one farthing of your money since I was brought to-bed, which is a shame, and a wicked sin. Wherefore have sent you your own bastard to provide for; and am your dutiful servant to command, till death,

“BETTY TROLLOP.”

The astonishment which seized our master of arts at the perusal of this letter may easily be ima-

gined, but not so easily described : he turned pale and looked like Banquo's ghost in the play ; but his conscience excused him from the crime laid on his charge, he resolved to make a public examination of the wretch that had dared to lay her iniquity at his door. To this end, as soon as chapel was over, he desired the master of the college to convene all the fellows in the common-room ; for he said, he had an affair of great consequence to lay before them. When the reverend divan was convened according to his desire, he produced the basket and with an audible voice read the letter which had been annexed to it : after which, he made a long oration on the unparalleled impudence of the scoundrel who had attempted to scandalize him in this audacious manner ; and concluded with desiring that the most exemplary punishment might be inflicted on her ; for, he said, unless they discouraged such villany with proper severity, it might hereafter be the fate, if they were remiss in punishing the present offender. They all heard him with astonishment, and many of them seemed rejoiced that the basket had not travelled to their doors ; thinking it would have been unfatherly and unnatural to have refused it admittance. At length it was ordered to be unpacked, which was performed by the butler of the college, in presence of the whole fraternity ; when, instead of a child crying for his mother, out leaped Pompey, the hero of this story ; who had been enclosed in that osier comment by his young master, and conveyed very early in the morning to Mr. Williams's chamber-door. The grave assembly were astonished and enraged at the discovery, finding themselves convened to be ridiculed ; and all of them gazed on our hero with the same kind of aspect as did the daughter

of Cecrops on the deformed Erichthonius, when their curiosity tempted them to peep into the basket which Minerva had put into their hands with positive commands to the contrary.

CHAPTER XI.

Adventures at Cambridge.

WILLIAMS, though much abashed and out of countenance, was glad to be relieved from the apprehensions of maintaining a bastard, which would add no great lustre to his reputation as fellow of a college. When, therefore, little Pompey escaped out of his wicker prison, he was pleased with the discovery which put an end to his fears, and, feigning himself diverted with the circumstance, took the little dog home to his own chambers.

This was an adventure of the comic kind, attended with no ill consequences to our hero; but we now proceed to relate one of a very tragic nature, which Fortune seems to have reserved in store, as the utmost stretch of her malice, to complete the miseries of his unhappy life.

There was in the college a young physician, who stood candidate for fame and practice. He had equipped himself with a gilt-headed cane, a black suit of clothes, a wise mysterious face, a full-bottomed peruke, and all other externals of his profession: so that if, according to the inimitable Swift, the various members of a commonwealth are only so many different suits of clothes, this professor was amply qualified for the discharge of his office. But not choosing to rely totally on his dress to introduce him into business, he was willing to

add to it a supplemental and superfluous knowledge of his art.

About this time a member of the university died in great torment of the iliac passion, and some peculiarities in his case attracted the notice of the faculty at Cambridge. The theory of this terrible disorder, caused by the cessation of the peristaltic motion of the intestines, our young doctor well understood: but not contenting himself with theory only, he resolved to go a step farther, and for this purpose cast his eyes about for some dog, intending to dissect him alive for the satisfaction of his curiosity.

A dog might have been the emblematic animal of *Æsculapius* or *Apollo*, with as much propriety as he was of *Mercury*; for no creatures, I believe, have been of more eminent service to the healing tribe than dogs. Incredible is the number of these animals who have been sacrificed, from time to time, at the shrines of physic and surgery. Lectures of anatomy subsist by their destruction: Ward (says Mr. Pope) tried his drop on puppies and the poor; and, in general, all new medicines and experiments of a doubtful nature are sure to be made, in the first place, on the bodies of these unfortunate animals.

But, not to spend too much time in these conjectures, our young doctor had no sooner resolved to satisfy himself concerning the peristaltic motion of the intestines, than unluckily, in an evil hour, Pompey presented himself. More unluckily for him still, neither his master, Mr. Williams, nor any other of his college-friends, were present, or within view, at this moment. Machaon, therefore, boldly seized him as a victim, and conveyed him into a little dark place near his room, which he called his cellar, and in which he kept his wine. There he shut him up

three or four days in the condemned hole, while he prepared his chirurgical instruments, and invited some other young practitioners to be present at our hero's dissection.

The day being appointed for his death, the company assembled at their friend's room, where much sapient discourse passed among them concerning the intended operation. At length said the hero of the party, Let us now proceed to business. The instruments of dissection were then placed on the table, and the doctor went to his cellar to bring forth the unhappy victim.

And here, reader, I am sure it moves thy compassion to think that poor Pompey, after suffering already so many misfortunes, must at last be dissected alive to satisfy a physician concerning the peristaltic motion of the intestines. The case would, indeed, be lamentable, if it had happened: but when the doctor came to call Pompey forth to execution, to his great surprise, no dog was there to be found. He discovered, however, something else not entirely to his satisfaction; his wine was streaming, in great profusion, about his cellar. Our hero being grown desperate with hunger, had, in his struggles for liberty, broke all the bottles, and at last forcibly gnawed his way through a deal-board that composed one side of the cellar.

CHAPTER XII.

The character of a Master of Arts at an University.

ABOUT this time three ladies and a gentleman happened to be returning out of the north; and having never seen Cambridge, were inclined to make it in their way to London. The gentleman whom

they had been visiting in the country, knowing this resolution, sent a letter before-hand to Mr. Williams, who had been his fellow-collegian, in which he apprised him of the arrival of the party, and desired him to show them the curiosities of Cambridge. And this gives us an opportunity of explaining some further particulars in that gentleman's character, being not an uncommon one, I believe, in either of our universities.

If we were in a hurry to describe him, it might be done effectually in two or three words, by calling him a most egregious trifler; but as we have leisure to be a little more circumstantial, the reader shall be troubled with a day's journal of his actions.

Mr. Williams was a man of the utmost neatness; his shoes were always blacked in the nicest manner, his wigs were powdered with the same exactness, and he would scold his laundress with vehemence if he discovered a wry plait in the sleeve of his shirt, or the least speck on any part of his linen. He rose constantly to chapel, and proceeded afterwards, with great importance, to breakfast, which, moderately speaking, took up an hour of his morning. When this was over, he amused himself either in paring his nails, or watering two or three orange-trees, which he kept in his chamber; or in changing the situation of the few books in his study: the Spectators were removed into the place of the Tatlers, and the Tatlers into the place of the Spectators. But, generally speaking, he drew on his boots immediately after breakfast, and rode out for the air, having been told that a sedentary life is destructive of the constitution, and that too much study impairs the health. At his return home he had barely time to wash his hands, clean his teeth, and put on a fresh-powdered wig, before the college-bell summoned him to dinner in the public-hall. His

afternoons were spent in drinking tea with the ladies before-mentioned, who all esteemed him a prodigious genius, and were ready to laugh at his wit before he displayed it. In these agreeable visits he remained till the time of evening-chapel; after which, supper succeeded to find him fresh employment; from whence he repaired to the coffee-house, and then to some engagement at a friend's room, for the remaining part of the evening. By this account of his day's transactions the reader will see how very impossible it was for him to find leisure for study, in the midst of so many important avocations: yet, notwithstanding this great variety of business, he made an effort sometimes to play half a tune on the German-flute in a morning; and once in a quarter of a year took the pains to transcribe a sermon out of various authors.

Another part of his character was a great affectation of politeness, which is much attended to in universities, where less of it is practised than in any other part of the kingdom. Thus, Mr. Williams was always talking of fashionable life; and was plentifully provided with stories by a female cousin, who kept a milliner's shop in London, and never failed to let him know, by letters, what passed among the great; though she frequently mistook the names of people, and attributed scandal to one lord which belonged to another. He retailed her blunders about the colleges with great confidence and security.

But nothing pleased him more than showing the university to strangers, and especially to ladies; and on such occasions he would make expensive entertainments, which neither his private fortune, nor the income of his fellowship, could afford.

To this gentleman the party we have before spoken of was recommended. He had lived in

expectation of their coming, for several days together, in consequence of his friend's letter : at length they arrived, and sent him a message from their inn, desiring the favour of his company at supper. This he no sooner received, than he posted away with all imaginable dispatch, and, with many academical compliments, welcomed them to Cambridge. Nor did he depart to his college till he had made them promise to dine with him the succeeding day.

Early the next morning he held a consultation with the college-cook concerning the entertainment; for as he had never yet been honoured with company of so high a rank, he resolved to make an appearance, and send them away with an opinion of his politeness. Among many other contrivances he had to be genteel, one very well deserves mentioning, being of a very academical nature : he was at the expense of purchasing a China vase of a certain shape, which sometimes passes under a more vulgar name, to set in his bed-chamber ; that, if the ladies should choose to retire after dinner, for the sake of looking at the pattern of his bed, or to see the prospect out of his window, or from any other motive of curiosity, they might have the pleasure of being served in China.

When these affairs were settled, he dressed himself in his best array, and went to bid the ladies good-morrow. As soon as they had breakfasted, he conducted them about the university, and showed them all the curiosities of Cambridge. They observed, that such a thing was very grand, that another thing was very neat, and that there were a great many books in the libraries, which they thought it impossible for any man to read through, though he was to live as long as Methuselah.

When their curiosity was satisfied, and Williams had indulged his vanity at being seen to escort

ladies about the university, they all retired to his chambers to dinner. Much conversation passed not worth recording; and when the cloth was taken away, little Pompey was produced on the table for the ladies to admire him. They were greatly struck with his beauty; and one of them took courage to request him as a present; which the complaisant master of arts, in his great civility, complied with, and immediately delivered him into the lady's hands. He likewise related the story how he came into his possession, which another person, perhaps, would have suppressed; but Williams was so transported with his company, that his conversation was as ridiculous as his behaviour.

CHAPTER XIII.

Pompey returns to London, and occasions a remarkable Dispute in the Mall.

ONCE more little Pompey set out for the metropolis, and, after an easy journey of two days, arrived at a certain square, where his mistresses kept their court. To these ladies, not improperly, might be applied the question which Archer asks in the play, 'Pray, which of you three is the old lady?' the mother being full as youthful and airy as the daughters, and the daughters almost as ancient as the mother.

Now, as fortune often disposes things in the most whimsical manner, so it happened, that one of his mistresses took him with her one morning into St. James's Park, and set him down almost in the very same part of the Mall from whence he had formerly made his escape from Lady Tempest, near eight

years before. Lady Tempest was walking this morning for the air, and happened to pass by almost at the very instant that the little adventurer was set on his legs to take his diversion. She discovered him in a moment, and immediately recollecting Pompey, caught him up in her arms, and kissed him with the highest extravagance of joy. His present owner perceiving this, and thinking that the lady, pleased only with the beauty of her dog, was inclined to compliment him with a few kisses, passed on without interrupting her; but when she saw her ladyship preparing to carry him out of the Mall in her arms, she advanced hastily towards her, and demanded her favourite in the following terms:—Pray, madam, what are you going to do with that dog?—Lady Tempest replied, Nothing in the world, madam, but take him home with me.—And pray, madam, what right have you to take a dog that belongs to me?—I take him because he belongs to me.—’Tis false! said the other lady; I aver it to be false! He was given me by a gentleman of Cambridge: and I insist upon your ladyship’s replacing him upon his legs this moment!—To this Lady Tempest replied only with a sneer, and was walking off with our hero; which so greatly aggravated the rage of her antagonist, that she now lost all patience, and began to exert herself in a much higher key:—Madam, said she, I would have you know, that I am not to be treated in this superlative manner! You may affect to sneer, if you please, madam, and show a contempt, which is more due to your own actions than to me; for, thank Heaven, I have some regard to decency in my actions!—Dear miss, don’t be in a passion! replied Lady Tempest; it will spoil your complexion, and perhaps ruin your fortune! But will you be pleased to know, that I lost this dog six years ago, in the

Mall, and advertised him in all the newspapers ; though you, or your friend at Cambridge, who did me the favour to steal him, were not so obliging as to restore him ? And will you be pleased to know, likewise, that I have a right to take my property wherever I find it ?—"Tis impossible ! cried the other lady ; 'tis impossible to remember a dog after six years' absence ! I aver it to be impossible ; and nothing shall persuade me to believe it !—I protest, answered Lady Tempest, I know not what sort of a memory you may be blessed with, but really I can remember things of a much longer date ; and, as a fresh instance of my memory, I think I remember you representing the character of a young lady for near these twenty years about town.—Madam, returned the lady of inferior rank, now inflamed with the highest indignation, you may remember yourself, madam, representing a much worse character, for a greater number of years. It would be well, madam, if your memory was not altogether so good, unless your actions were better.

The war of tongues now began to rage with the greatest violence, and nothing was spared that wit could suggest on one side, or malice on the other. The beaux and belles, who were walking that morning in the Mall, assembled round the combatants, at first out of curiosity and for the sake of entertainment, but they soon began to take sides in the dispute, till at length it became one continued scene of wrangle ; and no cause in Westminster Hall was ever more puzzled by the multitude of voices, all contending at once for the victory. At last Lady Tempest, scorning this clamorous altercation, told her adversary ; Well, madam, if you please to scold for the public diversion, pray continue ; but for my part, I shall no longer make myself a spectacle of a mob ! And so saying, she walked

courageously off with little Pompey under her arm. It was impossible for her rival to prevent her, who likewise immediately after quitted the Mall, and flew home, ready to burst with shame, spite, and indignation.

Lady Tempest had not been long at her toilette, before the following little scroll was brought to her; and she was informed that a footman waited below, in great hurry, for an answer. The note was to this effect:—

“MADAM,

“If it was possible for me to wonder at any of your actions, I should be astonished at your behaviour of this morning. Restore my dog by the bearer of this letter, or, by the living G—d, I will immediately commence a prosecution against you in Chancery, and recover him by force of law.

“Yours, ———.”

Lady Tempest, without any hesitation, returned the following answer:—

“MADAM,

“I have laughed most heartily at your ingenious epistle; and am prodigiously diverted with your menaces of a law-suit. Pompey shall be ready to put in his answer, as soon as he hears your bill is filed against him in Chancery. I am, dear miss, yours,

“TEMPEST.”

CHAPTER XIV.

A terrible misfortune happens to our hero, which brings his history to a conclusion.

THIS letter inflamed the lady so much, that she immediately ordered her coach, and drove away to

Lincoln's-inn, to consult her solicitor. She found him in his chambers, surrounded with briefs, and haranguing to two gentlemen, who had made him arbitrator in a very important controversy, concerning the dilapidations of a pig-stye. On the arrival of our lady, the man of law started from his chair, and conducted her with much civility to a settee, which stood by his fire-side: then turning to his two clients, whom he thought he had already treated with a proper quantity of eloquence, Well, gentlemen, said he, when your respective attorneys have drawn up your several cases, let them be sent to me, and I'll give determination upon them with all possible dispatch. This speech had the desired effect in driving them away; and, as soon as they were gone, addressing himself, with an affectation of much politeness, to the mistress of little Pompey, he began to inquire after the good lady her mother, and the good lady her sister; but our heroine was so impatient to open her cause, that she hardly allowed herself time to answer his questions before she began in the following manner: Sir, I was walking this morning in the Mall, when a certain extraordinary lady, whose actions are always of a very extraordinary nature, was pleased, in a most peculiar manner, to steal my lap-dog from me.—Steal your lap-dog from you, madam! said the man of law; I protest a very extraordinary transaction, indeed! And pray, madam, what could induce her to be guilty of such an action?—Induce her, cried the lady, eagerly; sir, she wants no inducement to be guilty of any thing that is audacious and impudent. But, sir, I desire you would immediately commence a suit against her in Chancery, and push the affair on with all possible rapidity; for I am resolved to recover the dog, if it costs me ten thousand pounds.—The counsellor smiled, and com-

mended her resolution ; but paused a little, and seemed puzzled at the novelty of the case. Madam, said he, undoubtedly your ladyship does right to assert your property ; for we should all soon be reduced to a state of nature, if there were no courts of law ; and therefore your ladyship is highly to be applauded. But there is something very peculiar in the nature of dogs. There is no question, madam, but they are to be considered under the denomination of property, and not to be deemed *feræ naturæ*, things of no value, as ignorant people foolishly imagine. But I say, madam, there is something very peculiar in their nature : their prodigious attachment to man inclines them to follow any body that calls them ; and that makes it so difficult to fix a theft. Now, if a man calls a sheep, or calls a cow, or calls a horse, why, he might call long enough before they would come, because they are not creatures of a following nature, and therefore our penal laws have made it felony with respect to those animals ; but dogs, madam, have a strange undistinguishing proneness to run after people's heels.—Lord bless me, sir ! said the lady, somewhat angry at the orator's declamation, what do you mean, sir, by following people's heels ? I do protest and asseverate, that she took him up in her arms, and carried him away in defiance of me ; and the whole Mall was witness of the theft.—Very well, madam, very well, replied the counsellor ; I was only stating the case fully on defendant's side, that you might have a comprehensive view of the whole affair, before we come to unravel it all again, and show the advantages on the side of the plaintiff. Now, though a dog be of a following nature, as I observed, and may be sometimes tempted, and seduced, and inveigled away, in such manner as makes it difficult—do you observe me—makes it difficult, I

say, madam, to fix a theft on the person seducing ; yet, wherever property is discovered and claimed, if the possessor refuses to restore it on demand—on demand I say—because demand must be made—refuses to restore it on demand, to the proper, lawful owner, there an action lies ; and, under this predicament, we shall recover our lap-dog.—The lady seeming pleased with this harangue, the orator continued in the following manner : If, therefore, madam, this lady, whoever she is, A. or B., for any name serves our purpose—if, I say, this extraordinary lady, as your ladyship just now described her, took your dog before witnesses, and refused to restore it on demand ; why then we have a lawful action, and shall recover damages. Pray, madam, do you think you can swear to the identity of the dog, if he should be produced in a court of justice ? —The lady answered, yes ; she could swear to him amongst a million, for there never was so remarkable a creature.—And you first became possessed of him, you say, madam, at the university of Cambridge ? Pray, madam, will the gentleman who invested you with him be ready to testify the donation.—She answered affirmatively.—And pray, madam, what is the colour of your dog ?—Black and white, sir.—A male or female, madam ?—To this the lady replied, she positively could not tell ; whereupon the counsellor, with a most sapient aspect, declared he would search his books for a precedent, and wait on her in a few days, to receive her final determinations ; but advised her, in the mean while, to try the effect of another letter upon her ladyship, and once more threaten her with a prosecution. He then attended her to her chariot, observed that it was a very fine day, and promised to use his utmost endeavours to reinstate her in the possession of her lap-dog.

This was the statement of a quarrel between two ladies for a dog; and it seemed as if all the mouths of the law would have opened upon this important affair (for Lady Tempest continued obstinate in keeping him), had not a most unlucky accident happened to baulk those honourable gentlemen of their fees, and disappointed them of so hopeful a topic for showing their abilities. This unfortunate stroke was nothing less than the death of our hero, who was seized with a violent phthisick; and, after a week's illness, departed this life on the second of June, 1749.

From the moment that he fell sick, his mistress spared no expense for his recovery, and had him attended by the most eminent physicians of London; who, I am afraid, rather hastened than delayed his exit, according to the immemorial custom of that right venerable fraternity. The chambermaids took it by turns to sit up with him every night during his illness; and her ladyship was scarce ever away from him in the day-time; but, alas! his time was come, his hour-glass was run out, and nothing could save him from paying a visit to the Plutonian regions.

It is difficult to say, whether her ladyship's sorrow now, or when she formerly lost him in the Mall, most exceeded the bounds of reason. He lay in state three days after his death; and her ladyship, at first, took a resolution of having him embalmed; but as her physicians informed her the art was lost, she was obliged to give over that chimerical project; otherwise our posterity might have seen him, some centuries hence, erected in a public library at an university: and who knows but some antiquary of profound erudition might have undertaken to prove, with quotations from a thousand authors, that he was formerly the Egyptian Anubis?

However, though her ladyship could not be gratified in her desire of embalming him, she had him buried with great solemnity in her garden, and erected over him an elegant marble monument, which was inscribed with the following epitaph, by one of the greatest elegiac poets of the present age.

King of the garden, blooming rose!
Which sprang from Venus' heavenly woes,
When, weeping for Adonis slain,
Her pearly tears bedew'd the plain;
Here now thy precious dew's distil,
Now mourn a greater beauty's ill.
Ye lilies, hang your drooping head;
Ye myrtles, weep for Pompey dead.
Light lie the turf upon his breast,
Peace to his shade, and gentle rest.

CHAPTER XV.

The conclusion.

HAVING thus traced our hero to the fourteenth year of his age, which may be reckoned the three-score-and-tenth of a lap-dog, nothing now remains but to draw his character, for the benefit and information of posterity. In so doing, we imitate the greatest and most celebrated historians, Lord Clarendon, Dr. Middleton, and others; who, when they have put a period to the life of an eminent person (and such undoubtedly was our hero), finish all with a description of his morals, his religion, and private character: nay, many biographers go so far as to record the colour of their hero's complexion, the shade of his hair, the height of his stature, the manner of his diet, when he went to bed at night, at what hour he rose in the morning,

and other equally important particulars ; which cannot fail to convey the greatest satisfaction and improvement to their readers. Thus a certain painter, who obliged the world with a life of Milton, informs us, with an air of great importance, that he was a short thick man ; and then recollecting himself, informs us a second time, upon maturer deliberation, that he was not a short thick man, but if he had been a little shorter, and a little thicker, he would have been a short thick man ; which prodigious exactness, in an affair of such consequence, can never be sufficiently applauded.

Now, as to the description of our hero's person, for that we shall refer to those already given in this work ; and proceed to his religion, his morals, his amours, &c. in conformity to the practice of other historians.

Let it be remembered, in the first place, to his credit, that he was a dog of the most courtly manners, ready to fetch and carry at the command of all his masters, without ever considering the service he was employed in, or the person from whom he received his directions. He would fawn likewise with the greatest humility on people who treated him with contempt ; and was always particularly officious in his zeal, whenever he expected a new collar, or stood candidate for a riband with other dogs, who made up the retinue of the family.

Far be it from us to deny, that in the first part of his life he gave himself an unlimited freedom in his amours, and was extravagantly licentious, not to say debauched, in his morals : but whoever considers that he was born in the house of an Italian courtesan, that he made the grand tour with a young gentleman of fortune, and afterwards lived near two years with a lady of quality, will have more reason to wonder that his morals were not entirely

corrupted, than that they were a little tainted by the ill effects of such dangerous examples.

As to religion, we must ingenuously confess that he had none ; in which respect he had the honour to bear an exact resemblance to all the well-bred people of the present age, who have long since discarded religion, as a needless and troublesome invention, calculated only to make people wise, virtuous, and unfashionable ; and whoever will be at the pains of perusing the lives and actions of the great world, will find them, in all points, conformable to such prodigious principles.

In politics, it is difficult to say whether he was a Whig or a Tory ; for so great was his caution, that he never was heard on any occasion to open his mouth on those subjects : and therefore each of those illustrious clans of men may be allowed to lay claim to him, unless perhaps they should both concur, as is sometimes the case, to despise him for observing a neutrality.

For the latter part of his life, his chief amusement was to sleep before the fire ; and indolence grew upon him so much, as he advanced in age, that he seldom cared to be disturbed in his slumbers, even to eat his meals : his eyes grew dim, his limbs failed him, his teeth dropped out of his head ; and at length, a phthisick came very seasonably to relieve him from the pains and calamities of long life.

Thus perished Little Pompey, or Pompey the Little ; leaving his disconsolate mistress to bemoan his fate, and me to write his eventful history.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are an hundred faults in this thing, and an hundred things might be said to prove them beauties. But it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity. The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth: he is a priest, an husbandman, and a father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey—as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity. In this age of opulence and refinement, whom can such a character please? Such as are fond of high life, will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fire-side; such as mistake ribaldry for humour, will find no wit in his harmless conversation; and such as have been taught to deride religion, will laugh at one whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



GOLDSMITH.

ONE of the most pleasing novels of a modern cast is *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Its author, OLIVER GOLDSMITH, was born in the year 1731, at Pallas in the county of Longford in Ireland, according to his epitaph in Westminster Abbey; but another account mentions Elphin as his birth-place. His character was eccentric; his pursuits were desultory. His father, who was a clergyman, gave him a classical education, and sent him from school to Dublin, college. Like Swift, he is said to have exhibited no peculiar marks of quickness in this period of his life, and he did not take his bachelor's degree till two years after the usual time.

As he was intended for the study of physic, he removed to the university of Edinburgh in 1751, where he staid three years; but he seems not to have brought with him to this seminary much steadiness of application or ardour for professional studies, and he was obliged to quit it clandestinely on account of a debt he had contracted;—it is said, for a fellow-student, but probably the consequence of that mutual accommodation which often subsists between young and thoughtless companions. He was pursued,

and arrested at Sunderland; but was released through the friendship of two fellow-students. The world was now all before him, and he therefore resolved to see it, and accordingly embarked immediately for Holland; and poor as he was, and struggling with difficulties of every kind, performed a tour, mostly on foot, through that country, Flanders, and part of Germany. He passed some time at the universities of Paris and Louvain, and took a bachelor's degree of physic at the latter of these seminaries. He thence accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva, and was there recommended as a travelling tutor to a man of fortune.

An eccentric genius is but ill calculated for a guide: our author scarcely possessed one qualification for the office, natural taste excepted; and probably the youth, who had just succeeded to a large fortune, was as impatient of being guided, as his tutor was unused to guide. Be that as it may, their connexion was soon dissolved by a disagreement, and poor Goldsmith was left alone in the south of France, friendless and destitute in a foreign country, to find his way home, or pursue his tour as he could. Uncomfortable as many circumstances in this excursion must have been, it was here that the young poet laid in those images which afterwards produced his beautiful poem of *The Traveller*, great part of which was written in the countries which he describes; and, though no doubt a melancholy thought would sometime intrude, as he found himself,

“ Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,”

wandering on foot by the banks of the Scheldt or the Po, his mode of travelling was incontestably more favourable to reflection, and gave more opportunity to the ideas to sink leisurely into his mind, than if he had been borne along through half Europe by the rattling wheels of a postchaise.

As a literary man, he was received by the convents with that hospitality which they so laudably practised; and he tells his readers no more than the literal truth, when, in his *Traveller*, he represents himself as leading "with tuneless pipe the sportive choir" of the French peasants; for to the little knowledge which he had of the German flute he was often obliged for a lodging and a dinner.

When Goldsmith returned to England, a few pence in his pocket were the whole of his finances; he knew no one, and had no recommendations; and in this manner was he launched upon the great metropolis, with his pressing wants, and only his talents to provide for them. Without introduction, and of no promising appearance as to externals, he offered himself as journeyman to several apothecaries without success, and was at length obliged to accept of employment in the laboratory of a chemist near Fish-Street Hill.

It was not long before he found out one of his old college friends, the same who had assisted in liberating him from the arrest, who, though he with difficulty recognised him through the forlorn appearance he made, generously shared his purse with him while he staid in London.

Goldsmith did not remain long in a situation so little adapted to his education and talents: he was recommended by the chemist as assistant to Dr. Milner, who kept an academy at Peckham. The office of usher in a school has been the resource, at one time or other of their lives, of a great portion of men eminent for literature; but it cannot be said that their gratitude has led them to any partiality for that mode of life; as, on the contrary, they have generally taken care to show the disgust they had conceived against the employment, by painting in pretty strong colours, as Goldsmith has done in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, the disagreeable circumstances attending it.

He soon quitted this situation; and having become acquainted with the booksellers, and being employed by them, he took lodgings in London, and became author by profession. He was at first employed in the *Monthly Review*, and in a set of essays for a newspaper, which were afterwards collected in his works under the title of *The Citizen of the World*. He also published a weekly paper called *The Bee*, and other pieces. But he was still amongst the drudges of literature, working in obscurity, and his name was unknown to the public, till he suddenly emerged into light by the publication of his *Traveller*, in 1765, which at once lifted him to an eminent station amongst the English poets. Both the character and scenery of different countries are touched in this poem with a rapid but masterly hand. Those of Holland and Switzerland are particularly striking. The moral and

GOLDSMITH.

v

political reflections that are introduced seem rather suggested by the necessity of finding a cement to bind the separate parts together, than by any spirit of philosophical research. The charming descriptions dwell upon the mind, but the moral is forgotten ; or, if remembered, it is only to awaken the mind to the fallacy of the maxim, that *every form of civil society is equal in its influence on human happiness.*

Goldsmith at this period seems to have had thoughts of practising as a physician. He dressed in the professional costume then in use, assumed airs of dignity, and left off those places of vulgar resort where he used to laugh and amuse himself. He went on, however, with his literary schemes ; and in the next year *The Vicar of Wakefield* made its appearance. This delightful little novel had indeed been written some time before, and by the intervention of Dr. Johnson sold for sixty pounds, which went to discharge the author's rent. But booksellers are not always judges of their own goods, and the manuscript was kept back through diffidence of its success, till the author had acquired a name by his poem. Thus he had the ill-luck to dispose of both works as the first productions of an unknown author.

His fame as a writer was now established, and from this time he was employed in a variety of works, from which he drew a very comfortable subsistence. The furniture of his mind was various, but his knowledge was superficial, Taste supplied in him the deficiencies of science: his style was easy and flowing, and every thing

he wrote, whether in verse or prose, bore the impression of his talent. Even to those publications which he compiled for booksellers, he communicated something of the charm of his own genius; and Dr. Johnson said of him with equal felicity and truth, "Nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit."

Goldsmith now took rooms in the Temple, and, along with a friend, a country-house on the Edgeware road. Here he wrote his *History of England, in Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*. These were long attributed to Lord Lytton. Probably the booksellers were in no haste to undeceive the public. It is still in great credit as an introductory book for youth. He also produced, at different times, a *Roman History*, a *History of Greece*, and a *Life of Bolingbroke*, and of *Parnell*, prefixed to editions of their works.

In 1768 he tried a new walk, and ventured upon the stage with his comedy of *The Good-natured Man*, but without much success, though it possessed a good share of comic merit and originality. The public taste was at that time very much for sentimental comedy—*la comédie larmoyante*,—and *False Delicacy*, a play of Kelly's, was acted with great applause at the other house. It is said that poor Goldsmith could never forgive Kelly his success. He however made 500*l.* by the piece; and if he had lost any popularity by it, it was amply regained by his *Deserted Village*, which he published in 1770, and of which he seems hardly to have been sen-

sible of the merit; for he refused at first to take the hundred pounds which the bookseller offered for it, saying it was five shillings a couplet—more than the sale of a poem could ever repay. It may be thought, perhaps, that authors and booksellers understand one another better at this period.

There is scarcely any poem in the English language, in which harmony, beautiful description, and pathos are united with greater effect than in this piece. The plan of it is an expansion of the concluding lines of *The Traveller*, and displays the same prejudice, if it be a prejudice, against commercial opulence. Many inquiries were made at the time, where the village of "sweet Auburn" had been situated. It is to be found in the county of Roscommon: its population or depopulation existed probably only in the poet's fancy, as it does not appear that he ever visited Ireland after he had left it, but the images cannot be contemplated without the most lively emotion. The character of the good pastor does not suffer by a comparison with Dryden's. It was probably meant for his brother, whom he describes in his address to him as "having retired to happiness and obscurity on an income of 40*l.* a year;" and for whom he seems to have entertained an ardent affection and esteem. The schoolmaster, and the village alehouse, are streaked with that humour which characterizes his *Vicar of Wakefield*. It is difficult to say which of his two poems has most poetical merit: but this was certainly the most popular. It interested the feelings. The four

last lines, as well as the ten concluding ones of *The Traveller*, were given him by Dr. Johnson.

Two years after this he hazarded another attempt to make the public laugh, and this time succeeded. His comedy *She Stoops to Conquer* is full of absurdities, and the humour of it hardly rises above farce. His friends had great apprehensions for its fate. Mr. Cumberland, in his *Memoirs*, gives a very entertaining account of the manœuvres practised by his friends, by posting people in different parts of the house to laugh and clap at the appointed places, in order to secure its success. The author himself came into the house when they were beginning a hiss at some passage. "What noise is that?" said he, in much alarm. "Oh doctor," said Colman, "do not be afraid of squibs, when we have been sitting these two hours upon a barrel of gunpowder." He did not forgive this sally.

The last work Goldsmith was employed in was his *History of the Earth and animated Nature*. He was but little of a naturalist, but he was a fine writer; and with the help of Buffon and other authors he produced a work popular and pleasing in a high degree, though charged with errors by more scientific writers.

The literary fame of Goldsmith was now established, and the profits of his labours were such as ought to have made his circumstances perfectly easy: but he was a man of no regularity or worldly prudence, and, besides a propensity to show and expense, he had contracted an unfortunate habit of gaming, which involved him in pecuniary distress: his constitution too began to

give way, and he fell into a state of dejection, in which he expressed almost a weariness of life. In this state he was seized with a fever, which, assisted by a large dose of medicine which he took contrary to the advice of his physician, carried him off in March, 1774, at the early age of five-and-forty. A monument was erected for him in Westminster Abbey, with an elegant epitaph by his steady friend Dr. Johnson.

Goldsmith was awkward and uncouth in his person and manners. He did not shine in company, and seems to have had more than the common propensity to blundering and confusion of ideas which is generally attributed to his countrymen. He had no powers of conversation, and seems to have been in some measure the butt of the wits with whom he associated. This consciousness of inferiority, which is never perhaps felt so much as in what regards personal intercourse, probably occasioned the feeling of envy to which it is acknowledged he was unfortunately subject. He was generous; and a great part of his expenses, as well as the most laudable, consisted in benefactions to poor authors and other objects of his beneficence. He had known distress, and was never tardy in relieving it. In other respects he was a man rather of fine feelings than of pure morals. Unfortunately they do not always go together.

The last piece that came from his pen was a little poem, entitled *Retaliation*, which was written by way of retort to the raillery of his friends at the literary club, who had been amusing themselves with writing humorous epitaphs upon him.

The characters which, in the form of epitaphs, he has given in return, are drawn with spirit, and upon the whole cannot be called severe; but sport of this kind always carries a sting in it. In the character of Garrick, the inordinate appetite for praise of that accomplished actor was too truly touched not to irritate the jealousy of his self-love, and he retaliated by an epigrammatic fable of much more severity.

Of all the walks in which Goldsmith exercised his genius, that of poetry is the one in which it shone the brightest. Of his compositions in this line the bulk is small; but for beautiful description, touching sentiment, and a harmony of versification that operates like a charm upon any one who has an ear for poetry, they are scarcely exceeded by any in the language. His *Vicar of Wakefield* is the only Novel he ever wrote, and it is one of the most pleasing we have. It is in this work that the author's talent for humour most successfully displays itself. Many of the incidents are irresistibly comic. Such are the gravity and self-importance of Moses, when he produces his bargain of spectacles with silver rims; the expedition to church upon Blackberry and Dobbin; the family picture, which was too large to enter the doors; the slyness of the Vicar in overturning the cosmetic, while he pretended to stir the fire; and the schemes and plottings of good notable Mrs. Primrose with her gooseberry wine. We are at once touched and diverted with the harmless vanities of the whole group, joined with innocence and benevolence. The character of the Vicar somewhat resembles Par-

son Adams, and perhaps still more the author's own village pastor, "a man to all the country dear." He is distinguished from the former by an admirable vein of dry humour, and resembles him in the honest simplicity of a man without guile: to this is joined a touch of professional vanity. In the serious parts of the story his behaviour is highly dignified; and it is hoped there are few who can read his discourse in the prison, when the good man is stripped of his all and overwhelmed with calamities, without feeling those emotions at once salutary and gratifying, which goodness and piety bearing up against misfortune are calculated to inspire. The benevolence and piety of Adams have always something ludicrous in them: the Vicar of Wakefield is a higher character. His kind feelings towards his family, the affecting tenderness with which he receives again his repentant daughter, his hospitality and flowing benevolence, with his behaviour in every scene of distress, make him a pleasing and venerable character, and are evidently painted by a man who, whatever were his faults, strongly felt the enthusiasm of virtue and piety.

The plot of this piece is full of improbabilities and absurdities. All that relates to the two kept-mistresses is coarse and low; the character of Burchell, alias Sir William, is too romantic for a representation of real life, and even in his love there is a great want of delicacy, or he would not have insulted his mistress with pretending to make a match between her and the fellow Jenkinson:—but whatever be its faults, we easily

forgive the author, who has made us laugh and has made us cry. In the adventures of the eldest son the author has related some of the virtues of his own life. It must not be forgotten that this novel is enriched with two specimens of the author's poetical powers. The "When lovely woman stoops to folly," is wonderfully pathetic. It is sweet as music, and polished like a gem. *The Hermit* is a most interesting tale, and has always been very popular. The idea of it is supposed to be taken from *Percy's Friar of Orders grey*; but Goldsmith asserts that if there was any resemblance, the *Friar* was taken from his *Hermit*, which he says he read to Percy, and that Percy the next time he saw him told him he had made use of his plan to put together the fragments of Shakespear. It is worthy of remark that this novel has been imitated by La Fontaine, a very pleasing and successful writer of the present age, under the title of *Tableaux de Famille*. La Fontaine, like Goldsmith, excels in pictures of domestic life and touches of naïveté; but he by no means surpasses Goldsmith in the humour, the irresistible humour of Goldsmith.

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THE
VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

CHAPTER I.

The description of the family of Wakefield, in which a kindred likeness prevails, as well of minds as of persons.

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man, who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more: she could read any English book without much spelling. But for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in house-keeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situate in a fine country, and a good neighbour-

hood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement; in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us, to taste our gooseberry-wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted, that as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table: so that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of a very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of; upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction to find he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated curtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry II.'s progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter; and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia: so that we had two romantic names.

in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country;—Aye, neighbour, she would answer, they are as Heaven made them: handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is, that handsome does.—And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first; but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features; at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please: Sophia even repress excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay; the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either; and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new

set of ribands has given her youngest sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all; and, properly speaking, they had but one character—that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

CHAPTER II.

Family misfortunes.—The loss of fortune only serves to increase the pride of the worthy.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to about thirty-five pounds a-year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony: so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield—a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and alehouses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite to-

pics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained, with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second; or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy *few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they had not, like me, made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience, till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes: It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune: but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence,

were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such a happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match ; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience, that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period ; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a-hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study : they usually read a page, and then-gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead ; for, as she always insisted upon carving every thing herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us upon these occasions the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed ; and sometimes, with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country-dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards ; as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together ; I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw a deuce-ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till

at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object—the completing a tract, which I intended shortly to publish, in defence of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this as a master-piece both for argument and style, I could not in the pride of my heart avoid showing it my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation: but not till too late, I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion; and with good reason, for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute, attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides: he asserted that I was heterodox; I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the meantime, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. How, cried I, relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be an husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity! You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument.—Your fortune, returned my friend, I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to

shock you or the family with the account, till after the wedding ; but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument ; for I suppose your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secure.—Well, returned I, if what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment, and inform the company of my circumstances ; and as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favour, nor will I allow him now to be a husband, in any sense of the expression.

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families, when I divulged the news of our misfortune ; but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined : one virtue he had in perfection, which was, prudence—too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

CHAPTER III.

A migration.—The fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own procuring.

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature ; but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been

trifling ; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled, without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction ; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them ; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a-year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune ; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds, we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances ; for I well knew, that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. You cannot be ignorant, my children, cried I, that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune ; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendours with which numbers are wretched, and seek, in humbler circumstances, that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help ; why then should not we learn to live without theirs ? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility : we have still enough left for happiness, if we are wise ; and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities

might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. You are going, my boy, cried I, to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good Bishop Jewel,—this staff; and take his book too; it will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million—*I have been young, and now am old: yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.* Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy: whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a-year: still keep a good heart; and farewell.—As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part, whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which happened a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles, to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future re-

treat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company; with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill the next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed, that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round, but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue.—While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. Want money! replied the host, that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing. The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or other, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, showing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were

laced. His person was well formed, and his face marked with lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern for the stranger, at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. I take it with all my heart, sir, replied he, and am glad that a late oversight, in giving what money I had about me, has shewn me, that there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible. In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortune, but the place to which I was going to remove. This, cried he, happens still more lucky than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which, I hope by to-morrow, will be found passable. I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire, and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together; my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked along the foot-path by the road side, observing with a smile, that as we were ill-mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philoso-

phical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprised me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. That, cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependant on the will of his uncle Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman, who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town.—What! cried I, is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities, are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous, yet whimsical, men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence.—Something perhaps too much so, replied Mr. Burchell: at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they all were upon the side of virtue, they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and scholar; was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who showed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible, that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their per-

sons, this gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured he found numbers disposed to solicit: his profusions began to impair his fortune, but not his good nature; that, indeed, was seen to increase as the other seemed to decay: he grew improvident as he grew poor; and though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made him, instead of *money* he gave *promises*.—They were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew round him crowds of dependants whom he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But in proportion as he became contemptible to others, he became despicable to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adulation; and that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learned to reverence. The world now began to wear a different aspect: the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple approbation. Approbation soon took the more friendly form of advice; and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches. He now, therefore, found that such friends as benefits had gathered round him, were little estimable: he now found that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I now found, that—that—I forgot what I was going to observe: in short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his falling fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsi-

cal manner, he travelled through Europe on foot ; and now, though he has scarce attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more affluent than ever. At present his bounties are more rational and moderate than before ; but still he preserves the character of an humourist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues.

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarce looked forward as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family ; when turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice ; nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue : she must have certainly perished, had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over ; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to hers. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described : she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave ; and we pursued our journey, my wife observing, as we went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner fix

upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain ; but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

CHAPTER IV.

A proof that even the humblest fortune may grant happiness, which depends not on circumstances, but constitution.

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluities. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primæval simplicity of manners ; and, frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour ; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love-knots on Valentine-morning, eat pancakes on Shrove-tide, shewed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas-eve. Being apprized of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their fine clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor : a feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down ; and what the conversation wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood

behind, and prattling river before ; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pounds for my predecessor's goodwill. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures, the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness : the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for a parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments—one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner : By sun-rise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant ; after we had saluted each other with proper ceremony—for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship—we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner ;

which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labour after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry-wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; for while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have an halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery: they still loved laces, ribands, bugles and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behaviour served to mortify me: I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to

assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour, their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their tails bundled up into an heap behind, and rustling in every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, in an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. Surely, my daughter, you jest, cried my wife, we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now. No mistake, child, returned I: we do want a coach for if we walk to church in this trim, the children of the parish will hoot after us. And so replied my wife, I always imagined that my Father was fond of seeing his children neat and handsomely about him.—You may be as neat as you please, interrupted I, and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. Tailor's ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbours. No, my children, continued I, more gravely, their gowns may be altered into something of a plain cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, we want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of our vain.

This remonstrance had the proper effect: they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their

request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones: and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

CHAPTER V. .

A new and great acquaintance introduced. What we place most hopes upon generally proves most fatal.

AT a small distance from the house, my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by an hedge of hawthorn and honey-suckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here too, we drank tea, which now was become an occasional banquet; and, as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of hustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read for us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue bells and centuary; talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life may bring its own peculiar pleasures; every morning waked us to a repetition of toil; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from

labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting; and, by its panting, it seemed pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity or surprise, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, passed us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman, of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chace, stopt short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learnt the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was the owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family; and such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintance, I winked upon my daughters, in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted

by one from their mother ; so that with a cheerful air they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently : however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a curtsy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding : an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond mother too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him : my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern ; while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at : my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarce keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket-holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave ; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit ; for she had known even stranger things than that brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them ; and concluded, she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last

argument was directed to me, I protested I see no reason for it neither: nor why Mr. Si got the ten thousand pounds prize in the l and we sat down with a blank.—I protest, C cried my wife, this is the way you always my girls and me, when we are in spirits. me, Sophy, my dear, what do you think a new visitor? Don't you think he seemed good-natured?—Immensely so, indeed, mamma plied she: I think he has a great deal to say every thing, and is never at a loss; and the trifling the subject the more he has to say.—cried Olivia, he is well enough for a man; b my part, I don't much like him, he is so ext impudent and familiar; but on the guitar shocking. These two last speeches I inter by contraries. I found by this, that Sophia nally despised, as much as Olivia secretly ad him. Whatever may be your opinions of his children, cried I, to confess a truth, he ha prepossessed me in his favour. Dispropor friendships ever terminate in disgust; and I the notwithstanding all his ease, that he seemed fectly sensible of the distance between us. I keep to companions of our own rank. There character more contemptible than a man that is tune-hunter; and I can see no reason why fo hunting women should not be contemptible. Thus, at best, we shall be contemptible if his are honourable: but if they be otherwise! I s shudder but to think of that! It is true, I ha apprehensions from the conduct of my chi but I think there are some from his charact would have proceeded, but for the interrupt a servant from the squire, who, with his cements, sent us a side of venison, and a prom dine with us some days after. This well-

present pleaded more powerfully in his favour, than any thing I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the centinel.

CHAPTER VI.

The happiness of a country fire-side.

As we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed, that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. I am sorry, cried I, that we have no neighbour or stranger to take part in his good cheer: feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality.—Bless me! cried my wife, here comes our good friend Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that run you down fairly in the argument.—Confute me in argument, child! cried I: you mistake there, my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that: I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pye, and I beg you'll leave argument to me. As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while young Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship, for two reasons; because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor gentleman that would do

no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good sense ; but in general he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories ; and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them—a piece of gingerbread, or an halfpenny whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a-year, and lived upon the neighbours' hospitality. He sat down to supper among us ; and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry-wine. The tale went round ; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the History of Patient Grissel, the Adventures of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's Bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose ; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger : all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next alehouse.—In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him. And I, cried Bill, will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs.—Well done, my good children ! cried I : hospitality is one of the first Christian duties. The beast retires to his shelter, and the bird flies to its nest ; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-creature. The greatest stranger in this world was He that came to save it : he never had an house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us.—Deborah, my dear, cried I to my wife, give those boys a lump of sugar each ; and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first.

In the morning early I called out my whole

family to help at saving an after-growth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly; we turned the swarth to the wind: I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in hers, and enter into a close conversation: but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited, as on the night before; but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest.—What a strong instance, said I, is that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance! He by no means wants sense; which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature! where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire and command? Gone, perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance! They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander: their former raptures at his wit are now converted into sarcasms at his folly: he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful. Prompted perhaps by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved.—Whatsoever his former conduct may be, papa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for

former folly; and I have heard my papa himself say, that we should never strike one unnecessary blow at a victim over whom Providence holds the scourge of its resentment.—You are right, Sophia, cried my son Moses; and one of the ancients finely represents so malicious a conduct, by the attempts of a rustic to flay Marsyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been wholly stripped off by another. Besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father would represent it. We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartment sufficiently light-some. And to confess the truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his station; for I never heard any one more sprightly than he was to-day, when he conversed with you. This was said without the least design: however, it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh; assuring him, that she scarce took any notice of what he said to her; but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I repressed my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison pasty: Moses sat reading while I taught the little ones: my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me in a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew, that instead of mending the complexion,

they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

CHAPTER VII.

A town wit described. The dullest fellows may learn to be comical for a night or two.

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may also be conjectured, that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage upon this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse : but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all ; for which, by the bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception : but accident, in some measure, relieved our embarrassment ; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath, that he never knew any thing more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty : For strike me ugly, continued he, if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock at St. Dunstan's. At this he laughed,

and so did we : the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia too could not avoid whispering loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, The church : for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the church was the only mistress of his affections. Come, tell us honestly, Frank, said the squire, with his usual archness, suppose the church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her, on the other, which would you be for ?—For both, to be sure, cried the chaplain.—Right, Frank, cried the squire ; for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation : for what are tythes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture, and I can prove it.—I wish you would, cried my son Moses ; and I think, continued he, that I should be able to answer you.—Very well, sir, cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company, to prepare us for the sport ; if you are for a cool argument upon that subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And, first, whether are you for managing it analogically, or dialogically ?—I am for managing it rationally, cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute.—Good again, cried the squire ; and, firstly, of the first, I hope you'll not deny that whatever is, is : if you don't grant me that, I can go no farther. —Why, returned Moses, I think I may grant that, and make the best of it.—I hope too, returned the other, you will grant that a part is less than the whole.—I grant that too, cried Moses : it is but just and reasonable.—I hope, cried the squire, you will not deny, that the two angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones.—Nothing can be plainer,

returned t'other; and looked round him with his usual importance.—Very well, cried the squire, speaking very quick; the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable.—Hold, hold, cried the other, I deny that. Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?—What, replied the squire, as if in a passion, not submit! Answer me one plain question: Do you think Aristotle right, when he says that relatives are related?—Undoubtedly, replied the other.—If so, then, cried the squire, answer me directly to what I propose; Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymen deficient secundem quoad, or quoad minus? and give me your reasons, I say, directly.—I protest, cried Moses, I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one single proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer.—O, sir, cried the squire, I am your most humble servant: I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, sir: there, I protest, you are too hard for me. This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a groupe of merry faces: nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him therefore a very fine gentleman; and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune, are in that

character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who by education was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own. And now, my dear, cried she to me, I'll fairly own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?—Aye, who knows that indeed! answered I, with a groan: for my part, I don't much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for, depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no free-thinker shall ever have a child of mine.

Sure, father, cried Moses, you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion, may be involuntary with this gentleman: so that allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be

blamed for his errors, than the governor of a city without walls, for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy.

True, my son, cried I; but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable; and such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see; but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet, as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly.

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument: she observed, that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were free-thinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses: And who knows, my dear, continued she, what Olivia may be able to do? The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and to my knowledge is very well skilled in controversy.

Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read? cried I. It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands: you certainly overrate her merit.—Indeed, papa, replied Olivia, she does not: I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in religious courtship.—Very well, cried I, that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pye.

CHAPTER VIII.

An amour, which promises little good fortune, yet may be productive of much.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and fire-side. It is true, his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigour, and either in the meadow, or at the hay-rick, put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter: he would in a jesting manner call her his little mistress, and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribands, her's was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field; and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell gave cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar red-breast came and picked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. I never sit thus, says Sophia, but I think of the two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each other's arms. There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it an

hundred times with new rapture.—In my opinion, cried my son, the finest strokes in that description are much below those in the *Acis and Galatea* of Ovid. The Roman poet understands the use of *contrast* better, and upon that figure, artfully managed, all strength in the pathetic depends.—It is remarkable, cried Mr. Burchell, that both the poets you mention have equally contributed to introduce a false taste into their respective countries, by loading all their lines with epithet. Men of little genius found them most easily imitated in their defects, and English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion; a string of epithets that improve the sound without carrying on the sense. But, perhaps, madam, while I thus reprehend others, you'll think it just that I should give them an opportunity to retaliate; and, indeed, I have made this remark only to have an opportunity of introducing to the company a ballad, which, whatever be its other defects, is, I think, at least free from those I have mentioned.

A BALLAD.

TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale,
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds immeasurably spread
Seem lengthening as I go.

Forbear, my son, the hermit cries
To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Here to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still ;
And tho' my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn ;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong ;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care ;
The wicket opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest and smil'd ;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress'd:
And whence, unhappy youth, he cry'd,
The sorrows of thy breast?

From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex! he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms,
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms!

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn, she cried ;
Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heav'n and you reside :

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine :
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came ;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt or feign'd a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove :
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble, simplest habit clad,
Nor wealth nor power had he :
Wisdom and worth were all he had ;
But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of Heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine,
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine !

For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain :
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he died !

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault ;
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die ;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.

Forbid it, Heav'n, the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast.
The wondering fair one, turn'd to chide :
'Twas Edwin's self that prest :

Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Return'd to love and thee !

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign ;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine !

No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to have an air of tenderness with her approbation. But her tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us ; and immediately after, a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the vicar's chaplain, who had shot one of the black-birds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters ; and I could perceive, that Sophia in the fright had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by

my youngest daughter, and, sportsmen-like, told her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and at his present, though with some reluctance. Her wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a while, observing that Sophia had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the squire. She suspected, however, with more probability that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music, and refreshment, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moon-light, on the grass-plot before the door. Nor can I deny, continued he, but I have an interest in being first to deliver this message, as I expect for my reward to be honoured with Sophia's hand as a partner. To this my girl replied that she should have no objection, if she could do so with honour: but here, continued she, is a gentleman, looking at Mr. Burchell, who has been my companion in the task for the day, and it is but just he should share in its amusements. Mr. Burchell turned her a compliment for her intentions, and resigned her up to the chaplain, adding, that it was to go that night five miles, being invited to a harvest-supper. His refusal appeared to me extraordinary; nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest could thus prefer a broken fortune to one whose expectations were greater. But as men are most capable of mistaking merit in women, so the ladies often make the truest judgments of us. The two sexes are placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual information.

CHAPTER IX.

Two ladies of great distinction introduced.—Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding.

MR. Burchell had scarce taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us, that the squire was come with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord with a couple of under-gentlemen and two young ladies richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was therefore dispatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want of ladies to make up a set at country dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamborough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots. But an unlucky circumstance was not adverted to: though the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the roundabout to perfection, yet they were totally unacquainted with country-dances. This at first discomposed us: however, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright; Mr. Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours hear-

ing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked; but all would not do: the gazers indeed owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough observed that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that by the *living jingo*, *she was all of a muck of sweat*. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him.—The conversation at this time was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade; for they would talk of nothing but high-life, and high-lived company; with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true, they once or twice mortified us sensibly by slipping out an oath; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction (though I am since informed that swearing is perfectly unfashionable.) The finery, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy; and whatever appeared amiss was ascribed to tip-top quality breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had Miss

Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both : adding, that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune ; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. And what pleasures, cried Mr. Thornhill, do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow ? As for my part, continued he, my fortune is pretty large : love, liberty, and pleasure, are my maxims : but curse me if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be hers ; and the only favour I would ask in return, would be to add myself to the benefit. I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal ; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment. Sir, cried I, the family which you now condescend to favour with your company, has been bred with as nice a sense of honour as you. Any attempts to injure that, may be attended with very dangerous consequences. Honour, sir, is our only possession at present, and of that last treasure we must be particularly careful. I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions. As to your present hint, continued he, I protest nothing was further from my heart than such a thought. No by all that's tempting, the virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to

my taste ; for all my amours are carried by a coup de main.

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue : in this my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined ; and the squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked on the pleasures of temperance, and of the sun-shine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well pleased, that my little ones were kept beyond the usual time, to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal ; and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at length the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters, for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her entreaties : the girls too looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed : so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal ; for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

CHAPTER X.

The family endeavour to cope with their betters.

The miseries of the poor when they attempt to appear above their circumstances.

I NOW began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters, awaked that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed.—Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed that rising too early would hurt her daughter's eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead, therefore, of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high-life and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sybil no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a-piece, to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though, for the honour of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money,

themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets ; but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. Well, my girls, how have you sped ? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a penny-worth ?—I protest, papa, says the girl, I believe she deals with somebody that's not right ; for she positively declared, that I am to be married to a squire in less than a twelvemonth !—Well, now, Sophy, my child, said I, and what sort of a husband are you to have ?—Sir, replied she, I am to have a lord soon after my sister has married the squire.—How, cried I, is that all you are to have for your two shillings ? Only a lord and a squire for two shillings ! You fools, I could have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the money.

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects : we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite ; in the latter, Nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising ; and as the whole parish asserted, that the squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him ; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morn-

ing with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the sign of an approaching wedding: at another time she imagined her daughter's pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign they would shortly be stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle; purses bounced from the fire, and true-love-knots lurked in the bottom of every teacup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus: I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow.—Perhaps we may, my dear, returned I: though you need be under no uneasiness about that; you shall have a sermon whether there be or not.—That is what I expect, returned she: but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?—Your precautions, replied I, are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance at church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene. Yes, cried she, I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible, not alto-

gether like the scrubs about us.—You are quite right my dear, returned I; and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins.—Phoo! Charles, interrupted she, all this is very true; but not what I would be at. I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off; and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock-race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: there are our two plough horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should they not do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure.

To this proposal I objected, that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein; but had an hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without

uneasiness at finding them absent. This was
 sed when all was finished, and no appearance
 family. I therefore walked back by the
 way, which was five miles round, though the
 ay was but two; and when got about half-
 ome, perceived the procession marching
 forward towards the church; my son, my
 nd the two little ones exalted upon one horse,
 two daughters upon the other. I demanded
 use of their delay; but I soon found by their
 hey had met with a thousand misfortunes on
 id. The horses had at first refused to move
 he door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough
 t them forward for about two hundred yards
 is cudgel. Next, the straps of my wife's
 broke down, and they were obliged to stop
 air them before they could proceed. After
 one of the horses took it into his head to
 still, and neither blows nor entreaties could
 l with him to proceed. It was just re-
 g from this dismal situation that I found
 but perceiving every thing safe, I own their
 t mortification did not much displease me,
 would give me many opportunities of future
 sh, and teach my daughters more humility.

CHAPTER XI.

family still resolve to hold up their heads.

AELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we
 invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neigh-
 Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had
 ed us a little, or it is probable we might have
 ed such an invitation with contempt: how-
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ever, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine; and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind-man's-buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion; and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot-cockles succeeded next; questions and commands followed that; and last of all, they sat down to hunt-the-slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primæval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company in this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business is to catch a shoe, which the company shoye about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer; when, confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and

Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe, this new mortification. Death! to be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, We were thrown from our horses. At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad; but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters: their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

All that I know of the matter, cried Miss Skeggs,

is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true: but this I can assure your ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his lordship turned all manner of colours; my lady fell into a swoon; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was her's to the last drop of his blood.

Well, replied our peeress, this I can say, that the duchess never told me a syllable of the matter; and I believe her grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend on as fact, that the next morning my lord duke cried out three times to his valet de chambre, Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan! bring me my garters.

But, previously, I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell; who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *Fudge!* an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

Besides, my dear Skeggs, continued our peeress, there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion.—*Fudge!*

I am surprised at that, cried Miss Skeggs; for he seldom leaves any thing out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your ladyship favour me with a sight of them?—*Fudge!*

My dear creature, replied our peeress, do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear countess at Hanover-square, there's

nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them.—*Fudge!*

Your ladyship should except, says t'other, your own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?—*Fudge!*

Why, my dear, says the lady, you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach; and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find; and to be sure thirty pounds a-year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one.—*Fudge!*

That I know, cried Miss Skeggs, by experience; for of the three companions I had this last half year, one of them refused to do plain-work an hour in the day; another thought twenty-five guineas a-year too small a salary; and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?—*Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a-year, made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money; all which was in a manner going a-begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the squire had any real affection for my

eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. I hope, cried she, your ladyship will pardon my present presumption. It is true we have no right to pretend to such favours, but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say, my two girls have had a pretty good education, and capacity; at least the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain-work; they can pink, point, and frill; and know something of music; they can do up small clothes, and work upon catgut: my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards.—*Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments; but a thing of this kind, madam, cried she, addressing my spouse, requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam, continued she, that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion: but there is a form in these things, madam; there is a form.—*Fudge!*

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing, that she was very apt to be suspicious her-

self; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character: but this our peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

CHAPTER XII.

Fortune seems resolved to humble the family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

WHEN we returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed, my wife kept up the usual theme: Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it.—Pretty well, cried I, not knowing what to say.—What, only pretty well! returned she: I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day: and as ladies of quality are so often taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly; so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart.

But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there? —Aye, returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter: Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months! This was one of those observations I made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if any thing unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us an horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. No, my dear, said she, our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage: you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair, trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cock-

ing his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, Good luck! good luck! till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. Aye, cried my wife, I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, "one may go to sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand into her pocket, and gave the messenger seven-pence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or

even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weazle-skin purse, as being the most lucky : but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing ; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice : although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When we read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. I never doubted, sir, cried she, your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves.—Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam, replied he, is not the present question ; though as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will. As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost night-fall. Never mind our son, cried my wife : depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without an horse, and the box at his back.

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. Welcome ! welcome, Moses ! Well, my boy, what have you

brought us from the fair?—I have brought you myself, cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.—Aye, Moses, cried my wife, that we know; but where is the horse?—I have sold him, cried Moses, for three pounds five shillings and two-pence.—Well done, my good boy, returned she, I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two-pence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then.—I have brought back no money, cried Moses again. I have laid it all out in a bargain; and here it is, pulling out a bundle from his breast: here they are: a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases.—A gross of green spectacles! repeated my wife in a faint voice.—And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!—Dear mother, cried the boy, why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money.—A fig for the silver rims, cried my wife in a passion: I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.—You need be under no uneasiness, cried I, about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over.—What, cried my wife, not silver! the rims not silver?—No, cried I, no more silver than your saucepan.—And so, returned she, we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!—There, my dear, cried I, you are wrong; he should not have known them at all.—Marry, hang the idiot! returned she,

to bring me such stuff: if I had them, I would throw them in the fire.—There again you are wrong, my dear, cried I; for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstance of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. Here, continued Moses, we met another man very well drest, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flam-borough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Burchell is found to be an enemy; for he has the confidence to give disagreeable advice.

OUR family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense, in proportion as they were frus-

trated in ambition. You see, my children, cried I, how little is to be got by attempts to impose on the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side; the rich having the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniences that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable you were reading to-day, for the good of the company.

Once upon a time, cried the child, a giant and a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they never would forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight; but the giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but for all that, struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye; but the giant was soon up with them, and, had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one.—They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved, fell in love with the giant, and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The giant, for the first time, was foremost now: but the dwarf was

not far behind. The battle was stout and long.—Wherever the giant came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion, My little hero this is glorious sport: let us get one victory more and then we shall have honour for ever.—No, cried the dwarf, who, by this time, was grown wiser; no I declare off; I'll fight no more: for I find in every battle, that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me.

I was going to moralize upon this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters' intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their secret reasons for what they advised; but for her part she wished such to stay away from her house for the future. Madam, cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, as for secret reasons, you are right; I have secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret: but I find my visits here are become

troublesome; I'll take my leave, therefore, now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country. Thus saying, he took up his hat; nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove: How, woman, cried I to her, is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the harshest words, and to me the most displeasing, that ever escaped your lips!—Why would he provoke me, then? replied she: but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here at home. But, whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-lived fellows as he.—Low-lived, my dear, do you call him? cried I: it is very possible we may mistake this man's character; for he seems, upon some occasions the most finished gentleman I ever knew.—Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?—His conversation with me, sir, replied my daughter, has ever been sensible, modest, and pleasing. As to aught else; no, never. Once, indeed, I remember to have heard him say, he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor.—Such, my dear, cried I, is the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you have been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be even madness to expect happiness from one who has been so very bad an economist of his own.

Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice.

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occasion, I cannot pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom, that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little: but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward; and those faults it has not strength to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fresh mortifications, or a demonstration that seeming calamities may be real blessings.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon; Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensibly necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expense. We debated, therefore, in full council, what were the easiest methods of raising money; or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished: it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye: it was there-

fore determined that we should dispose of him for the purpose above-mentioned, at the neighbouring fair; and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself.—Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps; and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces; but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing he had a spavin; declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer: for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right; and St. Gregory, upon good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also

business at the fair, came up, and, shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an ale-house, we were shown into a little back room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation: my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.—Make no apologies, my child, said the old man: to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures: take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome. The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarce equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time; and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist,

who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. Sir, cried I, the applause of so good a man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say, successfully, fought against the deuterogamy of the age.—Sir, cried the stranger, struck with awe, I fear I have been too familiar; but you'll forgive my curiosity, sir—I beg pardon.—Sir, cried I, grasping his hand, you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you'll accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem.—Then with gratitude I accept the offer, cried he, squeezing me by the hand, thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy; and do I behold—I here interrupted what he was going to say: for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects; at first, I thought him rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion of myself. I therefore took occasion to observe that the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculation too much. Aye, sir, replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment: Aye, sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers,

of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words : *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, which imply that all things have neither beginning or end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser, Asser being a Syriac word, usually applied as a surname to the king of that country, as Teglat Phael Asser, Nabon-Asser; he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for as we usually say *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate—But, sir, I ask pardon; I am straying from the question. That he actually was; nor could I for my life see how the creation of the world had any thing to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now revered him the more. I was resolved, therefore, to bring him to the touchstone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us to the fair: mine, I told him, was to sell a horse; and very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty-pound note, and bade me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. Here, Abraham, cried he, go and

get gold for this: you'll do it at neighbour Jackson's, or any where. While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flambo-rough in my part of the country: upon replying that he was my next door neighbour. If that be the case then, returned he, I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him payable at sight; and let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together; I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg farther than I. A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability: the draft was signed and put into my hands; and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late: I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his own door; and informing him that I

had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. You can read the name, I suppose, cried I; Ephraim Jenkinson.—Yes, returned he, the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too—the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, and cosmogony, and the world? To this I replied with a groan. Aye, continued he, he has but one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it wherever he finds a scholar in company: but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet.

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them, that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies, having heard reports of us from some malicious person about us, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency, nor the author of these; but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most, was to think who could be so base as to

aspersion the character of a family so harmless as ours — too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

CHAPTER XV.

All Mr. Burchell's villany at once detected. The folly of being over wise.

THAT evening, and part of the following day, was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies: scarce a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinions best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen; and upon examination contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention, was a sealed note, superscribed, The copy of a letter to be sent to the ladies at Thornhill Castle. It instantly occurred that he was the base informer; and we deliberated whether the note should not be broke open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family; and, at their joint solicitation, I read as follows:

“LADIES,

“The bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes: one at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its

being seduced. I am informed for a truth, you have some intention of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge under the character of companions. As I was neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor vice contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity; nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly, if it not aim at guilt. Take therefore the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided."

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed indeed something applicable to both sides in the letter; and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us; but its malicious meaning was obvious, and we went farther. My wife had scarce patience to hear it to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had ever met with. Nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaching my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us, that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury,

the pleasure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude, yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles, to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness, to amuse him a little; and then, in the midst of the flattering calm, to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach: he entered, drew a chair, and sat down. A fine day, Mr. Burchell.—A very fine day, doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain, by the shooting of my corns.—The shooting of your horns, cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke. Dear madam, replied he, I pardon you with all my heart: for I protest I should not have thought it a joke had you not told me.—Perhaps not, sir, cried my wife, winking at us; and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce.—I fancy, madam, returned Burchell, you have been reading a jest-book this morning, that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit: and yet, madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding.—I believe you might, cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her; and yet I have seen some men pretend to understanding, that have very little.—And no doubt, replied her antagonist, you have known ladies set up for wits that had none.—I quickly began to find that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. Both wit and understanding, cried I, are trifles without in-

tegrity : it is that which gives value to every character: the ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many ; for what is genius or courage without an heart ?

“ An honest man's the noblest work of God.”

I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope, returned Mr. Burchell, as very unworthy a man of genius, and a base desertion of his own superiority. As the reputation of books is raised, not by their freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beauties ; so should that of men be prized, not from their exemption from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar may want prudence, the statesman may have pride, and the champion ferocity ; but shall we prefer to these the low mechanic, who laboriously plods on through life without censure or applause ? We might as well prefer the tame correct paintings of the Flemish school, to the erroneous, but sublime animations of the Roman pencil.

Sir, replied I, your present observation is just, when there are shining virtues and minute defects ; but when it appears that great vices are opposed in the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such a character deserves contempt.

Perhaps, cried he, there may be some such monsters as you describe, of great vices joined to great virtues ; yet in my progress through life, I never yet found one instance of their existence : on the contrary, I have ever perceived, that where the mind was capacious, the affections were good. And indeed Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular, thus to debilitate the understanding where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend even to other animals : the little

vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly ; whilst those endowed with strength and power, are generous, brave, and gentle.

These observations sound well, returned I ; and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man, and I fixed my eye stedfastly upon him, whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast. Aye, sir, continued I, raising my voice, and I am glad to have this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, sir—this pocket-book ?—Yes, sir, returned he with a face of impenetrable assurance : that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it.—And do you know, cried I, this letter ? Nay, never fault, man ; but look me full in the face : I say, do you know this letter ?—That letter ? returned he : yes ; it was I that wrote that letter.—And how could you, said I, so basely, so ungratefully, presume to write this letter ?—And how came you, replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery so basely to presume to break open this letter ? Don't you know, now, I could hang you all for this ? All that I have to do, is to swear at the next justice's, that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket-book, and so hang you all up at this door. This piece of unexpected insolence raised me to such a pitch that I could scarce govern my passion. Ungrateful wretch ! be gone, and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness. Be gone ! and never let me see thee again : go from my door, and the only punishment I wish thee is an alarmed conscience, which will be a sufficient tormentor ! So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the clasps with the utmost composure, left us quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly

encouraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him seem ashamed of his villanies. My dear, cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised too high among us, we are not to be surprised that bad men want shame: they only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices.

Guilt and Shame (says the allegory) were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both: Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but Shame being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which in the beginning of their journey they had left behind.—Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in vice, Shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining.

CHAPTER XVI.

The family use art, which is opposed by still greater.

WHATEVER might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family were easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence, by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the

town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning; and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet; or, sometimes in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it: but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering: it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which every body saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but very little short of it: and his slowness was sometimes attributed to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of

offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt, that he designed to become one of our family: my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a-head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us; and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner (for what could I do?), our next deliberation was to shew the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges—a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus; and the painter was requested not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side; while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon sitting upon a bank of flowers, drest in a

green Joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather.

Our taste so much pleased the squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family; nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work; and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned, he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large, that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point, is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to escape envy.

Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expense; and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports were always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once again, therefore, entered into consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as the principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of an husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which, though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme into execution; but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could overhear the whole conversation: my wife artfully introduced it by observing, that one of the Miss Flamborough's was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes, were always sure of getting good husbands: But Heaven help, continued she, the girls that have none! What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? or what signifies all the virtues and all the qualifica-

tions in the world, in this age of self-interest? It is not, What is she? but, What has she? is all the cry.

Madam, returned he, I highly approve the justice as well as the novelty of your remarks; and if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It should then, indeed, be fine times with the girls without fortunes; our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide.

Ah! sir, returned my wife, you are pleased to be facetious; but I wish I were a queen, and then I know where my eldest daughter should look for an husband. But now that you have put it into my head, seriously, Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend me a proper husband for her: she is now nineteen years old, well grown, and well educated; and in my humble opinion does not want for parts.

Madam, replied he, if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity: such, madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband.—Aye, sir, said she, but do you know of any such person?—No, madam, returned he: it is impossible to know any person that deserves to be her husband: she's too great a treasure for one man's possession: she's a goddess. Upon my soul, I speak what I think: she is an angel.—Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl; but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants, whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager: you know whom I mean, Farmer Williams; a warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good bread, and who has several times made her proposals (which was actually the case.) But, sir, concluded she, I should be glad to have your approbation of our choice.—How, madam! replied he, my approbation! My approbation of such a choice! Never.

What! sacrifice so much beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of the blessing! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice; and I have my reasons.—Indeed, sir, cried Deborah, if you have your reasons, that's another affair; but I should be glad to know those reasons.—Excuse me, madam, returned he, they lie too deep for discovery (laying his hand upon his bosom): they remain buried, riveted here.

After he was gone, upon a general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine: it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them; yet whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams, who, from my daughter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

CHAPTER XVII.

Scarce any virtue found to resist the power of long and pleasing temptation.

As I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two, he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger; but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquette to perfection, if that might be called

acting which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a pensive air took leave ; though I own it puzzled me to find him in so much pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gaiety. You now see, my child, said I, that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's passion was all a dream : he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you to himself by a candid declaration.—Yes, papa, returned she ; but he has his reasons for this delay : I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convinces me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you that my opinion of him has been more just than yours.—Olivia, my darling, returned I, every scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel him to a declaration, has been proposed and planned by yourself, nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation shall be granted : but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Williams shall be

rewarded for his fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life, demands this from me ; and my tenderness as a parent shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name, then, your day : let it be as distant as you think proper ; and in the mean time, take care to let Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you for ever. This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the other's insensibility ; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill's presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill's anxiety ; but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away ; but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week, he was still assiduous, but not more open. On the third, he discontinued his visits entirely ; and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution, in preferring happiness to ostentation.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past,

and laying schemes for the future ; busied in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost. Well, Moses, cried I, we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family : what is your opinion of matters and things in general ?—My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very well ; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to Farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cyder-press and brewing-tubs for nothing.—That we shall, Moses, cried I, and he will sing us *Death and the Lady*, to raise our spirits into the bargain.—He has taught that song to our Dick, cried Moses ; and I think he goes through it very prettily.—Does he so ? cried I, then let us have it : where is little Dick, let him up with it boldly.—My brother Dick, cried Bill (my youngest), is just gone out with sister Livy ; but Mr. Williams has taught me two songs, and I'll sing them for you, papa. Which song do you choose—*The Dying Swan*, or the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog* ?—The elegy, child, by all means, said I ; I never heard that yet—And Deborah, my life, grief, you know, is dry ; let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry wine, to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late, that without an enlivening glass, I am sure this will overcome me. And, Sophy, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song :
 And if you find it wond'rous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
 Of whom the world might say,
 That still a godly race he ran,
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friends and foes :
 The naked every day he clad,
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
 But when a pique began,
 The dog, to gain his private ends,
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighb'ring streets,
 The wond'ring neighbours ran ;
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man !

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
 To every Christian eye ;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That shew'd the rogues they lied :
 The man recover'd of the bite ;
 The dog it was that died.

A very good boy, Bill, upon my word ; and an elegy that may truly be called tragical ! Come my children, here's Bill's health, and may he one day be a bishop !

With all my heart, cried my wife ; and if he but preaches as well as he sings, I make no doubt of him. The most of his family by the mother's side could sing a good song. It was a common saying in our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could never look straight before them, nor the

Hugginsons blow out a candle; that there were none of the Grograms but could sing a song, or of the Marjorams but could tell a story.—However that be, cried I, the most vulgar ballad of all generally pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and things that petrify in a single stanza; productions that we at once detest and praise. Put the glass to your brother, Moses. The great fault of these elegiasts is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and so the silly poet runs home to versify the disaster. That may be the mode, cried Moses, in sublimer compositions; but the Ranelagh songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould: Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay; and then they go together to church, where they give good advice to young nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can.

And very good advice, too, cried I; and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there; for, as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife; and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting.

Yes, sir, returned Moses, and I know but of two such markets for wives in Europe—Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish market is open once a-year, but our English wives are saleable every night.

You are right, my boy, cried his mother: Old England is the only place in the world for husbands to get wives—And for wives to manage their husbands, interrupted I. It is a proverb abroad,

that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the continent would come over to take pattern from ours; for there are no such wives in Europe as our own. But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life—and Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to Heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fire-side, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old; but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us. While we live, they will be our support and our pleasure here; and when we die, they will transmit our honour untainted to posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song: let us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia? that little cherub's voice is always sweetest in the concert. Just as I spoke, Dick came running in—O papa! papa! she is gone from us, she is gone from us; my sister Livy is gone from us for ever!—Gone, child!—Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise; and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her; and she cried very much, and was for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, Oh! what will my poor papa do, when he knows I am undone?—Now, then, cried I, my children, go, and be miserable; for we never shall enjoy one hour more. And O may Heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and his! Thus to rob me of my child! And sure it will, for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to heaven. Such sincerity as my child was possessed of! But all our earthly happiness is now over! Go, my children, go and be miserable and infa-

mous ; for my heart is broken within me !—Father, cried my son, is this your fortitude ?—Fortitude, child ! Yes, he shall see I have fortitude ! Bring me my pistols ; I'll pursue the traitor. While he is on earth, I'll pursue him. Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet. The villain, the perfidious villain ! I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in her arms. My dearest, dearest husband, cried she, the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience ; for she has vilely deceived us.—Indeed, sir, resumed my son, after a pause, your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother's comforter, and you increase her pain. It ill suited you and your reverend character thus to curse your greatest enemy : you should not have cursed him, villain as he is.—I did not curse him, child ; did I ?—Indeed, sir, you did ; you cursed him twice.—Then may Heaven forgive me and him, if I did. And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies. Blest be his holy Name for all the good he hath given, and for all that he hath taken away. But it is not, it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My child, to undo my darling ! May confusion seize—Heaven forgive me : what am I about to say ?—You may remember, my love, how good she was, and how charming ; till this vile moment, all her care was to make us happy. Had she but died ! But she is gone ; the honour of our family is contaminated ; and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here.—But, my child, you saw them go off ; perhaps he forced her away. If he forced her,

she may yet be innocent.—Ah, no, sir, cried the child; he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast.—She's an ungrateful creature, cried my wife, who could scarce speak for weeping, to use us thus: she never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents, without any provocation—thus to bring your grey hairs to the grave, and I must shortly follow.

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint, and ill-supported sallies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. Never, cried she, shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No! let the strumpet live with her vile seducer: she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us.

Wife, said I, do not talk thus hardly: my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgression, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time, the very best may err: art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music of her voice; again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I

find but repentance there.—My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff: I will pursue her, wherever she is: and though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of her iniquity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The pursuit of a father to reclaim a lost child to virtue.

THOUGH the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicion fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill Castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter: but before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter, in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom by the description I could only guess to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me: I therefore went to the young squire's, and, though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately: he soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honour that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who, I recollected, had of late several private conferences with her; but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villany, who averred, that he and my daughter were actually gone

towards the Wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that state of mind in which we are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never debated with myself, whether these accounts might not have been given by persons purposely placed in my way to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither. I walked along with earnestness, and inquired of several by the way : but received no accounts, till entering the town, I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the squire's, and he assured me, that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them : for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure : how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue ! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me ; but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more.

I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home : however, I retired to a little alehouse, *by the road side* ; and in this place, the usual re-

treat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for near three weeks ; but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expenses of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller who stopped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard, who has written so many little books for children : he called himself their friend ; but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to be gone ; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face ; for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the age ; and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journeys of ten miles a-day.

My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction.—Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear, till he tries them : as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shews us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment ; so in our descent from the summit of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and please. Still as we

approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like a waggon, which I was resolved to overtake: but, when I came up with it, found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit.

The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company; as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. Good company upon the road, says the proverb, is the shortest cut. I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I descanted on such topics with my usual freedom; but as I was but little acquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue? who the Drydens and Otways of the day? I fancy, sir, cried the player, few of our modern dramatists would think themselves much honoured by being compared to the writers you mention. Dryden and Rowe's manner, sir, are quite out of fashion: our taste has gone back a whole century: Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakspeare, are the only things that go down.—How! cried I, is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those overcharged characters, which abound in the works you mention?—Sir, returned my companion, the public think nothing about dialect, or humour, or character; for that is none of their business; they only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime, under the sanction of Jonson's or Shak-

speare's name.—So then, I suppose, cried I, that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakspeare than nature.—To say the truth, returned my companion, I don't know that they imitate any thing at all; nor indeed does the public require it of them: it is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced, that elicits applause. I have known a piece with not one jest in the whole, shrugged into popularity, and another saved by the poet's throwing in a fit of the gripes. No, sir; the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present taste: our modern dialect is much more natural.

By this time the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprized of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us; for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company, till I saw a mob gather about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first alehouse that offered; and being shown into the common room, was accosted by a very well-dressed gentleman, who demanded, whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play. Upon informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I set him down in my own mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and

I should sup with him at his house ; with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

CHAPTER XIX.

The description of a person discontented with the present government, and apprehensive of the loss of our liberties.

THE house where we were to be entertained, lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot, and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shown, was perfectly elegant and modern : he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed, that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned, an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies in an easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated : for he asserted, that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor ; to which replying in the negative, What, nor the Auditor, I suppose ? cried he.—Neither, sir, returned I.—That's strange, very strange, replied my entertainer.—Now, I read all the politics that come out. The Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the seventeen Magazines, and the two Reviews ; and though they hate each other,

I love them all. Liberty, sir, liberty is the Briton's boast; and by all my coal-mines in Cornwall, I reverence its guardians.—Then it is to be hoped, cried I, you reverence the king.—Yes, returned my entertainer, when he does what we would have him; but if he goes on as he has done of late, I'll never trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think only: I could have directed some things better. I don't think there has been a sufficient number of advisers: he should advise with every person willing to give him advice, and then we should have things done in another guess manner.

I wish, cried I, that such intruding advisers were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty of honest men to assist the weaker side of our constitution, that sacred power that has for some years been every day declining, and losing its due share of influence in the state. But these ignorants still continue the cry of liberty, and, if they have any weight, basely throw it into the subsiding scale.

How! cried one of the ladies, do I live to see one so base, so sordid, as to be an enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred gift of Heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons!

Can it be possible, cried our entertainer, that there should be any found at present advocates for slavery; a ny who are for meanly giving up the privileges of Britons? Can any, sir, be so abject?

No, sir, replied I, I am for liberty, that attribute of gods! Glorious liberty! that theme of modern declamation. I would have all men kings; I would be a king myself. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne; we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men who were called levellers.

They tried to erect themselves into a community, where all should be equally free. But, alas! it would never answer; for there were some among them stronger, and some more cunning than others, and these became masters of the rest: for as sure as your groom rides your horses, because he is a cunninger animal than they, so surely will the animal that is cunninger or stronger than he, sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since then it is entailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to command, and others to obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village; or, still farther off, in the metropolis. Now, sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is removed from me the better pleased am I. The generality of mankind also are of my way of thinking, and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the greatest number of people. Now the great, who were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as possible: because, whatever they take from that, is naturally restored to themselves: and all they have to do in the state, is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume their primæval authority. Now the state may be so circumstanced, or its laws may be so disposed, or its men of opulence so minded, as all to conspire in carrying on this business of undermining monarchy. For, in the first place, if the circumstances of our state be such, as to favour the accumulation of wealth, and

make the opulent still more rich, this will increase their ambition. An accumulation of wealth, however, must necessarily be the consequence, when, as at present, more riches flow in from external commerce than arise from internal industry; for external commerce can only be managed to advantage by the rich, and they have also at the same time all the emoluments arising from internal industry; so that the rich, with us, have two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one. For this reason, wealth in all commercial states is found to accumulate; and all such have hitherto in time become aristocratical. Again, the very laws also of this country may contribute to the accumulation of wealth; as when by their means the natural ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken; and it is ordained, that the rich shall only marry with the rich; or when the learned are held unequalled to serve their country as counsellors, merely from a defect of opulence; and wealth is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition: by these means, I say, and such means as these, riches will accumulate. Now the possessor of accumulated wealth, when furnished with the necessaries and pleasures of life, has no other method to employ the superfluity of his fortune, but in purchasing power; that is, differently speaking, in making dependants, by purchasing the liberty of the needy or the venal, of men who are willing to bear the mortification of contiguous tyranny for bread. Thus each very opulent man generally gathers round him a circle of the poorest of the people; and the polity abounding in accumulated wealth, may be compared to a Cartesian system, each orb with a vortex of its own. Those, however, who are willing to move in a great man's vortex, are only such as must be slaves, the rabble of mankind, whose souls and whose educa-

tion are adapted to servitude, and who know nothing of liberty except the name. But there must still be a large number of the people without the sphere of the opulent man's influence, namely, that order of men which subsists between the very rich and the very rabble; those men who are possessed of too large fortunes to submit to the neighbouring man in power, and yet are too poor to set up for tyranny themselves. In this middle order of mankind are generally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society. This order alone is known to be the true preserver of freedom, and may be called, The people. Now it may happen, that this middle order of mankind may lose all its influence in a state, and its voice be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble: for if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give his voice in state affairs be ten times less than was judged sufficient upon forming the constitution, it is evident, that great numbers of the rabble will thus be introduced into the political system; and they, ever moving in the vortex of the great, will follow where greatness shall direct. In such a state, therefore, all that the middle order has left, is to preserve the prerogative and privileges of the one principal governor with the most sacred circumspection. For he divides the power of the rich, and calls off the great from falling with tenfold weight on the middle order placed beneath them. The middle order may be compared to a town, of which the opulent are forming the siege, and of which the governor from without is hastening the relief. While the besiegers are in dread of an enemy over them, it is but natural to offer the townsmen the most specious terms; to flatter them with sounds and amuse them with privileges; but if they once defeat the governor from behind, the walls of the

town will be but a small defence to its inhabitants. What they may then expect, may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the law. I am then for, and would die for monarchy, sacred monarchy; for if there be any thing sacred amongst men, it must be the anointed SOVEREIGN of his people; and every diminution of his power, in war or in peace, is an infringement upon the real liberties of the subject. The sounds of liberty, patriotism, and Britons, have already done much: it is to be hoped that the true sons of freedom will prevent their ever doing more. I have known many of those pretended champions for liberty in my time, yet do I not remember one that was not in his heart and in his family a tyrant.

My warmth, I found, had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good-breeding: but the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to interrupt it, could be restrained no longer.—What! cried he, then I have been all this while entertaining a Jesuit in parson's clothes: but, by all the coal-mines of Cornwall, out he shall pack, if my name be Wilkinson. I now found I had gone too far, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken. Pardon! returned he, in a fury: I think such principles demand ten thousand pardons. What! give up liberty, property, and, as the Gazetteer says, lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes! Sir! I insist upon your marching out of this house immediately, to prevent worse consequences. Sir, I insist upon it.—I was going to repeat my remonstrances; but just then we heard a footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, As sure as death, there is our master and mistress come home! It seems my entertainer was all this while only the

butler, who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself; and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion, upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter; nor was their surprise, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours. Gentlemen, cried the real master of the house to me and my companion, my wife and I are your most humble servants: but I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that we almost sink under the obligation. However unexpected our company might be to them, theirs, I am sure, was still more so to us; and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when, whom should I next see enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George; but whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. My dear sir, cried she, to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have got the good Doctor Primrose for their guest. Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling, on being informed of the nature of my present visit: but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was, at my intercession, forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged, now insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days; and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind, in some measure, had been formed under my own instructions, joined in

their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shown to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early, Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she inquired, with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George. Alas! madam, cried I, he has now been near three years absent, without ever writing to his friends or me. Where he is, I know not; perhaps I shall never see him or happiness more. No, my dear madam, we shall never more see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fireside at Wakefield. My little family are now dispersing very fast, and poverty has brought not only want but infamy upon us. The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account: but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however, some consolation to me, to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several matches that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and, at the same time, catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening; the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in the praise of the new performer, and averred, that he never saw any who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned

in a day : but this gentleman, continued he, seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes, are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally in our journey down. This account in some measure excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestably the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre : where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last ; and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son ! He was going to begin ; when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived Miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immoveable.

The actors behind the scenes, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him ; but instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occasion : for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description ; but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot ; who, pale, and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an invitation, for him ; and as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport : for I never could counterfeit a

false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated: she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed aloud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of irresistible beauty; and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

CHAPTER XX.

The history of a philosophic vagabond, pursuing novelty, but losing content.

AFTER we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline; but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth which he could boast of. Why, aye, my son, cried I, you left me but poor, and poor I find you are come back: and yet, I make no doubt, you have seen a great deal of the world.—Yes, sir, replied my son; but travelling after Fortune is not the way to secure her; and, indeed, of late, I have desisted from the pursuit.—I fancy, sir, cried Mrs. Arnold, that the account of your adventures would be amusing: the first part of them I have often heard from my niece; but could the company prevail for the rest, it would be an additional obligation.—Madam, replied my son, I promise you the pleasure you have in hearing, will not be half so great as my vanity in repeating

them ; and yet in the whole narrative, I can scarce promise you one adventure, as my account is rather of what I saw, than what I did. The first misfortune of my life, which you all know, was great ; but though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found Fortune at one time, the more I expected from her at another, and being now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London in a fine morning, no way uneasy about to-morrow, but cheerful as the birds that caroled by the road ; and comforted myself with reflecting, that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

Upon my arrival in town, sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true Sardonic grin. Aye, cried he, this is indeed a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you ! I have been an usher to a boarding-school myself : and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate ! I was up early and late : I was brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school ? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred an apprentice to the business ? No. Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair ? No. Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the *small-pox* ? No. Then you won't do for a school.

Can you lie three in a bed? No. Then you will never do for a school? Have you got a good stomach? Yes. Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir: if you are for a genteel, easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by any means. Yet come, continued he, I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning; what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade; at present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence. All honest jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised: men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.

Finding that there was no degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal; and having the highest respect for literature, hailed the antiqua mater of Grubstreet with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and, however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she granted I supposed to be the nurse of genius! Big with these reflections, I sat down, and finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import, but some splendid things that at a distance looked every bit as well. Witness, ye powers, what fancied importance

sate perched upon my quill while I was writing! The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine, I sat self-collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer.

Well said, my boy, cried I; and what subject did you treat upon? I hope you did not pass over the importance of Monogamy. But I interrupt; go on. You published your paradoxes: well, and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?

Sir, replied my son, the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies: and unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification—neglect.

As I was meditating one day, in a coffee-house, on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me; and after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply, that I had no money; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse—I see, cried he, you are unacquainted with the town. I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals: upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery,

and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee; if they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus, continued he, I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But, between ourselves, I am now too well known; I should be glad to borrow your face a bit: a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil.

Bless us, George! cried I, and is this the employment of poets now? Do men of their exalted talents thus stoop to beggary? Can they so far disgrace their calling, as to make a vile traffic of praise for bread?

O no, sir, returned he; a true poet can never be so base; for wherever there is genius there is pride. The creatures I now describe are only beggars in rhyme. The real poet, as he braves every hardship for fame, so is he equally a coward to contempt; and none but those who are unworthy of protection, condescend to solicit it.

Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to insure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown.

The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philantos, Philaethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I.

Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up the source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade.

In the midst of these gloomy reflections, as I was one day sitting on a bench in St. James's Park, a young gentleman of distinction, who had been my intimate acquaintance at the university, approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation—he almost ashamed of being known to one who made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished: for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow.

What did you say, George? interrupted I. Thornhill! was not that his name? It can certainly be no other than my landlord.—Bless me, cried Mrs. Arnold, is Mr. Thornhill so near a neighbour of yours? He has long been a friend in our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly.

My friend's first care, continued my son, was

to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own clothes; and then I was admitted to his table upon the footing of half friend, half underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits when he sat for his picture, to take the left-hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to assist at tattering a kip, as the phrase was, when he had a mind for a frolic. Besides this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many small things without bidding; to carry the cork-screw; to stand godfather to all the butler's children; to sing when I was bid; to be never out of humour; always to be humble; and, if I could, to be very happy.

In this honourable post, however, I was not without a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron's affections. His mother had been laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for pimping and pedigree. As this gentleman made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed from several for his stupidity, yet he found many of them, who were as dull as himself, that permitted his assiduities. As flattery was his trade, he practised it with the easiest address imaginable; but it came awkward and stiff from me; and as every day my patron's desire of flattery increased, so every hour, being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling to give it. Thus I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him with a gentleman whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request; and though t

see you are displeased at my conduct, yet as it was a debt indispensibly due to friendship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding that the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow, her bully, and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude; but as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me, but by recommending me to his uncle Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under the government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his recommendatory letter to his uncle; a man whose character for every virtue was universal, yet just. I was received by his servants with the most hospitable smiles; for the looks of the domestics ever transmit their master's benevolence. Being shewn into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter, which he read, and after pausing some minutes—Pray, sir, cried he, inform me what you have done for my kinsman to deserve this warm recommendation? But I suppose, sir, I guess your merits: you have fought for him; and so you would expect a reward from me for being the instrument of his vices. I wish, sincerely wish, that my present refusal may be some punishment for your guilt; but still more, that it may be some inducement to your repentance. The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew it was just. My whole expectations now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition, I found it no easy matter to gain admittance. However, after bribing the ser-

vants with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shown into a spacious apartment, my letter being previously sent up for his lordship's inspection. During this anxious interval, I had full time to look round me. Every thing was grand, and of happy contrivance; the paintings, the furniture, the gildings, petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah, thought I to myself, how very great must the possessor of all these things be, who carries in his head the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of the kingdom; sure his genius must be unfathomable! During these awful reflections, I heard a step come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himself! No, it was only a chamber-maid. Another foot was heard soon after. This must be he! No, it was only the great man's valet de chambre. At last his lordship actually made his appearance. Are you, cried he, the bearer of this here letter? I answered with a bow. I learn by this, continued he, as how that—But just at that instant a servant delivered him a card; and without taking farther notice, he went out of the room, and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was going to his coach at the door. Down I immediately followed, and joined my voice to that of three or four more, who came like me to petition for favours. His lordship, however, went too fast for us, and was gaining his chariot-door with large strides, when I hallooed out to know if I was to have any reply. He was by this time got in, and muttered an answer, half of which I only heard, the other half was lost in the rattling of his chariot-wheels. I stood for some time with my neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was listening to catch the glorious sounds, till, looking

round me, I found myself alone at his lordship's gate.

My patience, continued my son, was now quite exhausted: stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulph to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that nature designed should be thrown by into her lumber room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, half-a-guinea left, and of that I thought nature herself should not deprive me; but in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr. Crispe kindly offers all his majesty's subjects a generous promise of 30*l.* a year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell, for it had the appearance of one, with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with Fortune, wreaked her injuries on their own hearts: but Mr. Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation, and indeed he was the first man who for a month past talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for every thing in the world. He paused a while upon the properest means of providing for me, and slapping his forehead, as if he

had found it, assured me, that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the Synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart the fellow lied ; and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern, to be there more happy than he.

As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was on the very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper's promises ; for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. But, continued he, I fancy you might by a much shorter voyage be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam : what if you go in her as a passenger ? The moment you land, all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English, added he, by this time, or the deuce is in it. I confidently assured him of that ; but expressed a doubt, whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed with an oath, that they were fond of it to distraction ; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our voyage short ; and after having paid my passage with half my moveables, I found myself, as fallen from the skies, a stranger in one of the

principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself, therefore, to two or three of those I met whose appearance seemed most promising ; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should first teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection, is to me amazing ; but certain it is, I overlooked it.

This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again ; but dropping into company with an Irish student, who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turned upon topics of literature (for, by the way, it may be observed, that I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects ;) from him I learned that there were not two men in his whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me : I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek ; and in this design I was heartened by my brother student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burthen of my moveables like *Æsop* and his basket of bread ; for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The principal seemed first to doubt of my abilities ; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any

Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus : You see me, young man ; I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek ; I have ten thousand florins a-year without Greek ; I eat heartily without Greek : and, in short, continued he, as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it.

I was now too far from home to think of returning ; so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice : I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants in Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry ; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion ; but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially ; but as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt : a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money than of those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four

or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality; when passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me! This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London, who had just stepped into taste and a large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of *conoscente* so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules; the one, always to observe, that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. But, says he, as I once taught you how to be an author in London, I'll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture-buying in Paris.

With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was living; and now all my ambition was to live. I went therefore to his lodgings, improving my dress by his assistance; and after some time, accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised at his intimacy with people of the best fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions; for when asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the com-

pany, that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish that was accidentally lying by, and rub it over the piece with great composure before all the company, and then ask if he had not improved the tints.

When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to several men of distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling tutor ; and after some time, I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's governor, but with a promise that he should always govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies ; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion : all his questions on the road were, how much money might be saved ; which was the least expensive course of travel ; whether any thing could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing, he was ready enough to look at ; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted, that he had been told they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe, how amazingly expensive travelling was ! and all this though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we

took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he inquired the expense of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle, compared to his returning by land ; he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation ; so paying me the small part of my salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked with only one attendant for London.

I now therefore was left once more upon the world at large ; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I ; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation : in all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant ; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England ; walked along from city to city ; examined mankind more nearly ; and if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few, I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were in every country another name for freedom ; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself, as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was going forward : but on my journey down, my resolutions were changed by meeting an old acquaintance, who I found belonged to a company of comedians tha

were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprized me of the importance of the task at which I aimed; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it: that acting was not to be learnt in a day; and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was in fitting me with parts, as almost every character was in keeping. I was driven for some time from one character to another, till at last Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of the present company has happily hindered me from acting.

CHAPTER XXI.

The short continuance of friendship amongst the vicious, which is coeval only with mutual satisfaction.

MY son's account was too long to be delivered at once: the first part of it was begun that night; and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me with a whisper, that the squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me, to start back; but I readily imputed that to surprise, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing

to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour; and after a short time, his presence seemed only to increase the general good humour.

After tea, he called me aside, to inquire after my daughter; but upon my informing him that my inquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprised; adding, that he had been since frequently at my house, in order to comfort the rest of the family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot or my son: and upon my replying, that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret: For, at best, cried he, it is but divulging one's own infamy; and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so guilty as we all imagine. We were here interrupted by a servant, who came to ask the squire in to stand up at country dances; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addresses, however, to Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken; and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt, than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprised me: we had now continued here a week, at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold; but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot showed my son, Mr. Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to increase for him.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family; but now his generosity was not confined to promises

alone. The morning I designed for my departure, Mr. Thornhill came to me with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that was going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest being sufficient to get an abatement of the other two : As for this trifling piece of service, continued the young gentleman, I desire no other reward but the pleasure of having served my friend; and as for the hundred pounds to be paid, if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay me at your leisure. This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of. I readily, therefore, gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day, to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use dispatch, lest in the mean time another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress (for Miss Wilmot actually loved him) he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all that I had, my blessing. And now, my boy, cried I, thou art going to fight for thy country: remember how thy brave grandfather fought for his sacred king, when loyalty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my boy, and imitate him in all but his misfortunes; if it was a misfortune to die with

Lord Falkland: Go, my boy; and if you fall, though distant, exposed, and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which Heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier.

The next morning, I took leave of the good family that had been kind enough to entertain me so long; not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr. Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and good breeding procure, and returned towards home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to Heaven to spare and forgive her. I was now come within about twenty miles of home, having hired a horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little public-house by the road-side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country. We happened, among other topics, to talk of young squire Thornhill, who, the host assured me, was hated as much as his uncle, Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him to their houses, and after a fortnight or three weeks' possession, turned them out unrewarded, and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there? to which he only replied in an ironical way,

by drinking her health. Mr. Symmonds, cried she, you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here three parts of the business is left for me to do, and the fourth left unfinished, while you do nothing but soak with the guests all day long; whereas, if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me of a fever, I never touch a drop. I now found what she would be at, and immediately poured out a glass, which she received with a curtesy, and drinking towards my good health, Sir, resumed she, it is not so much for the value of the liquor I am angry, but one cannot help it when the house is going out of the windows. If the customers or guests are to be dunned, all the burden lies upon my back; he'd as lief eat that glass as budge after them himself. There, now above stairs, we have a young woman who has come to take up her lodgings here, and I don't believe she has got any money, by her over civility. I am certain she is very slow of payment, and I wish she were put in mind of it.—What signifies minding her? cried the host: if she be slow, she is sure.—I don't know that, replied the wife; but I know that I am sure she has been here a fortnight, and we have not yet seen the cross of her money.—I suppose, my dear, cried he, we shall have it all in a lump.—In a lump! cried the other: I hope we may get it any way; and that I am resolved we will this very night, or out she tramps, bag and baggage.—Consider, my dear, cried the husband, she is a gentlewoman, and deserves more respect.—As for the matter of that, returned the hostess, gentle or simple, out she shall pack with a sassarara. Gentry may be good things where they take; but for my part, I never saw much good of them at the sign of the Harrow. Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of stairs that went from the kitchen

to a room over head; and I soon perceived by the loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of her reproaches, that no money was to be had from her lodger. I could hear the remonstrances very distinctly: Out, I say! pack out this moment! Tramp, thou infamous strumpet! or I'll give thee a mark thou won't be the better for these three months. What! you trumpery, to come and take up an honest house, without cross or coin to bless yourself with! Come along, I say.—O, dear madam, cried the stranger, pity me, pity a poor abandoned creature, for one night, and death will soon do the rest! I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child, Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by the hair, and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms.—Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom! Though the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee: though thou hast ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forget them all.—O my own dear—for minutes she could say no more—My own dearest good papa! Could angels be kinder! How do I deserve so much? The villain, I hate him and myself, to be a reproach to so much goodness. You can't forgive me; I know you cannot.—Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive thee: only repent, and we both shall yet be happy. We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia.—Ah! never, sir; never. The rest of my wretched life must be infamy abroad, and shame at home. But, alas! papa! you look much paler than you used to do. Could such a thing as I am, give you so much uneasiness? Sure you have too much wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon yourself.—Our wisdom, young woman, re-

plied I—Ah! why so cold a name, papa? cried she. This is the first time you ever called me by so cold a name.—I ask pardon, my darling, returned I; but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one.

The landlady now returned, to know if we did not choose a more genteel apartment; to which assenting, we were shown to a room where we could converse more freely. After we had talked ourselves into some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desiring some account of the gradations that led to her present wretched situation. That villain, sir, said she, from the first day of our meeting, made me honourable, though private proposals.

Villain indeed! cried I; and yet it in some measure surprises me, how a person of Mr. Burchell's good sense and seeming honour, could be guilty of such deliberate baseness, and thus step into a family to undo it.

My dear papa, returned my daughter, you labour under a strange mistake. Mr. Burchell never attempted to deceive me. Instead of that, he took every opportunity of privately admonishing me against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill, who, I now find, was even worse than he represented him. Mr. Thornhill! interrupted I: can it be?—Yes, sir, returned she; it was Mr. Thornhill who seduced me, who employed the two ladies, as he called them, but who, in fact, were abandoned women of the town, without breeding or pity, to decoy us up to London. Their artifices, you may remember, would have certainly succeeded, but for Mr. Burchell's letter, who directed those reproaches at them, which we all applied to ourselves. How he came to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions, still remains a secret to me; but I am

convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest friend.

You amaze me, my dear, cried I ; but now I find my first suspicions of Mr. Thornhill's baseness were too well grounded : but he can triumph in security ; for he is rich, and we are poor. But tell me, my child ; sure it was no small temptation that could thus obliterate all the impressions of such an education, and so virtuous a disposition as thine ?

Indeed, sir, replied she, he owes all his triumph to the desire I had of making him, and not myself, happy. I knew that the ceremony of our marriage, which was privately performed by a popish priest, was no way binding, and that I had nothing to trust to but his honour.—What ! interrupted I, and were you indeed married by a priest in orders ?—Indeed, sir, we were, replied she, though we were both sworn to conceal his name.—Why then, my child, come to my arms again ; and now you are a thousand times more welcome than before, for you are his wife to all intents and purposes ; nor can all the laws of man, though written upon tablets of adamant, lessen the force of that sacred connexion.

Alas ! papa, replied she, you are but little acquainted with his villanies : he has been married already, by the same priest, to six or eight wives more, whom, like me, he has deceived and abandoned.

Has he so ? cried I ; then we must hang the priest, and you shall inform against him to-morrow.—But, sir, returned she, will that be right, when I am sworn to secrecy ?—My dear, I replied, if you have made such a promise, I cannot, nor will I tempt you to break it. Even though it may benefit the public, you must not inform against him. In all

human institutions, a smaller evil is allowed to procure a greater good : as in politics, a province may be given away to secure a kingdom ; in medicine, a limb may be lopt off, to preserve the body. But in religion, the law is written, and inflexibly, *never* to do evil. And this law, my child, is right ; for otherwise, if we commit a smaller evil to procure a greater good, certain guilt would be thus incurred, in expectation of contingent advantage. And though the advantage should certainly follow, yet the interval between commission and advantage, which is allowed to be guilty, may be that in which we are called away to answer for the things we have done, and the volume of human actions is closed for ever. But I interrupt you, my dear ; go on.

The very next morning, continued she, I found what little expectation I was to have from his sincerity. That very morning he introduced me to two unhappy women more, whom, like me, he had deceived, but who lived in contented prostitution. I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in his affections, and strove to forget my infamy in a tumult of pleasures. With this view, I danced, dressed, and talked ; but still was unhappy. The gentlemen who visited there told me every moment of the power of my charms, and this only contributed to increase my melancholy, as I had thrown all their power quite away. Thus each day I grew more pensive, and he more insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young baronet of his acquaintance. Need I describe, sir, how his ingratitude stung me ? My answer to this proposal was almost madness. I desired to part. As I was going, he offered me a purse ; but I flung it at him with indignation, and burst from him in a rage that for a while kept me insensible of the miseries of my situation. But I soon looked round

me, and saw myself a vile, abject, guilty thing, without one friend in the world to apply to. Just in that interval, a stage-coach happening to pass by, I took a place, it being my only aim to be driven at a distance from a wretch I despised and detested. I was set down here ; where, since my arrival, my own anxiety, and this woman's unkindness, have been my only companions. The hours of pleasure that I have passed with my mamma and sister now grow painful to me. Their sorrows are much ; but mine are greater than theirs ; for mine are mixed with guilt and infamy.

Have patience, my child, cried I, and I hope things will yet be better. Take some repose to-night ; and to-morrow I'll carry you home to your mother and the rest of the family, from whom you will receive a kind reception. Poor woman ! this has gone to her heart : but she loves you still, Olivia, and will forget it.

CHAPTER XXII.

Offences are easily pardoned where there is love at bottom.

THE next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove, by every persuasion, to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us, than we to each other ; and that the misfortunes of nature's making were but very few. I assured her, that she should

never perceive any change in my affections ; and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censure of the world, showed her that books were sweet unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house ; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage : however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections out-went my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest ; the lights were out in every cottage ; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance ! I approached my abode of pleasure ; and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock

at my door: all was still and silent; my heart dilated with unutterable happiness; when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep; and he perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter, and all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flame had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. O misery! where, cried I, where are my little ones?—They are burnt to death in the flames, said my wife calmly, and I will die with them.—That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. Where, where are my children? cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined; Where are my little ones?—Here, dear papa; here we are! cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while, just as I was going out, the roof sunk in. Now, cried I, holding up my children, now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are; I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy. We kissed our little darlings a thousand times; they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our trans-

ports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils; so that by daylight we had another, though a wretched dwelling, to retire to. My honest next neighbour and his children, were not the least assiduous in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place: having, therefore, informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one; and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and

daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother; whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. Ah, madam! cried her mother, this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you. During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress: wherefore assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission, I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us: let us not therefore increase them by dissension among each other. If we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world, and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue than an hundred acts of justice.

CHAPTER XXIII.

None but the guilty can be long and completely miserable.

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours, too, came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist in repairing my former dwelling. Honest Farmer Williams was not last among these visitors; but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repress his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety had now taken strong possession of her mind; her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister, brought a pang to her heart and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for hers, collecting such amusing

passages of history as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. Our happiness, my dear, I would say, is in the power of One who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing historian.

Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of her apartment, which hung over the river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after ; but far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

As the war was then carried on between the French and the Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though his retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye ; her merit, soon after, his heart. They were married ; he rose to the highest posts ; they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent : after an interval of several years, the troops which he commaded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege,

and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty, than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death ; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner with his sword, stood ready, while the spectators in gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came to take the last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress ; but with still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son, the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger. He acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed : the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty, could confer on earth, were united.

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter : but she listened with divided attention ; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt, and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received cet-

tain information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news served only to increase poor Olivia's affliction; for such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went, in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour; the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the squire's uncle, Sir William, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding, that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

Why, let him if he can, returned I: but, my

son, observe this bed of straw, and unsheltering roof; those mouldering walls, and humid floor; my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread: you have come home, my child, to all this; yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. . O! my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendour of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe, that the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers that are going into exile.

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution; but appearances deceived me; for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of my family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus, once more, the tale went round, and the song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Fresh calamities.

THE next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season ; so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honey-suckle bank : where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recal her sadness. But that melancholy, which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. Do, my pretty Olivia, cried she, let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of: your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child, it will please your old father. She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic, as moved me.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thoruhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter,

who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. Sir, replied I, your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence, for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe: for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them.

I vow, my dear sir, returned he, I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had any thing criminal in it?

Go, cried I, thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger! Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this! And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honour for their portion!

If she or you, returned he, are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and, whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time; and, what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her.

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for, though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villany can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage. Avoid my sight, thou reptile! cried I, nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave

son at home, he would not suffer this ; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone.

I find, cried he, you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But, as I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard ; nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself, which, as I have been at some expenses lately, previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then, my steward talks of driving for the rent : it is certain he knows his duty ; for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot : it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse.

Mr. Thornhill, replied I, hear me once for all : as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to ; and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once wofully, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honour, and have found its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee—beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet, humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity ; and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt.

If so, returned he, depend upon it you shall feel the effects of this insolence, and we shall shortly

see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me. Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with apprehension. My daughters, also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference; which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence: he had already struck the blow, and I now stood prepared to repel every new effort—like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was, his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now, therefore, entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure—the terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

Why, my treasures, cried I, why will you thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right? My duty has taught me to forgive him, but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous

betrayed; and, to avoid a prison, continually suffer the more galling bonds of mental confinement? No, never. If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right, and wherever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charming apartment, when we can look round our own hearts with intrepidity and with pleasure!

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke, they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county gaol, which was eleven miles off.

My friends, said I, this is severe weather in which you are come to take me to a prison; and it is particularly unfortunate at this time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover me, and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow: but if it must be so—

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious; and desired my son to assist his eldest sister; who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones

in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the mean time, my youngest daughter prepared for our departure; and as she received several hints to use dispatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

CHAPTER XXV.

No situation, however wretched it seems, but has some sort of comfort attending it.

WE set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers, who had a horse, kindly took her behind him: for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other; while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell, not for her own, but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running, and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and swearing they would never see their minister go to a gaol while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequences might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported,

with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service.

What, my friends, cried I, and is this the way you love me? Is this the manner you obey the instructions I have given you from the pulpit? Thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down ruin on yourselves and me! Which is your ring-leader? Shew me the man that has thus seduced you. As sure as he lives, he shall feel my resentment. Alas! my poor deluded flock, return back to the duty you owe to God, to your country, and to me. I shall yet perhaps one day see you in greater felicity here, and contribute to make your lives more happy. But let it at least be my comfort when I pen my fold for immortality, that not one here shall be wanting.

They now seemed all repentance, and, melting into tears, came one after the other to bid me farewell. I shook each tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my blessing, proceeded forward without meeting any farther interruption. Some hours before night we reached the town, or rather village; for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former opulence, and retaining no marks of its ancient superiority but the gaol.

Upon entering we put up at an inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four-and-twenty. Besides this, every pri-

soner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected upon my entrance to find nothing but lamentations, and various sounds of misery ; but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamour. I was apprized of the usual perquisite required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and profaneness.

How, cried I to myself, shall men so very wicked be cheerful, and shall I be melancholy ? I feel only the same confinement with them, and I think I have more reason to be happy.

With such reflections I laboured to become cheerful ; but cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting therefore in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it ; for if good, I might profit by his instruction ; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense, but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or, more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

That's unfortunate, cried he, as you are allowed nothing but straw, and your apartment is very large and cold. However, you seem to be something of a gentleman, and as I have been one myself in my

time, part of my bed-clothes are heartily at your service.

I thanked him, professing my surprise at finding such humanity in a gaol, in misfortunes ; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, that the sage ancient seemed to understand the value of company in affliction, when he said, *ton kosmon aire, ci dos ton etairon* ; and in fact, continued I, what is the world if it affords only solitude ?

You talk of the world, sir, returned my fellow prisoner ; the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled the philosophers of every age. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world ! Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, *Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan*, which implies — I ask pardon, sir, cried I, for interrupting so much learning ; but I think I have heard all this before. Have I not had the pleasure of once seeing you at Welbridge fair, and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson ? At this demand he only sighed. I suppose you must recollect, resumed I, one Doctor Primrose, from whom you bought a horse.

He now at once recollected me, for the gloominess of the place, and the approaching night, had prevented his distinguishing my features before. Yes, sir, returned Mr. Jenkinson, I remember you perfectly well ; I bought an horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flamborough is the only prosecutor I am any way afraid of at the next assizes ; for he intends to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am heartily sorry, sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any man ; for you see, continued he, shewing his shackles, what my tricks have brought me to.

Well, sir, replied I, your kindness in offering me assistance, when you could expect no return, shall be repaid with my endeavours to soften or totally suppress Mr. Flamborough's evidence, and I will send my son to him for that purpose the first opportunity : nor do I in the least doubt but he will comply with my request ; and as to my own evidence, you need be under no uneasiness about that.

Well, sir, cried he, all the return I can make shall be yours. You shall have more than half my bed-clothes to-night, and I'll take care to stand your friend in the prison, where I think I have some influence.

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect ; for at the time I had seen him before, he appeared at least sixty. Sir, answered he, you are little acquainted with the world ; I had at that time false hair, and have learned the art of counterfeiting every age from seventeen to seventy. Ah, sir, had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But, rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that, perhaps, when you least expect it.

We were now prevented from farther conversation by the arrival of the gaoler's servants, who came to call over the prisoners' names and lock up for the night. A fellow also with a bundle of straw for my bed attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow-prisoner ; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my Heavenly Corrector,

I laid myself down, and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A reformation in the gaol. To make laws complete, they should reward as well as punish.

THE next morning early I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bedside. The gloomy appearance of every thing about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity, and next inquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me, that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge my family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed, but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expense, for his mother and sisters, the gaoler with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers be in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

Well, cried I, my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie, in this room, dark as it appears?

No, papa, says Dick; I am not afraid to lie any where, where you are.

And I, says Bill, who was yet but four years old, love every place best that my papa is in.

After this, I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister's health ; my wife was to attend me ; my little boys were to read to me : And as for you, my son, continued I, it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day-labourer, will be full sufficient with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength : and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes ; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then this evening to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn for our support.

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there, when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality, that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who finding all mankind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves a future and a tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved therefore once more to return, and in spite of their contempt to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design ; at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest

good-humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth, but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed, that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very profane; because they got nothing by it, and might lose a great deal: For, be assured my friends, cried I, (for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship,) though you swore twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling every moment upon the devil, and courting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you. He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly; and by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that's good hereafter.

If used ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while, then, just to try how you may like the usage of another Master, who gives you fair promises, at least, to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, his must be the greatest, who, after robbing an house, runs to the thief-

taker's for protection. And yet how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from one that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all: for they only decoy and then hang you; but he decoys and hangs, and, what is worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman has done.

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hope of making a reformation here; for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family; for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson at the first interview, therefore, seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten, and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

Alas, doctor, cried he, these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this!

Why, Mr. Jenkinson, replied I, thank Heaven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals; and if they be good, it matters little for the rest.

I fancy, sir, returned my fellow-prisoner, that it

must give you a great comfort to have this little family about you.

A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson ! replied I ; yes, it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world ; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them.

I am afraid then, sir, cried he, that I am in some measure culpable ; for I think I see here (looking at my son Moses) one that I have injured, and by whom I wish to be forgiven.

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and, taking him by the hand, with a smile forgave him. Yet, continued he, I can't help wondering at what you could see in my face, 'to think me a proper mark for deception.

My dear sir, returned the other, it was not your face, but your white stockings and the black riband on your hair, that allured me. But no disparagement to your parts, I have deceived wiser men than you in my time : and yet, with all my tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me at last.

I suppose, cried my son, that the narrative of such a life as yours must be extremely instructive and amusing.

Not much of either, returned Mr. Jenkinson. Those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that disturbs every person he meets, and turns back upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time at his journey's end.

Indeed I think, from my own experience, that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun.

I was thought cunning from my very childhood ; when but seven years old, the ladies would say that I was a perfect little man ; at fourteen I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies ; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cunning, that no one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection. I used often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flam-borough, and one way or another generally cheated him once a-year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricky and cunning, and was poor, without the consolation of being honest. However, continued he, let me know your case, and what has brought you here : perhaps, though I have not skill to avoid a gaol myself, I may extricate my friends.

In compliance with this curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get me free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he slapt his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying, he would try what could be done.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The same subject continued.

THE next morning, I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the

prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

Excuse me, returned I; these people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected, returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them I will; perhaps they will not all despise me: perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulph, and that will be great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared with some gaol-trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry Amen! in such an affected tone, as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of

all that this mischievous group of little beings could do ; but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempts would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded ; and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work, at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment : so that each earned something every day ; a trifle, indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight, I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity : that it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make

men guilty, which inclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands—it were to be wished we had, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance if guilty, or new motives of virtue if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state: nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shewn a disregard for the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse, shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life, no more than take it away, as it is not his own. And besides, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a trifling convenience, since it is far better that two men should live than one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men, is equally so between an hundred or an hundred thousand: for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that Reason speaks, and untutored Nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each

other: they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in time of peace; and in all commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarce any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and as if our property were become dearer in proportion as it increased—as if the more enormous our wealth, the more extensive our fears—all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people that this country should shew more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both: for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished, then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion come to burst them, instead of cutting away wretches as useless before we have tried their utility, instead of converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of

government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant, of the people. We should then find, that creatures whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner ; we should then find that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger ; that as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too ; that few minds are so base, as that perseverance cannot amend ; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it ; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Happiness and misery rather the result of prudence than of virtue in this life ; temporal evils or felicities being regarded by Heaven as things merely in themselves trifling, and unworthy its care in the distribution.

I HAD now been confined more than a fortnight, but had not since my arrival been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand of death seemed to have moulded every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

I am glad to see thee, my dear, cried I ; but

why this dejection, Livy? I hope, my love, you have too great regard for me, to permit disappointment thus to undermine a life which I prize as my own. Be cheerful, child, and we may yet see happier days.

You have ever, sir, replied she, been kind to me; and it adds to my pain, that I shall never have an opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for me here; and I long to be rid of a place where I have only found distress. Indeed, sir, I wish you would make a proper submission to Mr. Thornhill: it may in some measure induce him to pity you, and it will give me relief in dying.

Never, child, replied I: never will I be brought to acknowledge my daughter a prostitute; for though the world may look upon your offence with scorn, let it be mine to regard it as a mark of credulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am no ways miserable in this place, however dismal it may seem; and be assured, that while you continue to bless me by living, he shall never have my consent to make you more wretched by marrying another.

After the departure of my daughter, my fellow-prisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough expostulated upon my obstinacy, in refusing a submission that promised to give me freedom. He observed, that the rest of my family were not to be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one who had offended me. Besides, added he, I don't know if it be just thus to obstruct the union of man and wife, which you do at present, by refusing to consent to a match which you cannot hinder, but may render unhappy.

Sir, replied I, you are unacquainted with the man that oppresses us. I am very sensible that no submission I can make could procure me liberty even for an hour. I am told, that even in this very room, a debtor of his, no later than last year, died for want. But though my submission and approbation could transfer me from hence to the most beautiful apartment he is possessed of, yet I would grant neither, as something whispers me, that it would be giving a sanction to adultery. While my daughter lives, no other marriage of his shall ever be legal in my eye. Were she removed, indeed, I should be the basest of men, from any resentment of my own, to attempt putting asunder those who wish for an union. No, villain as he is, I should then wish him married, to prevent the consequences of his future debaucheries. But now should I not be the most cruel of all fathers, to sign an instrument which must send my child to the grave, merely to avoid a prison myself; and thus, to escape one pang, break my child's heart with a thousand? He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but could not avoid observing, that he feared my daughter's life was already too much wasted to keep me long a prisoner. However, continued he, though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objection to laying your case before the uncle, who has the first character in the kingdom for every thing that is just and good. I would advise you to send him a letter by the post, intimating all his nephew's ill usage; and my life for it, that in three days you shall have an answer. I thanked him for the hint, and instantly set about complying; but I wanted paper, and unluckily all our money had been laid out that morning in provisions: however, he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state of anxiety, to know what reception my letter might meet with; but in the mean time was frequently solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions rather than remain here, and every hour received repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter's health. The third day and the fourth arrived, but I received no answer to my letter; the complaints of a stranger against a favourite nephew were no way likely to succeed; so that these hopes soon vanished like all my former. My mind, however, still supported itself, though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health, and my arm that had suffered in the fire grew worse. My children, however, sat by me; and while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept at my instructions. But my daughter's health declining faster than mine, every message from her contributed to increase my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent Sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was that confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was bursting from its prison to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to heaven! Another account came—she was expiring; and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow-prisoner some time after came with the last account. He bade me be patient—she was dead! The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bade me not cry, for I was now too old to weep. And is not my sister an angel now, papa? cried the eldest; and why

then are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel out of this frightful place, if my papa were with me.—Yes, added my youngest darling, Heaven, where my sister is, is a finer place than this, and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad.

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle, by observing, that now my daughter was no more, I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining for want of necessaries and wholesome air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own to the welfare of those who depended on me for support; and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

Heaven be praised, replied I, there is no pride left me now. I should detest my own heart, if I saw either pride or resentment lurking there. On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my parishioner, I hope one day to present him an unpolluted soul at the Eternal Tribunal. No, sir, I have no resentment now; and though he has taken from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, though he has wrung my heart—for I am sick almost to fainting, very sick, my fellow-prisoner—yet that shall never inspire me with vengeance. I am now willing to approve his marriage; and if this submission can do him any pleasure, let him know, that if I have done him any injury I am sorry for it. Mr. Jenkinson took pen and ink, and wrote down my submission nearly as I have expressed it; to which I signed my name. My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and in about six hours returned with a verbal answer. He had some

difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious; but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us, that he stepped up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which, when Mr. Thornhill had read, he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary; that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved; and as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his attorney, not to him. He observed, however, that as he had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors.

Well, sir, said I to my fellow-prisoner, you now discover the temper of the man who oppresses me. He can at once be facetious and cruel; but let him use me as he will, I shall soon be free, in spite of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now drawing towards an abode that looks brighter as I approach it: this expectation cheers my afflictions, and though I leave an helpless family of orphans behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken; some friend, perhaps, will be found to assist them for the sake of their poor father, and some may charitably relieve them for the sake of their heavenly Father.

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable to speak. Why, my love, cried I, why will you thus increase my afflictions by your own? What, though no submission can turn our severe master, though he has doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness, and though we have lost a darling child, yet still you will find comfort in your other children, when I shall be no

more.—We have indeed lost, returned she, a darling child! My Sophia, my dearest, is gone—snatched from us, carried off by ruffians!

How, madam! cried my fellow-prisoner, Miss Sophia carried off by villains! Sure it cannot be.

She could only answer with a fixed look, and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoners' wives, who was present, and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account: she informed us, that as my wife, my daughter, and herself, were taking a walk together on the great road, a little way out of the village, a post-chaise and pair drove up to them, and instantly stopt. Upon which a well-drest man, but not Mr. Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and, forcing her in, bade the postillion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

Now, cried I, the sum of my miseries is made up, nor is it in the power of any thing on earth to give me another pang. What! not one left! not leave me one! the monster! the child that was next my heart! She had the beauty of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel. But support that woman, nor let her fall. Not to leave me one!—Alas, my husband! said my wife, you seem to want comfort even more than I. Our distresses are great: but I could bear this and more, if I saw you but easy. They may take away my children, and all the world, if they leave me but you.

My son, who was present, endeavoured to moderate our grief: he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that we might still have reason to be thankful.—My child, cried I, look round the world, and see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not every ray of comfort shut out; while all our bright prospects only lie beyond the grave!—My dear father, returned he, I hope there is still something

that will give you an interval of satisfaction; for I have a letter from my brother George.—What of him, my child, interrupted I: does he know our misery? I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers?—Yes, sir, returned he; he is perfectly gay, cheerful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news: he is the favourite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenantancy that becomes vacant.

And are you sure of all this, cried my wife; that nothing ill has befallen my boy?—Nothing indeed, madam, returned my son: you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure; and if any thing can procure you comfort, I am sure that will.—But are you sure, still repeated she, that the letter is from himself, and he is really so happy?—Yes, madam, replied he, it is certainly his, and he will one day be the credit and the support of our family!—Then I thank Providence, cried she, that my last letter to him has miscarried. Yes, my dear, continued she, turning to me, I will now confess, that though the hand of Heaven is sore upon us in other instances, it has been favourable here. By the last letter I wrote to my son, which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon his mother's blessing, and if he had the heart of a man, to see justice done his father and sister, and avenge our cause. But, thanks be to Him who directs all things, it has miscarried, and I am at rest.—Woman! cried I, thou hast done very ill, and at another time my reproaches might have been more severe. Oh! what a tremendous gulph hast thou escaped, that would have buried both thee and him in endless ruin. Providence, indeed, has here been kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has reserved that son to be the father and protector of my children when I shall be away. How unjustly did I complain of

being stript of every comfort, when still I hear that he is happy and insensible of our afflictions; still kept in reserve, to support his widowed mother, and to protect his brothers and sisters! But what sisters has he left? He has no sisters now: they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone!—Father, interrupted my son, I beg you will give me leave to read his letter; I know it will please you. Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows:

“HONOUR'D SIR,

“I have called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing—the dear little fire-side at home. My fancy draws that harmless group as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight, which never felt the deforming hand of ambition or distress. But whatever your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be some addition to it, to hear that I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every way happy here.

“Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to leave the kingdom: the colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies where he is acquainted; and after my first visit, I generally find myself received with increased respect upon repeating it. I danced last night with Lady G——; and could I forget, you know whom, I might be perhaps successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends; and in this number, I fear, sir, that I must consider you, for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter from home to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia, too, promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them, that they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am this moment in a most violent passion with them:

yet still, I know not how, though I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. Then tell them, sir, that after all, I love them affectionately; and be assured of my ever remaining your dutiful son."

In all our miseries, cried I, what thanks have we not to return, that one at least of our family is exempted from what we suffer! Heaven be his guard, and keep my boy thus happy to be the support of his widowed mother, and the father of these two babes, which is all the patrimony I can now bequeath him! May he keep their innocence from the temptations of want, and be their conductor in the paths of honour!—I had scarce said these words, when a noise, like that of a tumult, seemed to proceed from the prison below: it died away soon after, and a clanking of fetters was heard along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded, and fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked with compassion on the wretch as he approached me, but with horror, when I found it was my own son! My George! my George! and do I behold thee thus! Wounded! fettered! Is this thy happiness! is this the manner you return to me? O that this sight could break my heart at once, and let me die!

Where, sir, is your fortitude? returned my son, with an intrepid voice: I must suffer: my life is forfeited, and let them take it.

I tried to restrain my passion for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort. O, my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee thus, and I cannot, cannot help it! In the moment I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to behold thee thus again! chained, wounded! And yet the death of the youthful is happy. But I am

old, a very old man, and have lived to see this day ! To see my children all untimely falling about me, while I continue a wretched survivor in the midst of ruin ! May all the curses that ever sunk a soul, fall heavy upon the murderer of my children ! May he live, like me, to see—

Hold, sir, replied my son, or I shall blush for thee. How, sir ! forgetful of your age, your holy calling, thus to arrogate the justice of Heaven, and fling those curses upward that must soon descend to crush thy own grey head with destruction ! No, sir, let it be your care now to fit me for that vile death I must shortly suffer, to arm me with hope and resolution, to give me courage to drink of that bitterness which must shortly be my portion.

My child, you must not die ! I am sure no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My George could never be guilty of any crime to make his ancestors ashamed of him.

Mine, sir, returned my son, is, I fear, an unpardonable one. When I received my mother's letter, from home, I immediately came down, determined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and sent him an order to meet me, which he answered, not in person, but by dispatching four of his domestics to seize me. I wounded one who first assaulted me, and I fear desperately : but the rest made me their prisoner. The coward is determined to put the law in execution against me : the proofs are undeniable : I have sent a challenge ; and as I am the first aggressor upon the statute, I see no hopes for pardon. But you have often charmed me with your lessons of fortitude : let me now, sir, find them in your example.

And, my son, you shall find them. I am now raised above this world, and all the pleasures it can produce. From this moment I break from my

heart all the ties that held it down to earth, and will prepare to fit us both for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out the way, and my soul shall guide yours in the ascent, for we will take our flight together. I now see, and am convinced, you can expect no pardon here, and I can only exhort you to seek it at that greatest Tribunal where we both shall shortly answer. But let us not be niggardly in our exhortation, but let all our fellow-prisoners have a share.—Good gaoler, let them be permitted to stand here, while I attempt to improve them. Thus saying, I made an effort to rise from my straw, but wanted strength, and was able only to recline against the wall. The prisoners assembled according to my directions, for they loved to hear my counsel: my son and his mother supported me on either side: I looked and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhortation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The equal dealings of Providence demonstrated with regard to the happy and the miserable here below. That from the nature of pleasure and pain, the wretched must be repaid the balance of their sufferings in the life hereafter.

MY friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for: but we daily see thousands, who by suicide shew us they have nothing left to hope. In this life, then,

it appears that we cannot be entirely blest ; but yet we may be completely miserable.

Why man should thus feel pain ; why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity ; why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves ;—these are questions that never can be explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject, Providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

In this situation, man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy ; and Heaven, seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us, that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them ; and, on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other ; for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery ; and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak ; but religion comforts in a higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body, and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here, while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with terror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of Heaven. To religion, then, we must hold in every circumstance of life, for our truest comfort ; for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness

unending ; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus, to the fortunate, Religion holds out a continuance of bliss ; to the wretched, a change from pain.

But though Religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy ; the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy laden, and the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our sacred law. The Author of our religion every where professes himself the wretch's friend ; and, unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as partiality, as a preference, without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect, that it is not in the power even of Heaven itself to make the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the first, eternity is but a single blessing, since, at most, it but increases what they already possess. To the latter, it is a double advantage : for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

But Providence is in another respect kinder to the poor than to the rich ; for as it thus makes the life after death more desirable, so it smooths the passage there. The wretched have had a long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrows lays himself quietly down, with no possessions to regret, and but few ties to stop his departure : he feels only Nature's pang in the final separation, and this is no way greater than he has often fainted under before ; for after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution, nature kindly covers with insensibility.

Thus Providence has given to the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life—greater

past life, it appears but a very short span, and whatever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less duration: as we grow older, the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with time ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end; we shall soon lay down the heavy burden laid by Heaven upon us; and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and, like the horizon, still flies before him, yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall cease from our toil; when the luxurious great-ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth; when we shall think with pleasure on our sufferings below; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship; when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending.

CHAPTER XXX.

Happier prospects begin to appear. Let us be inflexible, and fortune will at last change in our favour.

WHEN I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the gaoler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty; observing, that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but he should be permitted to visit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and, grasping my boy's hand, bade him

farewel, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again, therefore, laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bedside reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter ; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before, in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopped at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarce delivered this news, when the gaoler came with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me that my daughter was found ! Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and, with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also showed her pleasure. Here, papa, cried the charming girl, here is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery : to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety.—A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than her's, interrupted what she was going to add.

Ah, Mr. Burchell, cried I, this is but a wretched habitation you find us in ; and we are now very different from what you last saw us. You were ever our friend : we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude. After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your face ; yet I hope you'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base ungenerous wretch, who, under the mask of friendship, has undone me !

It is impossible, replied Mr. Burchell, that I should forgive you, as you never deserved my re-

sentiment. I partly saw your delusion then, and, as it was out of my power to restrain, I could only pity it.

It was ever my conjecture, cried I, that your mind was noble; but now I find it so.—But tell me, my dear child, how hast thou been relieved, or who the ruffians were that carried thee away.

Indeed, sir, replied she, as to the villain who carried me off, I am yet ignorant. For as my mamma and I were walking out, he came behind us, and, almost before I could call for help, forced me into the post-chaise, and in an instant the horses drove away. I met several on the road, to whom I cried out for assistance; but they disregarded my entreaties. In the mean time, the ruffian himself used every art to hinder me from crying out: he flattered and threatened me by turns, and swore that if I continued but silent, he intended no harm. In the mean time, I had broken the canvas that he had drawn up; and whom should I perceive, at some distance, but your old friend Mr. Burchell, walking along with his usual swiftness, with the great stick for which we used so much to ridicule him. As soon as we came within hearing, I called out to him by name, and entreated his help. I repeated my exclamations several times; upon which, with a very loud voice, he bid the postillion stop; but the boy took no notice, but drove on with still greater speed. I now thought he could never overtake us, when, in less than a minute, I saw Mr. Burchell come running up by the side of the horses, and, with one blow, knock the postillion to the ground. The horses, when he was fallen, soon stopped of themselves; and the ruffian stepping out with oaths and menaces, drew his sword, and ordered him at his peril to retire; but Mr. Burchell, running up, shivered his sword to pieces, and then

pursued him for near a quarter of a mile : but he made his escape. I was at this time come out myself, willing to assist my deliverer ; but he soon returned to me in triumph. The postillion, who was recovered, was going to make his escape too ; but Mr. Burchell ordered him at his peril to mount again, and drive back to town. Finding it impossible to resist, he reluctantly complied, though the wound he had received seemed, to me at least, to be dangerous. He continued to complain of the pain as we drove along, so that he at last excited Mr. Burchell's compassion ; who, at my request, exchanged him for another at an inn where we called on our return.

Welcome, then, cried I, my child ! and thou her gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes ! Though our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think her a recompense, she is yours : if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her, obtain her consent, as I know you have her heart, and you have mine. And let me tell you, sir, that I give you no small treasure : she has been celebrated for beauty, it is true, but that is not my meaning—I give you up a treasure in her mind.

But I suppose, sir, cried Mr. Burchell, that you are apprized of my circumstances, and of my incapacity to support her as she deserves ?

If your present objection, replied I, be meant as an evasion of my offer, I desist ; but I know no man so worthy to deserve her as you ; and, if I could give her thousands, and thousands sought her from me, yet my honest brave Burchell should be my dearest choice.

To all this, his silence alone seemed to give a mortifying refusal ; and without the least reply to

my offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished with refreshments from the next inn; to which being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine, and some cordials for me; adding, with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once; and, though in a prison, asserted he was never better disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner; a table was lent us by the gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous; the wine was disposed in order, and two well-dressed dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful: the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble; so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wishing he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jeukinson, a fellow-prisoner, might be admitted; and the gaoler granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him; while Mr. Burchell, in the mean time, asked me if my son's name was George? To which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. Come on, cried I, my son: though we are fallen very low, yet Providence has been

pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deliverer: to that brave man it is that I am indebted for yet having a daughter: give him, my boy, the hand of friendship; he deserves our warmest gratitude.

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at a respectful distance. My dear brother, cried his sister, why don't you thank my good deliverer? The brave should ever love each other.

He still continued his silence and astonishment; till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and, assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen any thing so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object of the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is still a greater, which is, the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air, I again find, said he, unthinking boy, that the same crime—But here he was interrupted by one of the gaoler's servants, who came to inform us, that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon. Bid the fellow wait, cried our guest, till I shall have leisure to receive him; and then turning to my son, I again find, sir, proceeded he, that you are guilty of the same offence for which you once had my reproof, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishments. You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt of your own life gives you a right to take that of another; but where, sir, is the difference between a duellist, who

hazards a life of no value, and the murderer, who acts with greater security? Is it any diminution of the gamester's fraud, when he alleges that he has staked a counter?

Alas, sir, cried I, whoever you are, pity the poor misguided creature; for what he has done was in obedience to a deluded mother, who, in the bitterness of her resentment, required him upon her blessing to avenge her quarrel. Here, sir, is the letter, which will serve to convince you of her imprudence, and diminish his guilt.

He took the letter, and hastily read it over. This, says he, though not a perfect excuse, is such a palliation of his fault as induces me to forgive him.—And now, sir, continued he, kindly taking my son by the hand, I see you are surprised at finding me here, but I have often visited prisoners upon occasions less interesting. I am now come to see justice done a worthy man, for whom I have the most sincere esteem. I have long been a disguised spectator of thy father's benevolence. I have, at his little dwelling, enjoyed respect uncontaminated by flattery, and have received that happiness that courts could not give, from the amusing simplicity around his fire-side. My nephew has been apprized of my intentions of coming here, and I find is arrived: it would be wronging him and you, to condemn him without examination; if there be injury, there shall be redress; and this I may say without boasting, that none have ever taxed the injustice of Sir William Thornhill.

We now found that the personage whom we had long entertained as an harmless, amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarce any were strangers. The poor Mr. Burchell was, in

reality, a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction; who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife, recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension: but Sophia, who, a few moments before thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

Ah, sir, cried my wife, with a piteous aspect, how is it possible that I can ever have your forgiveness? The slights you received from me the last time I had the honour of seeing you at our house, and the jokes which I audaciously threw out—these, sir, I fear, can never be forgiven.

My dear good lady, returned he with a smile, if you had your joke, I had my answer: I'll leave it to all the company, if mine were not as good as yours. To say the truth, I know nobody whom I am disposed to be angry with at present, but the fellow who so frightened my little girl here. I had not even time to examine the rascal's person, so as to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell me, Sophia, my dear, whether you should know him again?

Indeed, sir, replied she, I can't be positive; yet now, I recollect, he had a large mark over one of his eye-brows.—I ask pardon, madam, interrupted Jenkinson, who was by, but be so good as to inform me if the fellow wore his own red hair?—Yes, I think so, cried Sophia.—And did your honour, continued he, turning to Sir William, observe the length of his legs?—I can't be sure of their length, cried the baronet, but I am convinced of their swiftness; for he out-ran me, which is what I thought few men in the kingdom could have done.—Please

your honour, cried Jenkinson, I know the man: it is certainly the same; the best runner in England; he has beaten Pinwire of Newcastle: Timothy Baxter is his name; I know him perfectly, and the very place of his retreat this moment. If your honour will bid Mr. Gaoler let two of his men go with me, I'll engage to produce him to you in an hour at farthest. Upon this the gaoler was called, who instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him. Yes, please your honour, replied the gaoler, I know Sir William Thornhill well; and every body that knows any thing of him will desire to know more of him. Well, then, said the baronet, my request is, that you will permit this man and two of your servants to go upon a message by my authority, and, as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you.—Your promise is sufficient, replied the other; and you may, at a minute's warning, send them over England whenever your honour thinks fit.

In pursuance to the gaoler's compliance, Jenkinson was dispatched in search of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy Bill, who had just come in and climbed up to Sir William's neck in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity; but the worthy man prevented her, and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee, What, Bill, you chubby rogue, cried he, do you remember your old friend Burchell? And Dick, too, my honest veteran, are you here? You shall find I have not forgot you. So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows eat very heartily, as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold; but previously, my arm still continuing pain-

ful, Sir William wrote a prescription; for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession: this being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour; with which request the baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Former benevolence now repaid with unexpected interest.

MR. Thornhill made his entrance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. No fawning, sir, at present, cried the baronet, with a look of severity: the only way to my heart is by the road of honour; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression.—How is it, sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly? His daughter vilely seduced, as a recompense for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into prison, perhaps but for resenting the insult? His son, too, whom you feared to face as a man—

Is it possible, sir, interrupted his nephew, that my uncle should object that as a crime, which his

repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid?

Your rebuke, cried Sir William, is just; you have acted in this instance prudently and well, though not quite as your father would have done: my brother, indeed, was the soul of honour; but thou——yes, you have acted in this instance perfectly right, and it has my warmest approbation.

And I hope, said his nephew, that the rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve censure. I appeared, sir, with this gentleman's daughter at some places of public amusement: thus, what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported that I had debauched her. I waited on her father in person, willing to clear the thing to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to his being here, my attorney and steward can best inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to them. If he has contracted debts, and is unwilling, or even unable to pay them, it is their business to proceed in this manner; and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal means of redress.

If this, cried Sir William, be as you have stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your offences; and, though your conduct might have been more generous, in not suffering this gentleman to be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has been at least equitable.

He cannot contradict a single particular, replied the squire: I defy him to do so, and several of my servants are ready to attest what I say. Thus, sir, continued he, finding that I was silent; for, in fact, I could not contradict him; thus, sir, my own innocence is vindicated: but though at

your entreaty I am ready to forgive this gentleman every other offence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your esteem excite a resentment that I cannot govern; and this, too, at a time when his son was actually preparing to take away my life: this, I say, was such guilt, that I am determined to let the law take its course. I have here the challenge that was sent me, and two witnesses to prove it: one of my servants has been wounded dangerously; and even though my uncle himself should dissuade me, which I know he will not, yet I will see public justice done, and he shall suffer for it.

Thou monster! cried my wife, hast thou not had vengeance enough already, but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty? I hope that good Sir William will protect us, for my son is as innocent as a child: I am sure he is, and never did harm to man.

Madam, replied the good man, your wishes for his safety are not greater than mine: but I am sorry to find his guilt too plain; and if my nephew persist—But the appearance of Jenkinson and the gaoler's two servants, now called off our attention, who entered, hauling in a tall man, very genteelly drest, and answering the description already given of that ruffian who had carried off my daughter.—Here, cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, here, we have him; and if ever there was a candidate for Tyburn, this is one.

The moment Mr. Thornhill perceived the prisoner, and Jenkinson, who had him in custody, he seemed to shrink backward with terror: His face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn; but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopt him. What, squire, cried he, are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, Jenkinson and Baxter? But this is the way that all

great men forget their friends, though I am resolved we will not forget you. Our prisoner, please your honour, continued he, turning to Sir William, has already confessed all. This is the gentleman reported to be dangerously wounded: he declares that it was Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon this affair; that he gave him the clothes he now wears to appear like a gentleman, and furnished him with a post-chaise. The plan was laid between them, that he should carry off the young lady to a place of safety, and that there he should threaten and terrify her; but Mr. Thornhill was to come in, in the mean time, as if by accident, to her rescue, and that they should fight awhile, and then he was to have run off, by which Mr. Thornhill would have the better opportunity of gaining her affections himself under the character of her defender.

Sir William remembered the coat to have been frequently worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed by a more circumstantial account; concluding, that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him, that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

Heavens! cried Sir William, what a viper have I been fostering in my bosom! And so fond of public justice too, as he seemed to be! But he shall have it: secure him, Mr. Gaoler—yet hold, I fear there is not legal evidence to detain him.

Upon this, Mr. Thornhill, with the utmost humility, entreated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidences against him, but that his servants should be examined. Your servants! replied Sir William: Wretch! call them yours no longer: but come, let us hear what those fellows have to say; let his butler be called.

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived by his former master's looks, that all his

power was now over. Tell me, cried Sir William sternly, have you ever seen your master, and that fellow dressed up in his clothes, in company together?—Yes, please your honour, cried the butler, a thousand times: he was the man that always brought him his ladies. How! interrupted young Mr. Thornhill; this to my face!—Yes, replied the butler, or to any man's face. To tell you a truth, Master Thornhill, I never either loved you or liked you; and I don't care if I tell you now a piece of my mind.—Now, then, cried Jenkinson, tell his honour whether you know any thing of me.—I can't say, replied the butler, that I know much good of you. The night that gentleman's daughter was deluded to our house, you was one of them.—So, then, cried Sir William, I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove your innocence: thou stain to humanity! to associate with such wretches! But (continuing his examination) you tell me, Mr. Butler, that this was the person who brought him this old gentleman's daughter.—No, please your honour, replied the butler; he did not bring her, for the squire himself undertook that business; but he brought the priest that pretended to marry them.—It is but too true, cried Jenkinson; I cannot deny it: that was the employment assigned to me, and I confess it to my confusion.

Good Heavens! exclaimed the baronet, how every new discovery of his villainy alarms me! All his guilt is now too plain, and I find his present prosecution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and revenge. At my request, Mr. Gaoler, set this young officer, now your prisoner, free, and trust to me for the consequences. I'll make it my business to set the affair in a proper light to my friend the magistrate, who has committed him. But where is the unfortunate young lady herself? Let her appear

to confront this wretch: I long to know by what arts he has seduced her. Entreat her to come in. Where is she?

Ah! sir, said I, that question stings me to the heart: I was once indeed happy in a daughter; but her miseries—Another interruption here prevented me; for who should make her appearance but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was the next day to have been married to Mr. Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprise at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman, her father, were passing through the town, on the way to her aunt's, who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr. Thornhill should be consummated at her house; but stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there from the window that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learnt from him some account of our misfortunes; but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of her going to a prison to visit us, yet they were ineffectual: she desired the child to conduct her, which he did, and it was thus she surprised us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on without reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite before we are clothed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower

must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishing to her beauty. Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill, cried she, to the squire, who she supposed was come here to succour, and not to oppress us, I take it a little unkindly that you should come here without me, or never inform me of the situation of a family so dear to us both: you know I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the relief of my reverend old master here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret.

He find pleasure in doing good! cried Sir William, interrupting her: no, my dear, his pleasures are as base as he is. You see in him, madam, as complete a villain as ever disgraced humanity;—a wretch, who, after having deluded this poor man's daughter, after plotting against the innocence of her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and the eldest son into fetters, because he had the courage to face his betrayer! And, give me leave, madam, now to congratulate you upon an escape from the embraces of such a monster!

O Goodness! cried the lovely girl, how have I been deceived! Mr. Thornhill informed me for certain, that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain Primrose, was gone off to America with his new-married lady.

My sweetest miss, cried my wife, he has told you nothing but falsehoods. My son George never left the kingdom, nor ever was married. Though you have forsaken him, he has always loved you too well to think of any body else; and I have heard

him say he would die a bachelor for your sake. She then proceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of her son's passion; she set his duel with Mr. Thornhill in a proper light; from thence she made a rapid digression to the squire's debaucheries, his pretended marriages, and ended with a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

Good Heavens! cried Miss Wilmot, how very near have I been to the brink of ruin; but how great is my pleasure to have escaped it! Ten thousand falsehoods has this gentleman told me! He had at last art enough to persuade me that my promise to the only man I esteemed was no longer binding, since he had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods I was taught to detest one equally brave and generous!

But by this time my son was freed from the incumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr. Jenkinson also, who had acted as his valet de chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now, therefore, entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals, and, without vanity (for I am above it), he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart, for having forgotten her former promise, and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarce believe it real.—Sure, madam, cried

he, this is but delusion ! I can never have merited this ! To be blest thus, is to be too happy !—No, sir, replied she ; I have been deceived basely, else nothing could have ever made me unjust to my promise. You know my friendship, you have long known it ; but forget what I have done, and as you once had my warmest vows of constancy, you shall now have them repeated ; and be assured, that if your Arabella cannot be yours, she shall never be another's.—And no other's you shall be, cried Sir William, if I have any influence with your father.

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who immediately flew to the inn where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But in the mean time the squire, perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left from flattery or dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus, laying aside all shame, he appeared the open and hardy villain. I find then, cried he, that I am to expect no justice here ; but I am resolved it shall be done me. You shall know, sir, turning to Sir William, I am no longer a poor dependant upon your favours. I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot's fortune from me, which, I thank her father's assiduity, is pretty large. The articles, and a bond for her fortune, are signed, and safe in my possession. It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for this match ; and possessed of the one, let who will take the other.

This was an alarming blow : Sir William was sensible of the justness of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage articles himself. Miss Wilmot, therefore, perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to

my son, she asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him? Though fortune, said she, is out of my power, at least I have my hand to give.

And that, madam, cried her real lover, was indeed, all that you ever had to give; at least, all that I ever thought worth the acceptance. And I now protest, my Arabella, by all that's happy, your want of fortune this moment increases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity.

Mr. Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But, finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal, but to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune was wormwood. He sat therefore, for some minutes, employed in the most mortifying speculation, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety. I must confess, sir, cried he, that your present disappointment does not entirely displease me. Your immoderate passion for wealth is now justly punished. But though the young lady cannot be rich, she has still a sufficient competence to give content. Here you see an honest young soldier, who is willing to take her without fortune: they have long loved each other, and, for the friendship I bear his father, my interest shall not be wanting in his promotion. Leave, then, that ambition which disappoints you, and for once admit that happiness which courts your acceptance.

Sir William, replied the old gentleman, be assured I never yet forced her inclinations, nor will

I now. If she still continues to love this young gentleman, let her have him with all my heart. There is still, thank Heaven, some fortune left, and your promise will make it something more. Only let my old friend here (meaning me) give me a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon my girl, if ever he should come to his fortune, and I am ready this night to be the first to join them together.

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required; which, to one who had such little expectations as I, was no great favour. We had now, therefore, the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. After all my misfortunes, cried my son George, to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I could ever have presumed to hope for. To be possessed of all that's good, and after such an interval of pain! my warmest wishes could never rise so high! —Yes, my George, returned his lovely bride, now let the wretch take my fortune: since you are happy without it, so am I. O, what an exchange have I made, from the basest of men to the dearest, best! Let him enjoy our fortune: I now can be happy even in indigence.—And I promise you, cried the squire, with a malicious grin, that I shall be very happy with what you despise.—Hold, hold, sir, cried Jenkinson, there are two words to that bargain. As for that lady's fortune, sir, you shall never touch a single stiver of it.—Pray, your honour, continued he to Sir William, can the squire have this lady's fortune if he be married to another? —How can you make such a simple demand? replied the baronet: undoubtedly he cannot.—I am sorry for that, cried Jenkinson; for as this gentleman and I have been old fellow-sporters, I have a

friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I love him, that his contract is not worth a tobacco-stopper, for he is married already.—You lie like a rascal, returned the squire, who seemed roused by this insult; I never was legally married to any woman.—Indeed, begging your honour's pardon, replied the other, you were; and I hope you will shew a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife; and if the company restrain their curiosity a few minutes, they shall see her. So saying, he went off with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design. Aye, let him go, cried the squire: whatever else I may have done, I defy him there. I am too old now to be frightened with squibs.

I am surprised, said the baronet, what the fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of humour, I suppose!—Perhaps, sir, replied I, he may have a more serious meaning. For when we reflect on the various schemes this gentleman has laid to seduce innocence, perhaps some one, more artful than the rest, has been found able to deceive him. When we consider what numbers he has ruined, how many parents now feel with anguish the infamy and the contamination which he has brought into their families, it would not surprise me if some of them—Amazement! Do I see my lost daughter? Do I hold her? It is, it is my life, my happiness! I thought thee lost, my Olivia; yet still I hold thee, and still thou shalt live to bless me! The warmest transports of the fondest lover were not greater than mine, when I saw him introduce my child, and held my daughter in my arms, whose silence only spoke her raptures. And art thou returned to me, my darling, cried I, to be my comfort in age?—That she is, cried Jenkinson, and make much of her; for she is your own ho-

nourable child, and as honest a woman as any in the whole room, let the other be who she will— And as for you, squire, as sure as you stand there, this young lady is your lawful wedded wife: and to convince you that I speak nothing but the truth, here is the licence by which you were married together. So saying, he put the licence into the baronet's hands, who read it and found it perfect in every respect. And now, gentlemen, continued he, I find you are surprised at all this; but a very few words will explain the difficulty. That there squire of renown, for whom I have a great friendship, but that's between ourselves, has often employed me in doing odd little things for him: Among the rest, he commissioned me to procure him a false licence and a false priest, in order to deceive this young lady. But as I was very much his friend, what did I do but went and got a true licence and a true priest, and married them both as fast as the cloth could make them. Perhaps you'll think it was generosity made me do all this. But, no. To my shame I confess it: my only design was to keep the licence, and let the squire know that I could prove it upon him whenever I thought proper, and so make him come down whenever I wanted money. A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment; our joy even reached the common room, where the prisoners themselves sympathised,

—And shook their chains
In transport and rude harmony.

Happiness was expanded upon every face, and even Olivia's cheeks seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress of decay, and restore former health

and vivacity. But, perhaps, among all, there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusive. How could you, cried I, turning to Jenkinson, how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death? But it matters not: my pleasure at finding her again is more than a recompense for the pain.

As to your question, replied Jenkinson, that is easily answered. I thought the only propable means of freeing you from prison, was by submitting to the squire, and consenting to the marriage with the other young lady. But these you had vowed never to grant while your daughter was living: there was, therefore, no other method to bring things to bear, but by persuading you that she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in the deceit, and we have not had a fit opportunity of undeceiving you till now.

In the whole assembly there now appeared only two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr. Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him: he now saw the gulph of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away; but at my request he raised him, and after pausing a few moments, Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude, cried he, deserve no tenderness; yet thou shalt not be entirely forsaken: a bare competence shall be supplied to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine; and from her tenderness alone thou art to expect any extraordinary supplies for the future.

He was going to express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech ; but the baronet prevented him, by bidding him not aggravate his meanness, which was already but too apparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone, and from all his former domestics to choose one, such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted to attend him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely stepped up to his new niece with a smile, and wished her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father: my wife, too, kissed her daughter with much affection, as, to use her own expression, she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn, and even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarce capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round, with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks of all, except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. I think now, cried he, with a smile, that all the company, except one or two, seem perfectly happy. There only remains an act of justice for me to do. You are sensible, sir, continued he, turning to me, of the obligations we both owe to Mr. Jenkinson; and it is but just we should both reward him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he shall have from me five hundred pounds as her fortune; and upon this I am sure they can live very comfortably together. Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this match of my making? Will you have him? My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's arms at the hideous proposal. Have him, sir? cried she faintly: No, sir, never.—What!

cried he again ; not Mr. Jenkinson, your benefactor ; a handsome young fellow, with five hundred pounds and good expectations ?—I beg, sir, returned she, scarce able to speak, that you'll desist, and not make me so very wretched.—Was ever such obstinacy known, cried he again, to refuse the man whom the family has such infinite obligations to, who has preserved your sister, and who has five hundred pounds ? What, not have him !—No, sir, never, replied she, angrily : I'd sooner die first !—If that be the case then, cried he, if you will not have him—I think I must have you myself. And so saying, he caught her to his breast with ardour. My loveliest, my most sensible of girls, cried he, how could you ever think your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mistress that loved him for himself alone ? I have for some years sought for a woman, who, a stranger to my fortune, could think I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even among the pert and the ugly, how great at last must be my rapture, to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty ! (then turning to Jenkinson,) As I cannot, sir, part with this young lady myself, for she hath taken a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompense I can make is, to give you her fortune, and you may call upon my steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds. Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the meantime, Sir William's gentleman appeared, to tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where every thing was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the

prisoners; and Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers; and I saw and shook by the hand two or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provision distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alteration of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw; and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The conclusion.

THE next morning, as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting at my bed-side, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant, who had failed in town, was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked-for good fortune. But I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion

was, that as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without any hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that he had the night before sent for the licences, and expected them every hour: he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned: and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming, and sublime deportment they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies and a thesis of my own composing, in order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first: my son's bride warmly insisted that Lady Thornhill (that was to be) should take the lead: but this the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both with equal obstinacy, and good breeding. But as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest, and shutting it, I perceive, cried I, that none of you have a mind to be married; and I think we had as good go back again, for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day. This at once reduced them to reason. The baronet and his lady

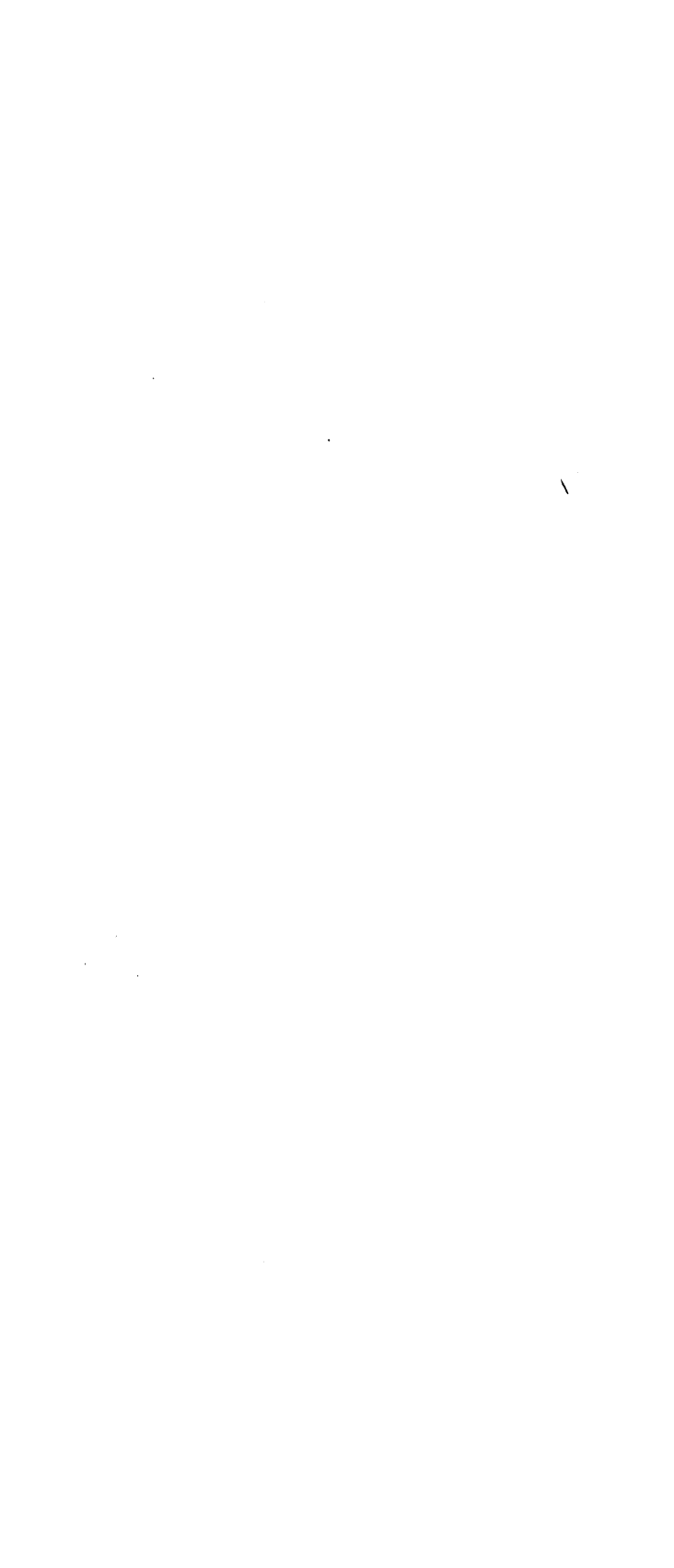
were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family ; by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other ; (and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have whenever he thinks proper to demand them). We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me ; but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reprov'd them with great severity ; but finding them quite disheartened by this harsh reproof, he gave them half-a-guinea a piece, to drink his health and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this, we were called to a very genteel entertainment which was dressed by Mr. Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe, with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides in quality of companion at a relation's house, being very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other ; for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret ; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms, she may be brought to relent. But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus ; when we were to sit down to dinner, our ceremonies were

going to be renewed. The question was, whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides: but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who, I could perceive, was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table, and carving all the meat for the company. But, notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good-humour. I can't say whether we had more wit amongst us now than usual; but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember: old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied, Madam, I thank you. Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed, that he was thinking of his mistress: at which jest I thought the two Miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a cheerful fireside. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for: all my cares were over, my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained, that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

THE END OF VOLUME TWENTY-THREE.



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